

CAROLOIADES REDIVIVUS:

OR, THE

WAR

AND

REVOLUTIONS

In the Time of

K. CHARLES the First.

An Heroick POEM.

By a Person of Honour.

Virgil. Lib. 2.

*Quis talia fando,
Myrmidonum, dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssi.
Temperet à lacrymis.*

L O N D O N:

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over against the Upper Mewje-Gate, near Cha-
ring-Cross, 1695.



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Princess of *Denmark*.

I Might be destitute of Apology, had I not more than ordinary Motives to pay my Acknowledgments to Your Royal Highness. And if my endeavour can be so Happy as to add to those Respects in the Present I make of this Poem, I may Presume of its Higher Value in that it Represents, to the best of my Ability, the Princely Renown of King *Charles I.* in whom so many Transcendent Virtues were so Eminently Conspicuous, that it were a Crime to imagine that they should not have a requisite Emanation in the near Alliance of Your Blood to His Per-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sonal Accomplishments : Infomuch, that did Your Perfections want Refining, which is far from the Celebration I allow their Desert, the Remembrance that You are a Grand-Child to that Superlative Monarch, with a due Contemplation of His Royal Merit, in every Consideration, were sufficient to exalt Your Imitation, if possible, to surpass the expectation of the World, and the Esteem it has of Your Royal Highness.

True it is, that this Incomparable Sovereign, in His Divine Instructions and Morals, that must for ever Eternalize His Pen ; has been a Royal Instructor, both to Princes and Subjects, as to the most Pathetical Regards that ought to be exerted by their Characters. In doing whereof He has Establish'd His Everlasting Panygerick in the Letters Pattents of His Works : Which shall have a longer Continuance with time than the most admir'd Records of other Monarchs.

We have had Kings, in this Unhappy Island, who were not only remov'd from
Their

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Their Thrones, but Enforc'd to grievous Deaths by Their Cruel Subjects ; and the more Unfortunate, because the Reputation They left behind Them, was not Superlative enough to live upon Their Names in consequence to the Calamity They Suffer'd ; Whereas Your Excellent Grand-Father has so Crown'd His Memory, that His Fame stands improv'd by His Misfortune : Which sufficiently assures us, that the Gifts and Graces of His Mind were Meritoriously fit to have Rul'd a Grateful People instead of the Disloyal of His Time. The Consideration of which, Obligeth me to beg Your Highness's Pardon ; If, notwithstanding the Advantage of Poësie, my Verse proves Defective in Describing of His Supream Endowments.

Poetry may claim a Licence to render what is Admirable to the utmost extent of Supposition : But where Praise is of it self exalted, 'tis too difficult, for the best Panegyrick the Muses can Inspire, to concenter with its Height.

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

It has been the Opinion of Knowing Persons, That there is not a good History of our Monarchs; tho' not to be denied, that matters of Fact, at least, since the *Norman* Conquest, are not wanting to compleat a Chronicle of that Nature, furnish'd with such Remarks as might become a Judicious Historian: And Your Highness may well conclude, that the same Inadvertency, or neglect, does as yet appear in the Historical Copies of Your more than Royal Grand-Father: Which Defect has so far Advantag'd this Composition of mine, that my Imagination has been supply'd by Truths and Probabilities omitted by them: Not but I know that no real Story, exactly deliver'd, can maintain a Poem which ought not to be limited to bare Facts, where others, for Poetical Ornament, may be probably added. History may be a requisite fond of an Heroick Poem, if properly annexed to the Enlargements of Fiction: And may be resembled to a few plain Notes on which the Skillful Musician produceth a Musical

The Epistle Dedicatory

Musical Variation to the Delight of the Hearer. My Endeavour has been, to the best of my Judgment, suitable to that Method, as Your Highness will perceive: not confining my Thoughts to the narrow Ingredients of Story, where I could intermix any. useful Ornament. or Grandeur by the aid of Invention. Not doubting but Your Highness will discern, by the Characters convey'd in this Work, That I have not wanted, as far as my Genius could extend, such Embelishments as appertain to the Deserving in that Conjunction, nor the exposing to Censure such Impious Figures as the Horrid Malevolency of those Lamentable Times, even to our Nations highest Disgrace, did manifest to the World.

All which I Humbly Present to that Judicious Perception that so fully Illustrates on all Accounts, above the usual Capacity of Your Sex, the Exquisite Ingenuity of Your Royal Highness.

And

The Epistle Dedicatory.

And if my Performance can appear
Worthy of any Benignity deriv'd from
Your Princely Approbation, it will be
more than the loudest Applause, given
to some, in the Esteem of Your High-
nesses

Most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

EDWARD HOWARD.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

WHosoever has Inspected the History of that Unhappy War which commenc'd in the time of King *Charles the First*, will grant that its wonderfull and various events adminster as much Subject for a Poem of this Nature as has been Grounded on former Story: However deplorable the disparity may be as to our Historical facts and revolutions, in regard that these, from their horrid effects and contrivance, appear less credible then true, and probably shall have no future Parallel.

That the Character of that Sovereign, which gives a Denomination to this Poem, may with no less Magnitude (considering the Excellency and Grandeur of his Endowments) be as renown'd a figure for Heroick Poesy, as any which *Homer* or *Virgill* have attributed to the Greatest of their Heroes must be granted by all that are not Ignorant of their Nations Glory, or deductive from the Fame of that Incomparable King.

I shall not presume to adorn my Preface by displaying the especial and various dignities of

Heroick Poesy which in my Case might favour of Ostentation, or not unlike an Architect that should endeavour to applaud some high performance of his Science to Insinuate his own desert in a work of the same Intendment: Being rather desirous to referr my Reader to what the Judicious have Celebrately express'd, in reference to this extraordinary sort of Poesy, without giving it any other Panygerick from my Pen. However I stand oblig'd so far to Vindicate my undertaking as to shew that it is duly grounded and concentrates with such requisites of Invention as have been allowably conceded to perfect an Epique composition.

That this structure has been from the Pens of the most famous Authors, rais'd on some known Historical Truth, as the Basis or fond of such a Poem, is evident from what the first Grandees or Guides of this Science have left to the World.

But if known story gave rise to their design, they rely'd upon the strength of Fiction, in order to the beautifying and compleating the Modell and shape of their contrivance: Not unlike the skillfull Sculpturist, that out of some rough Mass of Stone polisheth and forms his several figures suitable to the representation he Intends them.

True it is that known occurrences may something Agrandize a Poem, and the Readers esteem will be more pathetically moved by Transactions that are within the compass of Man's knowledge,

ledge, however enlarg'd by Poetical License, then what he adjudgeth to be totally Fabulous, being induc'd to accept, on that account, what could not without Intermixtures and supplements of the Muses be elevately convey'd.

Nor did the most remarkable Poets otherwise deliver the essential part of Historical Verity, then accompany'd with Notions whereby they rectify'd the will or practical conduct of the Mind, by improving Moralities to the most usefull and exemplary Comprehension: By which gloss and varnish of Imagination story was acceptably render'd, that otherwise had been restrained by too narrowly Circumscribing the sphere of Invention: and would be no less absurd then to expect a History instead of a Poem, and if it be simply the first it cannot deserve the name of the latter.

Besides, it is very Notorious, that few Historians compile all considerable deeds or events, whose business is to observe Publique and General occurrences, rather then the particular discovery of Personal concernments as they relate to Characters: Which ought to be the undertaking of the Poet who is Priviledg'd to suppose what he Judgeth should be emphatically declar'd if possibly Cohering or Assimilated to whatsoever might, by way of resemblance, in any respect, be held Creditable; so that any Poetical Assertion, if thus Manag'd, must have a Legitimate Pass-port from the Authority of the writer, and this may be Term'd

the History of the Poet, without which the vulgar or known cannot have to do with the Muses. Thus it appears that Narrations taken from the *Trojan* War did rather enlarge then confine the Pens of *Homer* and *Virgil*, to which they not only added the Embelishment of their Fiction, but Introduc'd what Characters they held proper to fill up and conspire with the Ornament and vigour of such as had their parts in the subject they treated.

Neither would they limit their Inventions to the Ethical distributions of things, as they Naturally result from humane Cogitation, but occasionally advanc'd the intellect of the Reader to the most sublime apprehension of such speculations as entertain'd with delight and wonder the contemplative faculty; and this they effected by grounding their Fictions on supernatural Causes and effects consonant to receiv'd Belief: Either as they represented Miracles and Spiritual appearances of good and bad Existencies, as also extraordinary Prodigies, Dreams, Magical Enchantments, Witchcrafts, and the like; that by an admirable Allegory did concurr and agree with the deeds and descriptions of Men.

And were this manner of Writing seperated from the most famous Poets their repete would fall to a far lower Orb of Esteem then the Monuments of their Ingenuity have deservedly Obtain'd; which shews us that they well understood the value of this sort of Invention, and
how

how necessary it was to the Royalty of *Parnassus*.

Another supercilious Mistake has been Improv'd by some from their affected supposition that a Heroick Poem cannot be produc'd, Consonant to Christianity, with that requisite Latitude that was us'd by Poets of *Ethnick* persuasion.

To answer which conceit, whosoever shall undertake to avow it, there is nothing more evident then that all Necessary use and Comprehension of Metaphor and Allegory relating to supernatural power existencies and beings, is as much ours as it was Assistant to the Ancients, tho' redounding from their Largest Catalognes of Deities and Fictions.

And this was well perceiv'd by the late Judicious and Learned French Critique *Rapin* in his admirable reflections on this sort of Poesy, to whose exquisite observations, not to insert any remarks of Mine, I think fit to referr my Reader.

In the mean time, to come closer to my purpose by alledging such Authorities as have the most undoubted Modern reception: I need but mention the Great *Tasso*, and our famous *Spencer*, by whose Poems, tho' the Productions of Latter Times, and agreeable to Evangelical persuasion, it is very clear that neither as to Fiction or Allegory, they wanted any Necessary Ingredients or Supplements, if compar'd with such Poets who had been precedent to Christian Belief. I shall not present my Reader with any Inspections into the Poem of *Spencer*, it being upon the matter wholly Allegory, and

therefore not so proper to the Application I intend.

But as for *Tasso*, his Poem, tho' appertaining to Christian Atchievements, and a Modern Story perfectly known to Chronology as any extant, is Intermix'd with as many Episods and speculative Allegories as he could with any conveniency find room for in his *Godfrey of Bulloigne*: Where in his handling of that History, we find that his Muse is conversant with Good and Bad Angels, Miraculous Shapes, Predictions, Dreams, Fantoms, Magical Dialogues, Fascinations, Flying in the Air, Obscure conveyances of the persons of Men by Diabolical contrivement, the stupendious opening of Trees, that seem'd to disclose objects of wonderfull variety to entertain admiration by rendring of his Characters more superlatively observable, all which are the main body and design of his Poem. Yet this was never made his Crime, by what the most accurate Criticks have remark'd on him: perhaps they may have tax'd him for being excessive or tedious in his Narrations and descriptions of this high Import, but never charg'd on him to the diminution of his esteem, or as an Illegitimate License, unbecoming a Poet. And this our famous *Ben. Johnson* well understood, whose mature Judgment gave as little room to extravagancies of the Brain as any that preceded him, by his introducing *Sylla's* Ghost whereby to infuse on the wicked Genius of *Cataline* a more Hellish and Irresistable Temptation to perfect his Impious design, which could
not

not have been so execrably Insinuated by any other Method.

An Example that enough assures us that he approv'd the Allegorical part of Invention, and that it is as Legitimately ours, as it could be claim'd by any of the Ancients, when properly apply'd. I held it convenient to instance these particulars, that the Reader may not wonder if I have in some passages and fictions follow'd the example of so great a Poet, as well as others that famously preceded him in that manner of Contrivement.

It has been erroneously suppos'd by not a few, that are less knowing then Critical, whereby they render in their Judgments an Epique Poem more difficult to be accomplish'd, that whatsoever is supernaturall, is therefore Incredible; not considering, that Fiction may imply an imaginary resemblance of truth, in its remotest suppositions, when ally'd to the Conceptions and Tenents of Men: And thus *Medea* might be granted as much a Sorceress as the Witch of *Endor*: And *Niobe*, tho' but on the Credit of the Inventor, Poetically held by the decree of Heaven, Metamorphos'd into Marble, no less really effected, then the Transformation of *Lor's* Wife into a Pillar of Salt.

The only Author, I know of, that has totally relinquish'd Allegory, notwithstanding he gives his Poem of *Gundibert* a Heroick Title, was the late Sr *William Davenant*, a person of no ordinary Ingenuity, however he thought fit to decline
this

this manner of Writing, either because he would be singular in his way, or that he design'd to surpass others by producing of something that should be great, without being of kin to the Grandeur of former Presidents: But instead of perfecting what he intended, the deficiency of his structure was soon perceiv'd by the judicious.

And this appears, because that work of his is wholly diffus'd into sententious Moralities and Actions that have too constant a Tendency to the same Levell of thought, instead of a requisite Intermixture and Elevation of the Mind by entertaining of the spiritual, or contemplative faculty.

I am far from making this Inference with any Intention to attract Applause to my self, or to lessen the fame of that Author, since as his Poem stands compos'd it has my value: And I well know, notwithstanding the derogations and severities of some, that it contains many exquisite and remote expressions, insomuch that I admire that his undertaking appears so well perform'd as I find it, however destitute of that refining of speculations and characters which has been, the judicious and superlative Management of all that preceded him.

That the Introducing of Heroins was allways held an ornament to Heroique Poesy, is evident from the Constant usage and authority of the most Considerable Pens: And their reason I conceive was to Impress a Transcendent value on the splendors of Beauty when accompany'd
with

with Grandeur of mind, and thereby more suitable to the devoirs of their Masculine Admirers: which Celebrated instances are very frequently read in Poets of most repute, as is understood by every eye that is acquainted with their productions. And tho' the Examples are peculiar to some extraordinary Figures of Female greatness, yet not dissentaneous to what has been verity'd from authentique Records, in which we may find not only the daring exploits of a *Joan of Orleans*, but the prowess of Queens; witness that Gallant *Katherine*, Wife to our King *Henry the Sixth*; besides many of every degree that for Martial renown are formerly register'd.

This I judge may sufficiently Apologize for what is related, or Character'd by me: especially in that of *Flavira*, by whose Heroine Description I would be understood to Include the Magnanimities of other Noble & Generous personages that might otherwise deserve their particular mention.

And he that has Inform'd himself of the Courageous Actions of some conspicuous of that Sex, besides others of lower Stations, relating to the unfortunate War I write of, will soon grant that their resemblance may claim a signal room in this *Poem*.

The next thing that I am oblig'd to be accountable for, is the Liberty I have us'd by representing of Persons by such Nominations and descriptions as are not deriv'd from Historical certainty: And this method I take to be allowable

able by the practice of all that have Merited the Esteem of Epique Writers.

As for Proper Names, it must be Granted, if but for the advantage that is in the sound of words as they ought to run in Verse; that our English Tongue does not usually furnish us with such names as are proper for Poetry, as we may observe from every ordinary Argument and Dialogue, that has to do with the Muses, in which Authors Insert or Borrow such denominations of persons as are most suitable to their purpose, and none I believe can with any colour except against the same Liberty I have used here.

If we consider occurrences of whatsoever Magnitude, as they result from story, they cannot have Latitude enough, as they relate to things and persons, to embody or Capacitate a Poem of this Quality: In respect that no Truth can of it self compleat a Poetical Character, which would on those Terms, in its utmost extent tend to no more then the known sense and concernment of persons, whereby the due Consummating of their figures would be Impair'd, and which can be no way perfected but by the Artifice of Feigning in their behalf to render them more exact and compleat in themselves. A License undoubtedly conceded by all approv'd Criticks, in respect that Persons are deliver'd by that means rather as they ought to be represented then as they are found, or deduc'd from Historical Narrations: By which method the worthily Virtuous are advanc'd to a higher excellency, and the depravations

depravations of others deliver'd more perfectly Evill.

There is yet a farther advantage that redounds from this Liberty of personating of Characters, in regard that by the aptitude of one person, either in reference to Science, conspicuous deeds, Passions, or affections of the Mind, divers may be signify'd, or in a general Sense describ'd as to whatsoever Emergencies are to be understood that proceed from the facts or disposition of humane conduct.

And this requisite is pertinent to Poesy grounded on History, since without that additional supplement the most Renowned Personages would appear too solitary figur'd on the Poetick account: Or like an Imperial Palace, that should Consist only of an outward shell instead of Variety of Apartments, Furniture, and Attendants, to Illustrate its Fabrick.

Nor is it a tollerable objection, if any shall undertake to avow it, that because this Poem does contain Transactions that arose within the Compass of the Age we Live in, it should therefore be deny'd the Perquisites of the Muses that were the former ornaments and advantages of Writers; in respect that so much as they us'd of Historical Verity is as fully discernable in them, from what they Poetically annexed, as in any Invention I have Inserted: And there is no Eldership in Wit that can of right Challenge more freedom, in order to Legitimate Fable, then is to be conceded to Modern Ingenuity.

On

On our English Theatre 'tis sufficiently acceptable if the Scene be laid at home, tho' the nomination and facts of Characters be devis'd either as they resemble or enlarge some known Truth: And I assure my self there is no Man but will grant as full a latitude, if not a greater, in some sense, to a Poem of this contexture then he would allow to any Dramatick Composition. But I have said enough, as to the substance of what I have here produc'd, to all Candid apprehensions, or such as are not resolv'd to be perverse or Ignorant opposers.

And I dare thus far aver in behalf of my Subject, that no Rebellious, & Tragical dissensions, were ever carried on with more Hypocritical pretensions, Subtle and Treacherous Intrigues; or contrarily more famously replenish'd with Personal Gallantries, or the most touching and Noble Concerns of Duty and Passion, relating to Heroicks of both Sexes, then what was occasion'd by that wicked and unparallel'd War.

And above all for the Eminent display of the surpassing Character of a Monarch, more excellent then fortunate, as I have endeavour'd to Manifest it as highly as my Ability extends, and I wish it could deservedly Erect his Monument of Fame and Glory.

POSTSCRIPT.

Postscript.

HAVING touch'd in general the construction of a Poem of this Nature, I thought fit to annex to my Preface some brief remarks that more particularly relate to the method I have us'd, and what the Critical Reader might Expect for his Satisfaction.

As to my Verse, I have avoided Stanza's; and my reason is, because I conceive them not so proper, as the freedom of Heroick Measures for a Poem of this Structure; and this choice of mine is not only suitable to the manner of Virgil and other Ancient Poets, but agreeable to the most approv'd sense of Modern Criticism: I need not but instance the Judicious Rapin, who assures us that the Compiling of Stanza's was the mistake of some late Italian Poets, who first introduc'd them into their Heroick Poems, and that they weaken the beauty and flame of Verse in the length of their periods, on which, for the most part, the main substance of their sense does depend.

And here I cannot but acquaint my Reader, that I took care that this work, as it is of great Signification and Import, should be advantag'd by the Inspection of some few Persons, which caus'd me not only to correct but to add some hundreds of Lines; by which means I did, as much as in me lay, Ultimam Manum Imponere.

As

As for the Moral of my Poem, the Soul of a work of this Consistency, it is Chiefly terminated in the exemplary greatness and virtues of the Royal Person I have endeavour'd to delineate; whereby the unity of Action and other Accessories, that ought to be Incident to such a Composition, are properly, I conceive, observed: Yet with that Regard to History that the most Considerable Battels and facts of War are either related, or instead of room for all their particulars, which had been more cumberfom to read then necessary to be Inserted in a Poem, Collaterally included by some pertinent and general mention.

And whosoever shall duly Consider what is here deliver'd, as it refers to deplorable truth: will judge it rather a Divine then a Poetical Summons, to detest those Execrable deeds, Prophanations, and Hypocrisies, that tended to the Subversion of Holy Religion, together with all Moral Obligations of highest Import, as they were at once the Unparallel'd Misfortune, and deformity of Three Famous Nations.

To

To the Worthy Author of Caroloiades, &c.

Long I expected that *First Charles* should Live
In such a Poem as the World you give.
His Character so highly did Excell,
That I admire to find it Writ so well.
No Royal worth did e're in King appear
But was in him, and such I reade him here.
And as his Sacred Virtues you rehearse,
I fully grant 'em Canoniz'd in Verse.
His Famous Queen, by you describ'd, I find
Like her self Beauteous both in form and Mind:
Vandiks best Art could neither of 'em show,
So far his Pencill does give place to you.
Smooth and succinctly great still run your Lines,
A Genius in which Wit and Nature shines.
Tho' hard an Epique Poem 'tis to Write,
That can with that just Temper raise its height.
Our *Brittish* Heroes, tho' to story known,
Have no Record like yours of their Renown.
Thus *Lucas* and brave *Lyle* to Fame are read,
Best as you Write their deeds and what they said:

Whether as Heroes or as Lovers they,
By Noblest Passions are express'd your way.
The Rebell Patrons, and their dark designs,
Are found by your Clear Lamp that flames in Lines :
Stories their Actions but in parcells show,
Whilst their Black Souls I fully see from you.
And doubtless it approves your Muses skill,
That could describe their excellence in Ill.
Prodigious *Nell*, whose rise and wondrous height,
I thought too big for the whole Nine to Write,
Does from your Muses Grandeur so appear,
As he's, full siz'd, a mighty Villain there.
Usefully great your Poem is design'd,
And Allegory unto Actions joyn'd,
And sure none will of such a Muse complain
As to Embellish Truth can duly feign.
And who would not that Artifice allow,
Forfeits his Judgment justly unto you :
But what need I prompt Men to do you right,
When your Performance value does Invite.

J. S.

To the Author
On his Poem of *Caroloiades*.

WHEN I a Painted story do behold
Strongly design'd, and figur'd smoothly bold:
I judge it wrought by some prov'd ancient Hand,
Whose Skill could Life and nature best Command.
But as your *Muses Pencil* well I view,
It renders equal'd Ancient Wit by New,
Our Stories figures so in yours are shown,
That in their likeness truth more pleas'd I own.
If some by travell distant parts have seen,
And what their greatness now and past has been;
Yet never there, like yours, could poem Read,
Written so well of men alive and dead.

With how much joy will Living Heroes see
Their deeds recorded thus of Gallantry:
And what their Youthfull toyls in Bettells were,
Or Wounds by promess felt in that times War.
Nor less the lineage of great Captains dead
Will be oblig'd as their fames by you spread.
Thus does your Pen Old Loyalty renew,
And from its patern fortifies the new.

G. M.

To

To the Author of Caroliades.

T Ho' I no Muse pretend to, as do some
That to give Pass-ports unto Wit presume:
And judge if their Muse does the Author stroke,
The favour, on the World, must pass his Book.
I'll leave that part to such as can bestow
On under-graduate Wit probation so.
Whilst your works value best it self Commends,
As to *Pernassus* top its flame ascends.
Morally great, Philosophick, and Divine,
Yet nothing tedious in your Grand design.
Throughout your Lines emphatical I see
The Genius of Heroick Poesy;
A Skill I sometimes thought above the Height
Of English Tongue, or Poet best could Write.
Fully I wish, to heighten Christian fame,
That Brave *Lorrain*, and Great *Bavarias* name

Could find a Muse that might their Actions tell
High, as your English Heroes do excell.
That worth is yet remaining for your glory
When your Pen will add Grandeur to their story.
The *Macedonian* Victor, who for praise
Envy'd the Muse *Achilles* deeds did raise,
Unless that such a *Homer*, his might sing,
From whose Immortal Verse did t'others spring.
Surpassing either, to the World convey'd,
I read *First Charles*, whose fames by you display'd.
Thus brighter oft, in the Cælestial sphere,
The Setting Sun then Rising does appear.
Great *Maro*, to compleat his *Trojan* Prince,
From Heavenly race derives his excellence ;
But had he this Kings attributes renown'd,
His Virtue above Demy-god he'ad found.
Thus far has *Caroliades* out done
Aeneidos, the Theam which *Virgil* sung.

T. C.

To his Worthy Friend
Author of *Caroloiades*.

SIR,

YOU having been pleased to afford me
the perusal of your Poem, aptly stiled
Caroloiades, when it was in its first rude,
and rough draught, and before it was better
shaped and corrected by you, I did freely
give my sence and opinion on many passages,
and you seldom differed from my sentiments
therein. For tho' I am no great Judge of
Poesy (as you may see by my writing to
you in Prose) yet I am an Admirer of those
refined Wits, who by the sweet harmony of
Verse have conserved the History of those
Ancient Wars, which might have been lost
had they been wrote in Prose; and the *Iliads*
of Homer, and other Antique Writings
might have ran the same fate of time, with
many other excellent Histories, which per-
haps

haps perished, because they wanted the spirit and soul of Poetry to conserve them.

The subject, Sir, on which you have chosen to Write, is worthy of an Heroick Poem; Our Wars more then Civil, with the ultimate Tragedy thereof, is such a period as is sufficient to silence all the Muses, and cause them abruptly to break off in sighs and lamentations. I know not how it comes to pass, that for these Forty Years, since which these Wars have been ended, that none of the Elevated Wits of our Age have taken upon them to describe these mighty Actions in Heroick Verse, untill you happily took up this subject so worthy of your Pen, which I wish may delight as well as inform the World; and that when Histories fail, and are extinguish'd by time, your Poem may survive and give knowledge of what we have seen to future Ages.

I am,

Your very humble Servant,

Paul Rycaut,

CAROLOIADES,

OR,

The Rebellion of *England*.

Begun in the Year, 1641.

A HEROICK Poem.

The Argument of the First Book.

*Unhappy War begun in Forty One,
The Causes Mischiefs, here the Poets Song
Briefly relates: The Houses from their King
Highly divide, whence discords soon increase,
Nourish'd by Passions, Libels, Threats, Demands.
Nor Royal Acts of Grace suffice to calm
All daring Vulgar rage: The Queen departs,
And Heroine-like undaunted Seas does pass.*

THE Wars and period of a Mighty King;

Which did from furious Crimes of Subjects Spring:
My Muse presumes here to describe by Verse,
And Hero's deeds of Brave Renown rehearse.

B

[Whose

Whose *English* Valours, on account of Fame,
 Are no less blaz'd then *Greek* or *Roman* Name.
 Their Grandeur weigh'd, and such admir'd Designs,
 As give high Theams unto Heroick Lines :
 Had *Homer* them, or Mighty *Maros's* wit,
 Unto Times Future admiration writ ;
 With every Fiction, as should intervene,
 For filling Glory to each weighty Scene.
 And had their Genius, like some Sacred Merit,
 Left with *Pernassus* Legacies of Spirit
 To be Implor'd from thence, I well might now
 That Supplication to my Soul allow :
 As wondrous Actions here my Verse relates,
 And things Prodigious form'd 'gainst high Estates.
 No Civil War did e're so Impious sway,
 When Subjects durst their Sovereigns least obey.
 And tho' thy Reign First *Charles* fills no Record
 With spoils of Nations, or a Lawless Sword :
 The bad example of most Neighbour Kings,
 Whose stern Ambition unjust ruine brings :

Yet in the even Conduct of thy Mind
 Was Grandeur above Scepter unconfin'd.
 Not more dismay'd when unthought Storms appear'd,
 Then in best Calms whose change was causeless fear'd.
 And to Celestial Councils only known,
 Why he, whose Virtue did adorn his Throne,
 Should so accomplish'd not successful be
 Against the Wicked when his Enemy.
 Vile in their rise, and in that more Accurst
 Because proceeding from Peace loathed first
 By Graceless hearts, which were too proudly bred,
 And from their Peace and Riches Ranc'rous fed.
 Whence Faction's Itch did more envenom'd sprout,
 Contagion spreading through the Vulgar Rout,
 And like quick Plagues, when mingling with their breath,
 The Crowd Infected e're they fear'd their death,
 With these high Evils poysonous Libels joyn'd ;
 Fame's Vulgar Magick, aptly then design'd
 By men whose Subtleties could full delude,
 And to their ends engage the thoughtless Crowd!

And next, themselves did wholsome Patriots blaze,
 More to allure the Vulgar's Giddy praise.
 Divulging faults where none Just fault could find,
 Or call that Crime which they for Crime design'd.
 Nor less Supine 'gainst Church then State durst rail,
 Whilst Scots help'd *England* with their Pious Tale :
 Or Covenant form'd that speciously might bring
 Both Nations to Oppose their Laws and King.
 How did their knotty evils then awake,
 The Just Repose our Monarch's Rule did take ?
 Abroad he saw Peace blest'd him every where,
 No Less Made Forraign Wonder then their Fear :
 Nor more, at Home, did Troubles apprehend,
 Who thought, his Good might others Evil mend.
 Whence Heavens permissive Will did him allow
 Much ready Justice with a Sword too slow.
 A Merit that on bad Men little gains,
 Whose fear, not love, their duty most retains.
 Now Pop'lar fury, with it hop'd for Swinge,
 Had set Commotion on the smoothest Hinge.

When

When Low'd desires brought Parliament Estates,
 To colour more three Kingdom's wretched Fates :
 In hope the Scepter without blow might fall,
 Or shar'd by Lords and Commons at their Call.
 No Negative Will their Sovereign they'd admit,
 All they would Act, nay kill as they thought fit,
 Thy blood Great *Strafford* foremost must be Spilt,
 His Head their fear, and death no loss their Guilt.
 Whilst Poz'd the Senats Artifice to Maintain,
 That Law did Treason in his Case Explain.
 Whose fall his Princes Cares did much Augment,
 Who griev'd, yet grieving gave his wrong'd Consent.
 Flatter'd with hopes of future good from Men
 That were bad first but to be worse agen :
 And shows to Kings how dangerous they Comply,
 When they (with evil) Subjects Gratify.
 Nor less the Multitudes unruly Fate,
 Who thought his Blood more prosperous days should
 Not judging Heav'n had but deferr'd the time
 When they must bleed to expiate their Crime.

All which the Politique Houses had foreseen,
 When left to Crouds Seditions welcome Scene.
 Well knowing that such must for their Crimes be ^{(stroak'd,}
 Before they could be more subservient yoa'k'd.
 Or Grants obtain'd, Be aiding unto more,
 That should confirm an everlasting Power
 To sit and Vote; To which their Prince Agrees,
 Hoping to winn them with Benignities;
 And this High gift like which none e're had been
 By Subjects ask'd, or given by English King.
 Whilst they neglecting his too facile Grace,
 Give to their asking still a bolder Face.
 Resolv'd to Compass such Disloyall things,
 As should dethrone him with his line of Kings.
 No thoughts like these did complicate his Cares,
 And pierc'd him deeper in his Consorts Tears:
 Her Person Menac'd and defam'd by those
 Who most did high disorders then dispose.
 Which tho' 'gainst her Ingloriously apply'd,
 Yet no occasion she her Soul deny'd,

That

That to her King her Value could assure,
 Or tell the World what she'd for him endure.
 To whom, with Meen and Greatness duly Joyn'd,
 She briefly thus exprefs'd her Glorious Mind.
 What Fate foe're in these Commotions lyes,
 Or fury staring in your Peoples Eyes ;
 Should it shame Starrs that such prefages guide,
 Or to your Rebell Subjects joyn their side :
 No day, from aiding you, shall me deterr,
 How dismall e're may look the face of Warr.
 Too sure your friend, your Foes do me suspect,
 Since my Soul most your Cause must needs affect.
 Like which no Glory from my Life can spring,
 Or Courage in the Wife of such a King.
 What Ally won't your Warrs concern embrace,
 Or Princc descending from a Royall Race,
 When I your praises shall to them declare,
 And how Compleat to Rule your Virtues are :
 These, your best Standards, Ple abroad display,
 If through the Occean Starrs assist my way.

To these obligations of her Soul to him,
 Whose Virtue best their Merit could esteem;
 He thus replies : If Heaven designs to me
 By Peace or Warr a due prosperity :
 The greatness of thy Mind and Love I'll own,
 Above Attempts that may support my Crown.
 My Kingdoms dangers threaten every where,
 As from black Clouds Men future Thunder Fear.
 Fierce Pop'lar rage above its Region swells,
 Whence few discern where most the mischief dwells :
 But more severe that Crime unto my Heart,
 As your affliction has with mine its part.
 What Absence can you sever from my mind,
 Where like another Soul your value's join'd.
 Whilst I assisting of thy Just Retreat,
 Shew my Affection's no less kind then Great.
 Nor would I that true Annals should disperse
 My Acts of Glory, and not Thine rehearse.
 His Queen in whose Heroick Soul did meet
 All things that Love and Majesty compleat :

Yields

Yields to depart, with so Serene a Grace,
 That Grief seem'd vanquish'd in her Tender Face.
 Much kindness she express'd, and more forbears;
 Lest Words too sadly should produce her Tears:
 Or that her Soul to utter wanted power
 How kind she'd leave him in that dismal hour.
 Such Nobles as with Duty did attend
 On this Departure, how did they contend
 To fix Impressions on their Souls that might
 Admire the Grief and Grandeur of this sight?
 Nor Judg'd they sorrow could enough Address,
 With tears their wives and daughters did Express.
 As they fear'd evils from that hour would spring,
 That destin'd was to part a Queen and King.
 Thus they Lamented; and next Joyntly pray,
 That Heaven might safely guide on Seas her way.
 And from the Glory of her Voyage yield,
 Fair fam'd Assistance to her King in field.
 Winds soon their wishes take, whilst *Neptun's* face
 His Azur'd Curls and smoothest Billows grace:

Proud

Proud that his Swiftest waves her freight must bear,
 As her stout Ship to *Belgick* ports did steer.
 Had former Poets this Atcheivment known,
 Not their verse *Thetis* Queen of Seas would own.
 Since Love and Glory more Sublimely raise
 A Consort to our Empire on the Seas.
 The Queen thus to a Forraign Coast retir'd,
 Where Highest Potentates her worth admired,
 And how she more then Woman's skill apply'd,
 That her Kings Cause might soonest be supply'd.
 When *Belgian* States (so long oblig'd had been
 To Fam'd *Elizabeth* our English Queen ;
 By whom their Body-Politique did rise
 In spight of *Spain* then held so Great and Wise)
 She with Pathetick words did highly move,
 Wishing their Power as Gratefull as her Love.
 Since by a sad Vicissitude of Fate,
 The English Crown Courts their obliged State :
 Letting 'em know to what a Glorious end
 They may for ever be call'd *Englands* freind.

To which the *Belgick* State, with Supine pride,
 (Th' effect of Power and Riches) thus reply'd ;
 What er's the Cause that this Address does bring,
 Thus Honour'd by the Queen to *Brittains* King.
 An Envoy, which our Greatness must confess,
 Does more then Humane Majesty express :
 Far be't that our now Mighty-States disown
 Their past Oblig'ments to the English Throne,
 By whose brave Aid's we did best force obtain
 On Land and Sea to Curb Aspiring *Spain*.
 And what is more, did next advantage take
 Our selves (of Subjects) Mighty Lords to make.
 For which *Spain* Lowdly did us Rebels call,
 Who durst hope Safety by that Scepters fall.
 A bold Necessity which Subjects brings
 First to oppose, and then Dethrone their Kings.
 Whether the Brittish quarrell be the same,
 Or from a specious greivance would disclaim
 Like us their Monarch's Rule ; in either Case
 We can't the English Crown's demand embrace.

Least held our States high Blemish to resist
 Our Prince at Home, and one abroad assist.
 We with most Kings a free Commerce Maintain;
 Whose coin may Ships, Arms, Men, from us obtain.
 No Princes Wanting Cause our States espouse,
 To gain's our business when our Neighbours Loose.
 The Queen by prudence and experience taught,
 Disdains to utter the Contempt she thought,
 These Courser States deserved, tho' well she knew
 How few Dominions are to others true,
 And what a Cold redress most Princes finde,
 When Fortune is to their affairs Unkinde.
 Yet with her self concludes (tho' stript of all
 That could a Monarch's suffering Spouse befall)
 Nothing to Mis-employ that can assure
 Her King's great Safety, or his Ayd procure.
 Such Matchless Gemms whose Luster did adorn
 The Diadems which English Queens had worn;
 She, as her Glorious Offering did bring
 To purchase ayd, more Sacred, for her King.

No sooner Covetous *Belgians* these behold,
 But they Comply (on such) to lend their Gold :
 Tho' adding to the Summ before deny'd,
 So Sure are Mortalls by their profit try'd.
 But oh the Fate of Princes that deplore
 Their want of power as well as being poore.
Orange, who from Imperial Linage Came,
 Had by Alliance no less mingled fame,
 In seeing late wedded by his hopefull Son,
 The eldest Princess of the Brittish Throne :
 With Generous Greatness to the Queen thus speaks,
 Since my Bloud Glory from the Rule partakes
 Of your Just King, 'twere mean should I deny
 My Purse to ayd his Injur'd Majesty.
 Wishing my Treasure could alone Compleat
 Such Noble force as might his foes defeat.
 And did not Age forbid, with such affairs
 That here Imploy my person and my Cares,
 I'de like a Soldier 'mongst his Bravest Fight,
 And Honour'd if my death his Cause could right.

The Queen thus furnish'd by this Great Ally,
 To purchase Arms and Men she does apply
 Her soonest Care, Next Martialists consults;
 And then does ponder from their bold results,
 How best to guide her Force, what Port to finde,
 Wishing her Love could wings add to the Winde.
 That soon returning with well-formed Power,
 She might her *Charles* assist some usefull hour.
 The Queen thus active in a Forraign State;
 My Muse shall by her Measures here relate,
 A further Progress of Intestine broils,
 And how our King prepared for Martial Toyls.
 Whose Rule, by stubborn Evills then oppress,
 Tho' it so long Ingratefull Subjects blest:
 Who Kingly Grace and pardon durst neglect,
 The Balms which Publick Cures so oft effect.
 Which Impious arrogance did then Improve
 In such, who their Prince would not fear, nor Love.
 And Notion'd thus th' Impetuons Crowd was taught
 To vent defiance, to his Pallace brought.

Whitehall his Sacred residence beset
 By Crowds, for Threats and Terrors there had met;
 No Humane Violence could with this Compare,
 But in Men-Monsters who deny'd to Fear
 The Heavenly Scepter *Jove* was thought to hold;
 When he *Olimpus* saw attack'd of old.
 The King, enough deploring, soon beheld
 Th' Inflam'd vulgar Fury unrepell'd
 By *London* Magistrates due advice or ayd,
 Where more then Law was Factions then obey'd.
 Who durst his Pallace with despoyl'd by such
 That Royall Mansions thought for Kings too Much,
 The King less greiv'd from his Lov'd Court to move,
 Then there to trust such Pledges of his Love,
 Whose Tender years could not his hast partake,
 Nor Left behind securely for his Sake.
 His Lands, Towns, Treasure, soon to be possess,
 By such as wish'd his Crown should be oppress.
 Whilst he retiring (like that *Trojan* Prince,
 Who could no longer be his *Troy's* defence,

Yet

Yet with high Courage Rescu'd there from Fate
 The Princely Heir of that declining State,)
 Had many dangers pass'd that round him stood,
 When sav'd the Blooming *Hero's* of his Blood.
 His *Prince of Wales* and *York's Duke* young in years,
 Preserv'd from Foes by his Supreme Cares :
 And by their Fathers Suff'rings grew to know
 The Streights to Glory they must undergo.
 Who tho' he Kingdoms had, and Cities Great
 Which ow'd obsequiance to his Regal State,
 Yet in their vast Circumference knew not where
 'Twas best to Influence first his Martial Sphere.
 Till too like Private Majesty remov'd,
 And Journeying far his Prudence had approv'd
 The North's * Metropolis, to which adjoyn'd
 Regions to Loyal Glory full Incln'd.
 And being a Prince resolv'dly Great and Just,
 In Law supporting as his Scepters trust :
 Thought Heaven and he divinely were obey'd,
 When Subjects should his Cause most dauntless aid.

* The City of York.

Soon

Soon did the Nobles then themselves convey
 Unto their King, scorning from him to stay,
 Or with time-serving Disobedience stain
 Their part of Honour in his Glorious Reign.
 The Generous next their Brave Example take,
 Whilst soon, their worst remains, both Houses make ?
 An Impious Body-Politique to fit,
 Where future Parliaments may blush to sit.
 Since from that Fatal late abused Name,
 A spreading evil kindled first its flame.
 Unhappy *Westminster* so oft to be
 The Seat of Publique Good and Infamy:
 Our Second *Edward* and our *Richard* tell,
 How black, from them, thy Records there do dwell.
 And what adds more unto thy Monstrous Date,
 The Best of Kings there doom'd to wicked Fate.
 Which Deeds with their Prodigious Story may
 Unequall'd stand to the World's ending day,
 Nor could the Houses subtlest Gloss evade
 Reflections by the Wise were early made:

When Actions, how-e're worded, did imply,
 They pointed at the fall of Monarchy.
 Design'd by such, to Rule, would force their way,
 Tho', Slave-like Fellow-Subjects them obey.
 From which Ambition (oft man's proner Curse
 When tempted by bold perils to be worse)
 The face of War did gradually appear,
 Foreseen by more then durst divulge their fear.
 Seditious *Scotland*, that had first begun
 To form Rebellion before Forty One,
 And from their wicked Presidents had been
 Silly instructed in this Impious Sin ;
 That where known Story most Allegiance blots,
 'Twill doubtless yield to History of *Scots*.
England they saw they could not then compell
 To grant them Seats where they might warmer dwell.
 For which our King they envy'd, tho' their own,
 But most, because most Happy in our Crown.
 Craft thus employ'd that subtly had inclos'd
 Their labour'd Mischiefs, which they thus dispos'd :
Their

Their Schism and Faction, unto *England* brought,
 Intrigu'd so firm that with their Snares 'twas caught.
 Which to uphold both Houses joyn'd their Vote,
 That with Arm'd *Scots* their Arms they might promote.
 Rebellious *Ireland*, that could not stay
 'Till *Scotch* and *English* Bloud was cast away,
 With headstrong guilt begins this wicked Time,
 Few apprehend which Nation's greatest Crime.
 The King his Person offers to oppose
 Against his *Irish* Rebels, yet not knows
 Which Kingdom would to him most safety yield,
 Or where best first for him to take the Field.
England, his dearest Pledge, imploy'd his Grief,
 Whilst bleeding *Ireland* call'd for soon relief.
 Which lest he should Conduct the Houses pray
 That he at home as unsecure might stay.
 Resolv'd their Pow'r his Arms should first oppose,
 More to encourage every where his Foes.
 Fearing lest he from Just occasion might
 Others subdue, and next them stronger fight.

No Sword by their Consents with him they'd Trust,
 Whose great Revenge they fear'd, yet knew 'twas Just.
Essex, whose stubborn Will and fullen Pride
 Had with this Poplar Faction long comply'd,
 With greater Zeal Heads their Rebellious Cause,
 Nor grants 'tis guilt to fight against the Laws.
 Who sway'd by specious Arts, and thirst of Fame,
 Discern'd not then a Loathed General's Name.
 Forgetting whence Nobility did spring,
 Or how 'tis stain'd when Arm'd against the King.
 Thus crowded into Power he Leads that Force,
 Which the bold Houses Vote their Foot and Horse.
 Numbers no Less then Mighty to Impower
 The evils which that Age did soon deplore.
 What was thy Crime, O *London*! then to be
 The Numerous Aye of this Calamity :
 Was it because thou wert too richly great,
 Or too long pamper'd in a blest Estate;
 That thy Ingratefull heads then seem'd to ake,
 And by pretended flame a Feaver take,

An Artifice to worst Delusions join'd,
 As Zeal transported had the Peoples Minde;
 And if my Verse a Prospect duly take
 Of what did then so fierce Transactions make,
 Truth soon declares that 'twas no publique Sense
 That had diffus'd so vild an Influence.
 But heatfull Parties that within their Frames,
 For ends devis'd, had rais'd such horrid flames,
 And but the name of Parliament did feign,
 On purpose to convey a larger stain.
 And which no well-Form'd sense allows to be,
 That full Conventions Publique Infamy,
 A Constitution Great to all effects,
 As it our Good discerns and Bad detects.
 From whence the Nation best their Pulse perceives,
 And when 'tis found more soundness then receives.
 If Craz'd, or will not other help endure,
 That prov'd State-Phisick can compleat the Cure.
 And what, beyond all Treasures, Aid Imparts,
 It both receives and gives the Peoples Hearts.

An Envy'd Glory through which Nations see
 Cause to repine our just felicity.
 When wild exorbitance of Pride and heat,
 In other Rules have their pernicious date.
 And more detects our Late Unhappy Times,
 In which Men boldly strove to heighten Crimes:
 Kindled by such on each side did Convey,
 Their fiery Ends the most destructive way.
 By perverse Parliaments the Factions fought,
 That low and poor their Monarch might be brought:
 Denying, for their ends, their publick Aid,
 As first their Niggard purse him disobey'd.
 Which forc'd Prerogative, by Royal Right,
 To claim, for Common good, the Purse might
 An Aidfull Power that Scepters must attend,
 Lest Subjects ill retain what Crowns should spend,
 Tho' Pop'lar Patriots did this Act disown,
 And cast aspersions on the Straiten'd Throne;
 As they 'gainst Shipmoney disgusts proclaim,
 With high Contests, which to Tribunals came;

That

That their Great Monarchs Rule might want supply,
 Till Senats should less pcevishly deny.
 When this fam'd King, whose Soul was full propense
 To give his Royal Claim no wrong defence,
 Consented to give Law it's due repute,
 That Legall Proceſs might his Plea promote.
 Which Misconceived in a furious Time,
 When Jealouſies and fears durst vent their Crimes,
 By deeming things undutiously amifs,
 That men might thence distrust their Nations Bliss :
 Ceas'd not their Rancour, tho' by * Act of State
 This Tax abolish'd was to Lasting Date,
 As they abetted a Disloyal fear
 Of Oblique Motions in the Royal Sphere :
 Whence Crowds were Taught more strictly to embrace
 What then was call'd their Senat's fighting Cause :
 Lest that subdu'd they might be next undone,
 And Lives and Fortunes grant by Conquest won.

* By Act of Parliament Ship-Money was dam'n'd, by which and other Gracious Condescensions the King endeavour'd to prevent the future Miseries of his Nation.

'A Sense devis'd by obloquies of Fame
 To blemish their King's Rule and Sacred Name.
 Thus some did with most horrid Arts devise
 How to Impose on all more Just and Wise.
 Such subtle Members as the Houses sway'd,
 Soon their Delusions takingly convey'd :
 With what by Vulgar Fury cou'd promote
 The Cause which their fierce Patrons first did Vote.
 To which their violent Spiritual Guides comply'd,
 Who taught Rebellion then was Sanctify'd.
 Was't not enough that former Ages found,
 How such Incendiaries did then abound :
 That Pulpits must afresh divulge their flame,
 And, stead of Beacons, publick Broils proclaim :
 Provoking Heaven and Inauspicious Starrs
 To haste the bloody Aspects of our Warrs.
 When in their Orbs the rest began to fear
 Lest *Mars*, in spight of *Jove*, should domineer.
 Nor less the Azur'd Regions did presage
 Prodigious Fights and Battels in that Age

Arms, against Arms, to mens affrighted eyes,
 Seem'd as array'd Battalions on the Skies;
 Where flashings did like Guns discharging shew,
 And Flames resembled Pikes in Skirmish too.
 Most fear'd what these strange Visions should portend,
 Or hop'd Heav'n might by them bad men amend.
 Whilst nothing the fierce Houses then restrain'd,
 Or that rough * Earl whose Conduct they had gain'd
 Not, as they did for Bloud and Treasure thirst,
 Or wou'd for Horrid Spoils of War be Curst:
 More specious they seem Laws and King to treat,
 So subtly Mortals would their guilt abate.

** Of Essex, who was the first General, and Head of this
 Grand Rebellion.*

The

The SECOND BOOK.

The Argument.

*Intestine Discords by what Method spread,
The Quarrel the unhappy Title bears
Of King and Parliaments oppos'd Arms.
And like the body of the State confus'd,
The Members differ: Towns, Cities, Counties,
Miserably behold their Magistrates,
Tho' Guardians of their Peace turn'd Enemies,
And arm'd in this destructive War appear:*

WAR thus prepar'd and boldest Summons sent

T'Incite more swiftly Minds to Fury bent,
Without perceiving the Impetuous Source
Of boundless Evils, which their Crimes did force.
Or that Peace seem'd their Universal pain,
'Till after War 'twere begg'd of Heaven again.
A Crisis oft gives Furious Tempers ease,
When War's rough Physick proves their worst disease.
What man can in most touching Numbers shew
The various Ills with that Time's License grew :

When

When neither tie by Bloud, or Parents Tears,
 Nor Conscience which man's Soul diviner fears:
 Could Son or Brothers daring heart deterr
 From being ally'd more guilty by this Warr.
 Or not with headstrong fury soon oppose
 The side their dearest Friends for safety chose.
 Nor did the Aged then forbear to show,
 That Peace was wither'd no less then their Brow:
 Conspiring in the Autumn of their Time,
 To misguide others by their Graver Crime.
 Whence Evils with more Grandeur did augment,
 As Age taught Youth so little to repent.
 And by their joint endeavours did assure,
 That this Wars fatal flame would long endure.
 The Forts and Castles that had slighted been,
 And by their Ruines told Wars Antient Sin;
 Laborious hands did Numerously repair;
 And with their Dusty Toils obscur'd the Air.
 Whilst distant Men affrighted did behold
 New forms of Terroure far surpassing old.

When

When but Bows piercing Shafts from Bulwarks flew,
And not so horribly——as Guns Men flew.

Thus some Lamented, whilst the Many strove
Their Nations fury highest to improve.

And did Tumultuous Rage through Regions spread,
With Thefts from Wars bold License sadly read.

Some total Plunder'd and their Persons sent,
Revil'd by Crowds, to loath'd Imprisonment.

Whilst others forc'd from Houses and Estates,
Were left like Wanderers unto wretched Fates.

Tho' Charg'd upon their Souls no other Crime
Then not to Aid the Mischiefs of that time.

When violent Men Delinquencies durst make
In such as would not Peace with them forsake :

Or hop'd that Moderate quiet might be had,
When but to live secure was counted bad.

Number the People's Monster, like the Birth
Of that vast Giant fam'd the Son of Earth ;

Its own unweildy Power did roughly bring
To Aid Intended Arms against the King.

Who

Who tho' his Life and Crown he soon might Stake;
 Beheld his Leavies for his Cause too weak.
 Courage his Hope sustain'd, and Conscious Right;
 Which to defend Best Kings renown'dly fight.
 But e're his Enemies did neer him joyn,
 Or Re-inforcements further their Design;
 Their strongest Parties vigour he'd first try,
 And teach them from his Sword 'twas Just to fly.
 Whilst then his Power in Horse began to spread,
 And by most Gen'rous Bloud of *English* Led;
 Of whom he thought no praise enough cou'd be,
 Or Greatness joyn'd unto their Dignity,
 Untill Great *Rupert*, his Renown'd Ally,
 He made First Captain of their Cavalry.
 A Prince that did in his High Lineage joyn
 Best German Race with *England's* Royal Line.
 And what did most embellish his High Bloud,
 No less in Story fam'd for Brave then Good.
 Who for this Expedition duly chose
 Troops best approv'd to meet the hardy Foes.

Worcester

Worcester that had Allegiance early shown,
 When many Cities were disloyal known ;
 (Tho' her distress from future Fate did bring
 A Second *Charles* to live an Exil'd King.)
 Implor'd of Heaven a soon Auspicious hour,
 As near her then took Field the Royal Power.
 To which Campaign the Houses eager Vote,
 That War, on their part, should its haste promote ;
 Had sent their firmest Regiments of Horse,
 In hopes they'd there succeed by strenuous force.
Sands had these Glittering Troops ; resolv'd for Fame,
 Led to this Field with full Courageous Flame.
 His thought's with Number rais'd and boldest Pride,
 To be held early signal by his Side.
 Not as he wou'd the Juster Cause maintain,
 But Glory fought mixt with pernicious Gain :
 Which profitable *Encomium* much did sway
 Men that the Houses serv'd for Praise and Pay.
 His Troups encounter'd, swift Resistance find ;
 And next like Stubble scatter'd by the Wind

With

With a Confused Haste their flight confound;
 Whilst with their gasping Friends Death strows the ^{(Ground,}
 Their Resolute Chief whose Courage could not yield,
 Timely to grant his Foes the Conquer'd Field,
 Too deeply wounded is a Captive made ;
 The Prince, with Courteous grief, his Cure assay'd
 By best skill'd Surgeons who his wounds explore,
 But found, too far past aid, his Vital Power.
 Nor did his Valour harden so his end,
 As't did his Cause then Courage more commend.
 Great *Rupert* prosp'rous thus and fill'd with hope
 To gain by future Conquest further scope ;
 Unto his Royal Unkle did retire
 With many Trophies of his Martial Fire.
 The King with Temperate Thoughts so poyz'd his ^{(Mind,}
 That no events in him a Change could find:
 To his Brave Nephew, with Indulgent Grace,
 Did thus express ; Tho' of my Princely Race,
 I gladly prove thy Valour such as may
 Preserve my Scepter in each doubtfull day,
 Should

Should my Opposers fiercely still adhere
 To stain their Crimes more deeply by this War :
 Yet 'tis my Royal Soul that bids confess,
 That I must welcome less, then they, Success,
 Tho' they fight to resist what I maintain,
 Yet still my Subjects are on both sides slain.
 Wherefore so Lead my Battels that I may
 When Victor shew more Mercy still then they.
 As with Calm Glory thus the King exprest,
 A Warlike heat enflam'd Great *Rupert's* breast :
 Who thus replies, Since your severest Foes
 Cannot your steady Greatness discompose;
 In nothing I'll be wanting to incite
 Your boldest Troups with forward Zeal to fight.
 Nor shal't be said that I one Peril shun
 Where Service can for you by Arms be done.
 Unto your Powers Heaven daily does dispense
 Aids undiscern'd by Humane Providence.
 Your Royal Standard no where is display'd,
 But *Welsh* and *English* gladly are Array'd.

Who,

Who, when War's Discipline improves their Might,
 Will soon for you undaunted Soldiers fight:
 The King tho' in his Nephew thus beheld
 Example's Grandeur, which had oft upheld
 Daring Attempts by forward Captains Led
 Who Fortune's briskest Smiles had sometimes had:
 His Nobles, Gentry, to Achievements prone,
 That most Magnanimous might assist his Throne.
 Yet could not he allay such Anxious thought
 As his Affairs in prospect to him brought.
 His Forces newly rais'd and thinly Arm'd,
 And more the Sinews of their Hearts uncharm'd
 By Coins alluring force, his Treasure spent,
 Or greatest part, unto his detriment !
 By the bold Houses rigidly possess'd,
 And in that Nerve of State him first distress'd.
 Whilst, to his grief, his wanting Files might say,
 That Duty set off almost all their Pay.
 All which did in their Grievances declare
 How deep the King concern'd and Nation were.

Throughout its Parts and Orders un-intire,
 And Notion'd as did least their Peace conspire.
 Some Vassals, with their Lords, themselves array,
 Others their Lords by fighting disobey.
 No State or Birth their due distinction find,
 Whilst mean and bad then joyn'd their worst design.
 The Swain his tilt neglected in despair
 Of what his Glebe might yield another year,
 Judging that Camps would better him sustain,
 Then his disorder'd toil for future Grain:
 No Aid whate're but did reception find ;
 Wars Darling, Force, is best with Number joyn'd.
Essex from *London* march'd with highest State,
 When throng'd Applauses did his Soul elate,
 By th'Houfes management, and Crowds design'd,
 To heighten Fervour in his Poplar Mind.
 Who with their Sanguine Zeal had less conspir'd,
 Had not Fame's Tinder so his Temper fir'd.
 By which Impulse, or from the Fate of things,
 That Rugged Souls to proner Violence brings:

He soon his Army full compleated Led
 Near to Campagnes in which the King's was spread.
 Not doubting but his Num'rous Warlike Force,
 So well accoutred by the Houses Purse,
 Would soon the King's best formed Powers defeat,
 When they should boldest his in Battel meet.
 And that his Cause no smooth pretext should lose,
 Which for its Vail the Senate's Votes had chose.
 Unto the King a specious Errand sends,
 That to his Sovereign safety recommends:
 By wishing he'd from Perils soon withdraw,
 Since no respect can flying Bullets awe:
 Or Swords promiscuously in Battels kill,
 And may, 'mongst Lower Bloud the Highest spill.
 So plausible wou'd men their Figures take,
 If words, for their Offence, can Varnish make.
 The King, whose even Greatness did compose
 His Person to the wonder of his Foes,
 Thus to the Earl's delusive Message says;
 Tell the bold man who for Inglorious praise

Does near Imbattel'd to our sight appear;
 And dares by Arms to bid his Sovereign fear.
 That *Phæbus* may as soon decline his Light,
 When Cloudy Meteors would obstruct his sight,
 As witness my Just Glory I disown,
 Or Deeds my Scepter highest can renown,
 Tho' with my Pers'nal Sufferings shou'd combine
 The worst that Armed Subjects shall design.
 The King here ends : And next Great *Lindsey* spake,
 Since Me, Great Sir, your General you make,
 Suffer that I unto this Earl commit
 What may my Honours Station well besit.
 He is a Captain and I'de have him know
 My Prowess shall him equal'd that way show.
 But if before the fury of this day,
 He'l singly Combate me a Soldiers way.
 Our Persons shall our Battel's Signal be,
 As we begin to fight for Victory.
 This Errand thus return'd ; *Essex* declin'd
 All other Fight then with his Army joyn'd.

Who judg'd that 'twas a much securer course
 To wave then meet Brave *Lindsey's* single force.
 The King from *Edge-Hill's* top, like *Jove* on high,
 When Mortals once 'gainst Heaven Incamp'd did lie
 Undaunted saw the near Campagne disclose
 Power that durst him divine on Earth oppose.
 And as a Royal Chief did next descend
 Strictly to view if orderly extend
 His Battel, Wings, of Infantry and Horse;
 Inspecting next if their Souls vig'rous force
 Stood on their Looks, and how each Persons Face
 Spoke daring Conduct in his Martial place.
 'Mongst these, as Valours Ornament, he saw
 Best Peers and Gentry Gliftring Swords to draw.
 Not readier to Command then to Obey,
 Where Voluntiers they rank'd themselves that day.
 Mingled with these he more Intent beheld
 Some by him least oblig'd or favour'd hrd,
 T'inlarge his Royal Files did there resort,
 Without expected Gift or Place from Court.

Whilst others by his Royal Bounty rais'd
 To Honour, Wealth, ne're in their 'Scutcheons blaz'd ;
 Ingratefully from his Just Cause withdrew,
 Or 'gainst him did worst Renegado's shew.
 Which frontless guilt when well the King compar'd
 With such, full-Soul'd with Duty, him rever'd ;
 Their Loyalty unpamper'd by his Gifts,
 Whilst Falshood had in others gainfull shifts.
 How might this Prince hope Heaven his Crown ^{(right,} won'd
 Since Conscience thus for him won hearts to fight ?
 When Factions did the Houses Votes maintain,
 Blended with various Interests and Gain.
 Some Bankrupt Commons and of Gentry such
 Who safe Estates and Lives would others grudge :
 And purposely Commotions did Create,
 To share Large Gleanings by their Nation's Fate :
 Which gave the King occasion to deplore,
 Where his Arms lost they lessen'd Virtues Store ;
 And could but low retaliation find,
 If Bloud they vanquish'd mean or unrefin'd.

Effex, whose Talent was in words not great,
 Or like such Chiefs whose Oratory's heat
 The fervour of their Militants could raise,
 And by apt Speech and Conduct mingle praise;
 Yet Left his Soul too heavy seem'd to fill
 His Organs, or unbent his Armed Will,
 He boldly own'd to Heaven, a specious way,
 His Lawless Cause as he presum'd to pray
 With Canting Teachers, who could Prayers devise
 And Texts expound Rebellion to disguise:
 Befitting well the Factions of those Times,
 And men who fought and begg'd success for Crimes.
 Thus, to his Name's reproach, his Files he Led
 In *Keinton-Field* against his Nations Head:
 Where soon both Armies furiously Engage,
 That *English* might kill *English* on that Stage.
 When first from loudest Canons Bullets flew
 And Ranks of Men at remote distance flew.
 Some view'd their sever'd Limbs e're they could dye
 In parts by Deaths severest Cruelty.

Others were slain outright by one huge blow,
 And happy whom such Guns had killed so :
 Or were by stunning Shot bereav'd of breath,
 As Canons, without wound, enforc'd their death.
 Some Horse throw Riders wanting Limbs to tread,
 Others by Bullets torn in halves lay dead.
 Thus with Man's Fate the servile Beast complies,
 And in Wars method most alike him dies.
 This Thund'ring Prologue ceas'd, the Scene did fill
 With thicker Mischiefs, tho' less Engines kill,
 Which Musket's close opposing Peals convey,
 Numerous as Atoms when the burning day
 Provokes their intermingled globulous flight,
 And by their adverse motions seem to fight.
 Which Slaughter past another did ensue,
 That gives some death who had escap'd Powders blow.
 And did as dismal Prospects soon expose,
 As these fierce Legions closer fought their Foes.
 Foot against Foot their brandish'd Pikes employ,
 And with bold Stands no less the Horse annoy.

Such

Such soonest fall as wou'd most daring live,
 In so short time Fames Stage can Honour give.
 But now as Fortune wou'd the King assist,
 Or teach his daring Foes less to resist :
 His Cavalry with furious drift had chas'd
 Th'Enemies Horfe on their Right-Wing were plac'd,
 Whilst vanquish'd through this spacious Field they fly,
 Nor thought to stop howe're by flight they dye.
 So strangely fear produc'd Ignoble haste,
 Tho' Fate they prov'd o'retook their Lives too fast.
 Great *Rupert* who the Royal Cavalry Led,
 And had too far pursu'd Brigades that fled,
 Remembred then the Friends he left behind,
 And how distress'd perhaps he them should find.
 With whom the King might highest dangers share,
 Untill relieved by his Valiant Care.
 Thus he presag'd, and in his Mighty Mind,
 As much his boundless Valour then repin'd ;
 That had surpass'd occasions Limits so,
 As Fortunes Time did from him backward go.

Whose

Whose Minutes flipt she proudly does disdain
 The self-same favours to bestow again.
 Whilst in that hasty hour the Thirst of Spoils
 Too soon had mingled with his Soldiers Toyls.
 Some seizing Baggage of the op'lent slain,
 When others vaster Booty strove to gain.
 Their Fatal Profit, as too early they
 Would have the Gleaning of the Field that day.
 Which by this Prince discern'd, with resolute Brow
 And highest Indignation bids them throw
 To earth mean Pillage, and with boldest Might
 Return with him unbroken Ranks to fight.
 Being rally'd thus, like Billows on the Main
 That with more furious Tides revolve again,
 He forc'd his passage back through Armed Foes,
 And Horse and Man impetuously o'rethrows.
 His Soul impatient to accomplish more
 Then he had left behind undone before.
 Yet could not his Attempts, though prais'd by Fame,
 Prevent the froward Cast of Fortunes Game ;

When

When the *Effexians* with great Valour fought,
 And the King's Battel unto hardship brought,
 Whose Valiant Infantry tho' o'repowr'd with force,
 At once Encountred then both Foot and Horse.
 Whence many various sad effects ensu'd,
 As here Death had her Tragick Scene pursu'd.
 The hardy Pikemen that sometime withstood
 The strenuous Charge of Horse with loss of Blood,
 'Mongst Broken Foot, defended least by flight,
 In much disorder was enforc'd to fight.
 Their Front compell'd to mingle with the Rears,
 And many kill'd confus'dly fighting there.
 Some trod to death by Horse in furious rout,
 Others by Cruel Leisure fell more fast.
 Too many can't resist, resist wou'd fain,
 So much their Valour of their Fate did gain.
 Such Gen'rous Chiefs as could no longer guide
 Their bravest Conduct 'gainst the prevailing side,
 With their distressed Militants now yield
 To fall the Glory of this Bloudy Field.

Where

Where Fortune dreadfull revolutions wrought,
 As if the Destinies her Aid had fought.
 When Valiant Bands, which like a Sacred fence
 Had stood the Royal Standards stout defence,
 Disorder'd were, yet then disdain'd to fly;
 Or cease to fight, but as they'd fighting die.
Belford who resolutely his Squadrons Led
 To force their room by laying Files first dead,
 With Steps well dy'd in Bloud a passage made
 Where the King's Standard's Glory was display'd.
 Which matchless Trophy he aim'd to surprize
 As his bold Present to the Houses eyes.
 Whilst Loyal * *Varney*, who with Valiant Trust
 That highest Ensign's safety hop'd to boast;
 As he with signal Prowess sometime stood
 Unconquer'd tho' expending Streams of Bloud,
 And as Life had thus bravely from him fled,
 The Standard fast supported held when dead,

* Sir Edmund Varney, Standard-Bearer to King Charles the First:

But this Knight's fall, tho' in desert alone
 Enough to save that Emblem of the Throne,
 Could not without conjoyn'd Atchievements bring,
 Sufficient rescue to their ^a Figur'd King.
 Which Glory valiant ^b *Smith* with others gain'd,
 And to retire the Enemy constrain'd.
 A Prowess with their Fame must still survive,
 Whilst deeds in *Keinton-field* with Story live.
 What Epithites in Verse can aptly raise,
 Trophies, that may perpetuate their praise.
 Or History that gives Truth such a Test,
 As Famous deeds are thence recorded best.
 Too Numerous for my Measures to preserve,
 Or what my Muse may doubt she can't deserve.
 The day just spent (and well it happen'd so
 When both sides still to fight resolv'd did show)
 As if Heav'ns Conduct anxiously took care,
 How Men against their wills should Mankind spare.

^a The King being Represented in his Standard with his Sword Drawn.

^b Sir John Smith,

And thus Night fever'd both these mighty Powers,
 So fiercely was Imploy'd that days sad hours.
 Night, in which Terrors most accost man's thought,
 And shapes bad deeds in worser forms then wrought;
 What apprehensions might her hour's instill,
 On such, whose latest Guilt had been to kill.
 Nor did the rising day to them appear,
 Less dismal to their Conscious Crimes or fear.
 The Sun beheld far more then usuall red,
 If not his blush when view'd the blood here shed.
 As sometimes Heaven does prodigies bestow,
 To Frighten Mortalls for Misdeeds below.
 And might then op'rate whilst with like decree,
 Both Armies quit the Field, yet neither flee.
Essex to *Warwick* does his Forces guide,
 Enough exulting that his Stubborn side
 The King's had fought, and unsuppress'd cou'd own,
 Such spoils of Dead and Living his were known.
 And what Fate most peculiarly did prize,
 Brave *Lindsey* (after made his Pris'ner) dyes.

Lindsey,

Lindsey, whose great Example valour taught,
 In perills bold, yet these not heedless fought;
 A Captain aptly in a *Hero* Joyn'd,
 As if for Honours Master-piece design'd.
 And in that days fierce Harrafs like a Chief
 Of Infantry, On Foot led Foot's relief;
 Till overpower'd, and weaken'd much by wound,
 His foes him seiz'd, near dead upon the ground.
 Completed thus his Memory does Claim
 A lasting mention from the Tongue of Fame.
 The King his Camp to *Oxford* next remov'd,
 Where his Commands were full obey'd and lov'd.
 As Arts to Empire must obsequious be,
 And Measure thence their best Felicity.
 The Court and Camp no sooner settl'd here,
 But fresh Emergencies of War appear.
London, on which the King did most reflect,
 As a wide source whence flow'd the fighting Sect
 That for the Houses fiercest did oppose:
 To check which heat he did this season chuse.

Besides

Besides he judg'd that in that Mighty Town
 Were many Subjects highly did difown
 The Interest, which the Factious manag'd there,
 And might abate if his Force nearer were.
 But *London's* Temper would not then Endure
 To cease Rebellion by his force or Cure.
 T'approach that Town to *Branford* he arrives,
 Where Silver *Thames* its usefull Current guides :
 And like Vicissitude in Humane things,
 An Intercourse of Ebb and Flowing brings.
 But here he finds his March obstructed so,
 That he must fight or else not forward go.
 The Streets and Avenues with Men beset,
 Who here (surviving *Keinton-field*) had met ;
 And with like resolution durst defy,
 The force Conducted by arm'd Majesty.
Hollis's Regiment being first at hand,
 Was led to combate by his bold Command.
 Soon were the Streets with gashly slaughters fill'd :
 Some Houses Ranfack'd, and their owners kill'd ;

The

The Town obscur'd from sight by smoak and fire,
 As if with Lives designed to expire.
 The *Kings* stout foot that wou'd not yield to be,
 Repuls'd by dangers worst Extremity :
 Had the opposing Infantry Compell'd,
 To quit the Post which they so dauntless held.
 And full of Resolution did proceed,
 To give their Vigorous force more Gallant speed.
 Untill observ'd that *London Powers* were brought,
 To aid the Squadrons that already fought,
 Then which ; Not Mighty Seaven-hill'd *Rome* had ^{(shown,}
 Legions more splendid Arm'd, and expert known ;
 Tho' their unhappy Guilt that bloody time,
 To be Defenders of their Senat's Crime.
 These *Essex* heads in hopes next to repair,
 His Parties loss, so much the Zealous care
 Of many smart and Comely City Dames,
 Who to his Strenuous Cause apply'd their Flames :
 And might his Manhood else not much regard,
 As doubting he too long liv'd Nature's Ward.

The *King* who did in this Conjunction know
 Timely the Reinforcements of the Foe,
 Consults such Chiefs in Conduct most excell'd,
 And round his Person no less great beheld;
 Then famous *Hero's* did of old appear,
 When Arm'd in Field's they *King's* Advisers were.
 And as Fame does such high concernments blaze,
 Her Warlike records must these Worthies praise:
 Who did their subtle Enemies defeat,
 And in despite of more as bold retreat.
 Whilst with nine Ensigns won, and other Spoils,
 The Royal Army then renown'd their Toyles.
 Tho' *Kings* by Martiall Glory least obtain,
 When by their Subjects loss they Trophies gain.
 Or so inforc'd to Vindicate their Right,
 As their just Arms must their delinquents fight.
 Who as their Swords in battell Princes dare,
 From dread of Justice Mercy next despair.
 Nor Law Infring'd more Resolute defy,
 Then Conscience, the Soul's inward Majesty.

Now had the Sun his *Autumn* Glory spent,
 When longer hours of Cold to Night were lent.
 And fields did in their fading Green appear,
 The Change of Livery Nature gives the year.
 Which season not admitting longer stay,
 Abroad for Arm'd, both sides withdrew their way.
 So Bees in Clusters from fierce Battles Come,
 By cold enforc'd unto their waxen Home:
 Untill refresh'd by ease and warmer Air,
 Their busy files to fight again prepare.
Essex near *London* does his Quarters spread,
 Where by the Houses Votes they're warmly fed.
 And nothing's wanted might his loss Recruit,
 At *Keinton-Field*, or *Branford's* later Rout.
 Yet Neither Boasted strength, or joys best Guise,
 Could tears repell from the Lamenting Eyes
 That griev'd for dear Relations wanted were,
 As in Death's Muster read their Numbers are.
 Tho' Pop'lar Conducts such Accoimpts most hide,
 Lest People thence their dangers less abide.

Or from the sum of Lives profusely lost,
 Perceive how dear such aid themselves must Cost.
 The Royall force to *Oxford* next return'd,
 Where Joy's were high and some disasters mourn'd.
 As with Auspicious deeds of Warr appear,
 Bays that must needs some sanguine Tincture bear.
 Whilst here the Court, that had with splendour fix'd,
 Shin'd as with fading Glories Intermix'd.
 Where Noble Matrons fear'd what Threads of Life
 Fate wou'd allow their Consorts in this Strife.
 No less did Beauties (fain would Love espouse)
 Dread in their Lovers more then Life to loose.
 Which high Afflictions Civil War does find
 To throw on best repose of Humane Kind.
 Yet now as Fame her Festival wou'd raise,
 For Celebration unto future days :
 Her Record swift she sends on Rum'rous Wing,
 As her high Present to be given the King :
 By which from his Illustrious Queen was known
 Her Person safe, and soon would meet his own ;

Tho' *Neptune* more her Greatness to display,
 Allow'd his boldest Seas t'oppose her way.
 Which did the far admiring world inform;
 How she, Our *Heroine*, vanquish'd Waves and Storms
 Great *Maro* so did Fam'd *Eneas* blaze,
 His Glory heighten'd on the highest Seas.
 The King whose Love was fervent to his Queen,
 By whom he to her Fame, oblig'd had been,
 As she his Cause did to her peril aid:
 To meet her Person no delay he made.
 Attended by the Eminent of his Court,
 Fully compleated in their Noblest fort.
 Beside applauded Beauties that did wait
 On this so high Concern of Love and State.
 That Poets thence may future Copies take,
 When they'd *Diana's* Chorus brightest speak.
 Next unto these their *Hero's* did attend,
 Whom Fame for Warlike Deeds could best commend.
Edge-Hill, so near to *Keinton-Field* adjoyn'd,
 Was then the Sphere where all these Lustres shin'd.

Tho' Mortals that would bad Prefages make
 From accidental Causes or Mistake,
 Might wonder that this Scene should here display,
 Where Time must still Inroll a Bloody day:
 As if that Heaven by Circumstantial things
 Foretold Disasters, which the Future brings.
 The Queen whose Mien and Looks was Great beheld,
 And in her Persons figure too excell'd,
 More Comely did to distant eyes appear
 Than fullest Moon when shining in her Sphere.
 As here the King his Consort did behold,
 High Wonder did a while his words withhold.
 To shew her then Attractions pierc'd him more
 Than all the Darts that she had beam'd before
 Which high surprize did on his Soul impose
 A Sense, above what Speech could soon disclose:
 Untill his Thoughts found strength enough to tell
 How far she did Supreamest praise excell:
 And to what Peril she her Life resign'd,
 To be more Great to his Assistance joyn'd.

To

To which the Queen with humble Greatness said ;
 What Earthly Glory higher is obey'd,
 Or Power of Love, if lasting Time thence know
 That I your Virtue no less lov'd then you.
 A Greatness which my Life too cheap had cost,
 If I had for your sake in Storms been lost.
 When late th'assaulting Billows of the Main
 Oppos'd my safe return to you again.
 And Winds so highly Combated in Course,
 As if to Seas in Skies my Wreck they'd force.
 Tho' Love then gave me such Heroick power,
 That most your Loss in Me, I fear'd that hour :
 'Till Heaven whose Scepter Boundless Flouds obey,
 Through their deep dangers me did safe convey :
 With Valiant Numbers fresh esteem have won
 In distant Climes ; may that be far outdone
 As they your Aid and Safety do assist,
 How stubborn e're your Foes shall dare resist.
 And should these not Success for you obtain,
 Worse Seas I'de venture more Recruits to gain.

Tho' Merit seems too narrow for my Breast,
 Who in your Love am more intirely blest.
 And if Kings Beds throughout the World were seen,
 Yours wou'd contain the most obliged Queen.
 What Admirations might this Dialogue bring,
 Or desert heighten in this Queen and King.
 Whilst throngs in Counties did applauding wait
 On their Great Persons, 'till with Royal State
 At Famous *Oxford* Gloriously arriv'd;
 And which of Cities stands most beautify'd
 By Stately Colledges, and Learning known,
 And then the Center of the Camp and Throne.
 When for the welcome of the King and Queen,
 This City was more great and splendid seen,
 Then former time could her renown declare,
 Or highest Orbe of Science in her Sphere.
 And as she then did Celebrate her Joys,
 The Camp its mighty Engines too imploy's;
 Which as they figure best loud Tongues of Fame,
 To Regions far applauses did proclaim.

And

And next best Trumpets, (Like to such of old
 By *Mars* held Sacred when their Charms more bold
 The Arm'd Inflam'd, or for the Conquer'd Field
 Their loudest Musick did to Triumphs yield)
 Had ears remote delighted with their sound,
 And Ecchoes that no voice before had found.
 And what did eyes as far remov'd imploy
 T'Admire the Skill was here and signs of Joy:
 The Famous Engineer had made by Art
 Bodies that acted beyond Natures part:
 When Fireworks did in vary'd Forms arise;
 Some like to Meteors blazing in the Skies:
 Others like fiery Bullets seem'd to fly,
 Or shot Granadoes Leaguer'd Towns do ply.
 Which being past, the men whose active Might
 In Running, Wraffling, Shooting, took delight:
 Or durst by hardy Arms for Prizes play,
 In Imitation of *Romes* Ancient way;
 Had places proper unto them assign'd,
 Where Chiefs and *Hero's* as Spectators Joyn'd.

And

And what sublimest does mans thought extend,
 The Learn'd as Emulators did contend
 How their Address they should profoundest make ;
 Or in as many Tongues refin'dly speak
 As once th'Apostles did, tho' Scriptures tell
 The Spirit on them for that purpose fell.
 Nor did the Eloquence of Schools outdo
 The Gloss which Preachers did on praise bestow.
 Tho' Holy Writ no Person did convey
 That like this King so well could Love and Pray.
 As full his Consort's Soul they had Admir'd,
 If for *Rome's* sake they had been then Inspir'd.
 Next these some Poets gladly did dispense,
 In this high Juncture, their sublimest Sense.
 With what might most their Sovereigns Fame commend
 Whose Merit long on Feet of Verse should stand.
 Tho' of all Science, least the Muses date
 Concessions that, from Court, their value rate.
 In which high Orb few Gawdy things admit
 Their smallest deference unto better Wit.

A vain neglect most Pens dare boldly flight,
 That can of Courts and Men refin'dly write.
 Which Glory then the Muses chiefly taught,
 As that ~~Kings~~ Stile our Tongue had smoothness taught.
 Whose Book so matchless does his figure raise,
 As his Soul perfects there Immortal praise;
 And 'gainst his Foes such Eloquence does spread,
 That they will ever thence be conquer'd read.
 Well might Wise Poets him to Fame commend,
 Whose Wit and Virtue Divine Glory blend.
 These Celebrations past, the King and Queen
 No less Conspicuous in their Courts were seen.
 Where busy Joys and Whispers fill'd the Ear:
 If Joy, could Joy be call'd and War so near;
 Whose hours so roughly to their Periods flow,
 That Heaven does them by Angry Stars foreshow.

The

The THIRD BOOK.

The Argument.

*The Wretched State of England in the Year
Of Forty Three, the Poet's Pencil draws.
The King abus'd by false Intelligence,
(The Corrupt Minions oft Intriguing Art)
The Authors Numbers in a borrow'd Name
Full represent, with Dornland's figure shown,
And for his Loyall praise, by Power of Verse,
To after Story rais'd, with how occur'd
The Councils, Stratagems, and deeds of Arms.*

THe year recover'd had it's usuall Spring, (Bring,
When blooming hours Warrs fatall growth did
And Ecchoes did with Tim'rous Voice resound
The dreadfull noise of Armed Troups around:
As by them spacious Randevouz were fill'd,
Warrs Schools, where Men in killing most excell'd;
Yet would th'effect of discipline that deem,
That War might have from wicked Art Esteem.

Essex

Essex who had some time at *London* spent,
 Enough regretted, as the Houses Meant.
 His March by all their vigorous Votes to hast,
 That he no time of Action then should wast.
 Or, from deliberate thought, dispose his mind,
 Less Violent then their rigid Votes design'd.
 Which he their Armies Head might so diffuse,
 As in that Body Nerves might vigour loose.
 The danger most they Fear'd by his delay,
 And next him to confirm the smoothest way:
 Their Pop'lar Charms, which most his soul did fit,
 They, *Siren*-like, had Modell'd by their Wit.
 For which Address a Person they select;
 Who thus begins, If our Votes can effect
 Praises sufficient to compleat your worth,
 Or deeds to come by Valour you'le bring forth:
 Know Great and Honoured Earl, the Houses will,
 By due Obsequiousness admire you still.
 Nor shall they your applause less valu'd deem,
 Then worthy of the Height of their esteem.

Tho'

Tho' Envy mourn, or talk her self then dumb,
 To see our Crowds to you with Laurel come.
 You, more than Chief, did first espouse our Cause,
 When Threatn'd by our displeas'd King and Laws.
 Your Father did to Pop'lar deeds add Grace,
 Tho' Term'd by some the headstrong of his Race.
 Which Obloquy, or Court design might blaze,
 When dreading most the Compass of his praise.
 Contemn all Motives wou'd your conduct stay,
 The Peoples heat oft Cools by small delay.
 The Earl who little did applaud the Sense
 Of soothing words, the dress of Eloquence :
 Or had for quick reply no ready brain ;
 Little return'd unto this speech again.
 Like one, that wou'd be understood to be
 Their Creature by his prone Credulity.
 And next unto his Army did repair,
 Where shouts like suddain winds flew through the Air.
 From which applauses, and a soul well fill'd
 With such designs the Houses had instill'd,

Boldly

Boldly resolv'd, he do's towards *Redding* guide
 His Armies March ; a Town the Royall side
 Had strengthen'd well, and Conduct duely plac'd,
 That had with famous trust in War been grac'd.
Redding a Borough of a large extent,
 Yet greater far in the Emolument.
 Commodious *Thames* do's plenteously convey,
 And opulent Freights from *London* stem their way.
 Besides a Pass, that might no less withstand
 A far Commerce with *England's* East by Land.
 Which prejudice the Houses hop'd to Cease,
 By soon Compelling by their Power that place.
 But e're this Town's vast Danger we rehearse,
 Some things at *Oxford* first require our Verse.
 Which for their strangeness darkly Story'd are,
 Or left for heedfull Poets to declare ;
 Whose thoughts do Records most remote sublime,
 And perfect Deeds unfinish'd left by Time.
 Poets are Authors, when they Actions tell,
 That suit with Truth, or it resemble well.

And

And even the real Deeds I here pursue,
 Seem no less strange, then if allow'd untrue.
 Which did so vild from these Commotions spring,
 That all their Changes did still worser bring.
 The King perplex'd, how things might further tend,
 (As Mediums bad with like effects do end)
 His Subjects ruin'd by a wretched War ;
 Some near him spoil'd, whilst some from Countrys far
 Quit their Aboads, whence they were forc'd to fly
 As Objects of their Nations Misery.
 The Gen'rous Born of their Estates bereft,
 And unto Want and Wars wild Ruines left :
 Who thus despoil'd by men of Vulgar Race,
 That strove to levell all above their place,
 Were forc'd by Arms to vindicate their Right,
 And, to their loss the Low of Mankind fight.
 Whilst none by suff'ring more renown'd was known
 Then Valiant * *Dornland*, in whose figure shown

* A Name here us'd by Poetical License to describe in his
 Character the Sufferings of many Eminent Persons in behalf
 of the Crown.

The Muses Pencil Story may direct,
 How there his Fame best Copy'd should be Left.
 Who having dangers Past, and sharp distress,
 His worthy Life, and duty did address.
 And had affairs of that Importance brought,
 As did require his Sovereigns Ear and Thought,
 And witness'd that his future deeds shou'd be
 No Less renown'd for dauntless Loyalty.
 Whilst from delays, and flights of Court he found
 Some (Tho' too near the King) in heart unsound.
 Who cou'd with flattering Mene their Courtships pay
 For Treacherous ends, and Gain, the subtlest way.
 Whence too Indulgent Princes often find
 Their Favours with their Fate too nearly Joyn'd.
 This Generous sufferer full perplex'd that he
 Could not yet meet fit Opportunity,
 By which he to his Sovereign might convey
 Things that he found himself might safest say.
 At Last * *Sydesmond* passing by him saw,
 To him he steps, and said, ere you withdraw

* A borrow'd Denomination to avoid what otherwise in his
 Character might reflect on the Honour of any known Name
 or Family.

Acquaint the King, his Loyall Subject here
 Waits to Impart what's fit for him to hear.
Sydesmond with a Glaring Parasits Look
 Surveying first the Man, to him thus spoke.
 Alas ! mean friend, for thou in Cloaths seem'st poor,
 And for thy wants perhaps woud'st Coin Implore.
 Could'st thou no better furnish'd now appear ;
 And hope, for Cause of thine the Courtiers ear.
 We favours do to Sprucer Men convey,
 And who no Less us quaintly give then pray.
 Perhaps thy person Merit wou'd Import,
 Merit, a Drugg that slowly vents at Court.
 The King's Cause glorys in their Sufferings most
 Wh' are Poor and Loyall at their proper Cost.
 If thou art So, in time the King may know
 How many kind words he to thee does owe.
 And how thou dar'st thy person too expose
 With any Mony-Less against his foes.
 When if well maim'd perhaps Ple thee Commend
 Unto some Hospitall thy days to end.

Aboads,

Aboads, I grant, few varnish'd Shrines Bestow
 That half-Lim'd Hero's with their exploits show.
 Things which brave Souls will never there repine,
 That can their reliques to their Crutch confine.
 Excuse my hast, I must on Men attend,
 Can frankly Give, or will their money lend.
 All ways are welcome Treasure may disburse
 To wanting Courts, or such as guide their Purse.
 Thy Name I should have ask'd, or let it be
 (With thy Address) hereafter known to Me.
Dornland's the Name (false Minion) I do own,
 And wish you to your Prince, so just were known.
 Whose Royal Cause I never did despair,
 Or felt in Soul one mean relenting Care,
 When other Loyalties did make their Halt,
 Lest Ruine, like to mine, should them Assault.
 All this I quit and gladly offer more
 Then what my single Merit could explore.
 Things, that your ready favour might endear,
 Tho' you move nearest to your Sovereigns ear.

Perhaps a Story aptly may unfold
 The means of gaining Loyal Friends and Gold.
 At which *Sydesmond* shifts his wayward look,
 And with a feign'd Embrace to him thus spoke.
 Alas kind Gentleman ! how soon amiss
 May man judge man in such a world as this ?
 Tho' not unlike to thee one t'other day
 No less glad Tidings did by me convey.
 And know, (if thou hast Courts but slightly read)
 That even Best Kings are oft by profit led.
 Papers I guess thou hast, and would'st present ;
 Enough, the King shall soon know thy Intent.
 The Noble *Dornland* thus being left alone ;
 Imploy'd his Leisure aptly to bemoan
 The sad effects, which Minions might prepare,
 As they give Pass-ports to the Royal car :
 And by their Fawning Avarice design
 How best their Int'rests may their Purfes line.
 A Paper reads, which next his Breast he wore,
 Some well known Poet written had before.

And

And did black guilt of Parasits describe,
 And how to Pride and Sin ally'd their Tribe.
 Which his Emphatick Verse does thus relate;
 'Tis told (says he) e're *Lucifer* by Fate
 Was cast from Stars, or Heav'n did him Intend
 Of all Infernal Powers supremest Fiend.
 A Daughter then was his of Mighty Fame,
 Call'd *Sycophanta*, if none her Misname.
 Sprung from his Beams, what cou'd Serener look,
 That Stars, some tell, with her smooth Court were ^{(took.}
 A Tongue so Glibb might Tongue of Fame supplant,
 And for worst deeds, no Glozing words did want.
 Composed thus, and Garnish'd with a Dress,
 No Painter cou'd by Drapery express,
 Or like to what *Aurora* best does wear,
 When welcom'd *Phabus* to his early Sphere.
 Which Flattering Beauty, being thus adorn'd
 (As if for Sins allurements then Suborn'd)
 With soothing Gestures to her Haughty Sire
 Did thus address: Since *Jove* and Fate Conspire

That shining Seats no longer now must be
 The Wide Extent of your Sovereignty.
 Tho' to Cœlestial Records 'twas unknown
 That any Sublime Power cou'd Star dethrone.
 But grant that Heavens decree does you remove
 From the Illustrious Sphere is yours above.
 And next Command that Lower you descend
 Then the Unfathom'd Sea, or Earth extend :
 Where you o're Churlish Fiends, and Ghost must Reign,
 I'll win even them t'obey without their Chain.
 And if your Rule repute would varnish'd raise,
 Sin shall from me receive the smoothest praise.
 Me I am sure you will not leave behind,
 So well my Arts may to your Throne be joyn'd.
 This Court address'd unto her Stately Sire,
 She fawning kneels to perfect her desire.
 To which her Haughty Father, thus reply'd,
 Hard 'twere smooth Daughter, if to you deny'd
 What Greatness by my Scepter may be given,
 Tho' that must fall beneath my Orb in Heaven ;

Where

Where next my shining Pomp I joy'd to see
 The taking Meen and Gestures form'd by thee.
 A Greatness Angry *Jove* to me denies,
 Left even in Hell thy Quaint Hypocrisies
 Should those quick Spirits heighten to be worse.
 Then does consist with Heavens precedent Curse.
 Tho' for thy Glory Highest Powers do grant,
 That thou no Greatness shalt below e're want.
 Courts there thou'lt find most gladly thee will own;
 And make their Arts, in thine more taking known.
 And should none Earth their Paradise now call,
 Thou'lt least, of any there, repine thy fall.
 This said, he downward fell with confus'd haist,
 No Thought did ever Time surprize so fast.
 Tho' some suppose that 'twas no more then when
 A Star does seem to fall to sight of Men.
 His Daughter left, his Counsell she obeys,
 And swiftly unto Earth her self conveys.
 Kingdoms and States were soon made her abode
 (So pronely Sin finds out the Largest Road.)

Where more her Artfull Flatteries to disperse,
 She leaves her Fame to future Prose, and Verse.
 The Gen'rous *Dornland* having ponder'd well
 The usefull Sense, which wiser Poets tell,
 When they by choicest Allegories teach
 How man's best Morals Vileness shou'd Impeach.
 Commits this Poet's Verse to further thought,
 With what Instructions might from it be sought.
 Griev'd, that he did so long his Sovereign wait,
 E're told what did import his Royal State.
 Which apprehension soon did lessen here,
 As he beheld the King in Person near.
 Whom by his Speech he humbly thus does move:
 Since you, Just Prince, oblige no less the Love
 Of Loyal Minds, then what their Souls shou'd dare,
 When utmost Perils wou'd Impress their fear,
 Howe're's the plight in which I'me now beheld ;
 From Friends, Lands, Houses, Impiously compell'd.
 My Life unto a Cruel end Design'd
 By that strong Rage against your Powers combin'd.

Which

Which Fury, tho' it late did me furround,
 When Guards and Scouts were my Pursuers found :
 Whom as I flew through uncouth Tracts and Woods,
 And swimming (more then weary) dangerous Floods;
 Some Star's compassion me did hither guide
 To serve your Cause, and to exprefs besides
 Things which my Duty would to you impart,
 And full assure the Conduct of my Heart.
 The King took thought a-while e're he reply'd,
 (*Sydesmond* having whisper'd him aside)
 And next to *Dornland* turning, thus did speak :
 What-e're's the Figure thou woud'st seem to make,
 Think not that 'tis unto thy King unknown
 How vilely men for ends have falshoods shwon.
 And have sometimes deceiv'd our Royal Ear,
 As one can witness that attends Us here.
 Proof I expect of what thou wouldst exprefs,
 And if thy Flight's from *London* as I guess,
 Supplies from thence I secretly expect :
 'Twas told thy Errand might the like effect.

Howe're

Howe're proceed, that I may surely know

Whether thy Merit be mistook or no.

Tho' Souls of Kings (next Heaven) there's nothing can
So high oblige as well-deserving Man.

Since, Mighty Sir, you do admit that I
Attest before you my Integrity.

Which (without Blush) I wish as much to some
That to your favours hold the nearest roome.

Alas, I fear you are too far betray'd

By such as should your Royall Councells ayd.

And with sincerest Faith preserve untold,

What Souls corruptly guided sell for Gold.

Your Secret Councells by the foothings found

Of Men unto your safety most unfound.

Friends thus deterr'd would else profusely show

Their Coyn and Persons offer'd unto you.

With whatso'ere your Cause might best supply,

If fighting so, they unbetray'd may dye.

Nor shall Lights Orb one days bright Measure run,

Till in that revolution deeds be known.

That

That most perniciously themselves display,
 And shew what Serpents move too near your way.
 Towards *Redding*, now does March a mighty force,
 I saw Roads thickly fill'd with Foot and Horse.
 Whence Clouds of Dust so strove to darken sight,
 As if they next would smother ayr and Light.
Essex their Cheif amongst them too I saw,
 His Looks confus'd, as if some thoughtfull awe
 Hung on his Soul, or that he did devise
 How he might soon that eminent Town Surprize.
 Which Left my Sovereign, should not timely know,
 What I have pass'd, I willing undergo:
 Nor shall your Cause Assistance want from me,
 What ere's my Cross or Future destiny.
 More he had said, but that some suddain thought
 Too deeply on his Soul Impression wrought;
 Of what had been predicted for his Fate,
 And might too nearly to his King's relate.
 Which Gracious Prince did *Dornland* further Grace,
 Beholding strictly his firm Mene and Face.

And

And next thus speaks, excuse thou didst not find
 More quick remembrance from our Royall Mind.
 Tho' better then by sight th'art known to Me,
 So well thy Merit, and thy Fame agree.
 Thou didst before, Intelligence Convey,
 Which gives thy story Credit too this day.
 Releif for *Redding* I'll command in time,
 Tho' some in Trust, cannot discharge their Crime;
 Who by Improper Correspondence fail,
 Or wou'd by faithless ends themselves avail.
 From which this usefull observation springs ;
 Few, Earth affords, Heaven duely serve, or Kings.
Sydesmond, let it be thy Task to shew,
 By what we give, how more to him we owe.
 The King withdraws, whilst false *Sydesmond* stays ;
 His eyes fresh Garnish'd by their fawning rays,
 Like Glozing Parasits, some Courts have known,
 When to their Princes Smiles they feign their own.
Dorland discover'd had this Minion well,
 (Whose Mene did partly what he Look'd for tell.)

Next

Next lets him know, since 'tis his Thriving way
 To hold it meet Men should for favours pay :
 He'l something add to what he can expect,
 If but one Just Obligement he'l effect :
 Which was, that if his Covetous Soul could be
 Induc'd to value Future Honesty,
 And that his Royall Master's Cause sustain
 No Mischeif from his Tongue, and Impious Gain :
 The Gift the King to *Dornland* lately gave,
 He now (to bribe thee honest) bids thee have.
 Which said, this Generous sufferer next departs ;
 Enough observ'd by him some Courtly Arts :
 With what neglects endur'd and cold delay,
 Mens expectations their attendance pay :
 Whilst busy rumour soon his Name had spread,
 And how endanger'd he from *London* fled,
 Escaping perills of a various Form,
 Like some stout ship that boldly stems a Storm.
 Besides the fast assurance he did bring
 Of being a brave Assistant to his King :

Soon won the Most Heroick in those days,
 To serve his person and advance his praise.
 Who next unto the Royall Camp repair'd,
 Where high Careffes soon his worth declared;
 In which bold Station my Pen leaves him now,
 Till future deeds his value ampler show.
 This Age so strange a Curtain did undraw,
 And Scenes, of various wonders, thence had saw.
 That Hoary Time might (Novice-like) behold
 Such new Amazements as surpass'd the old.
 And must (his future perspective disclos'd)
 Confess ensuing hours for ever pos'd.
 Whence this Wars Story finds too narrow room
 For deeds that did so thick together come.
 Tho' wise Historians with less Care relate
 The small occurrences and Arts of Fate:
 Then Councils, Battells, and such mighty things
 Which Fame applauds in Hero's and in Kings:
 Permitting Time some lesser deeds to vail,
 Or cheaply leave 'em to their own Entail.

Which

Which method, if my Lines can here pursue ;
 Selecting facts, and things as likely True :
 With such besides, that Nature wou'd present,
 (Whose gloss on Story to the Muse is lent)
 Enough *Parnassus* is Implor'd by me,
 Or Time allow'd Supremeſt dignity.
 Tho' nothing can effectually deplore
 What did enſue on this Wars Fatall Score :
 No wicked age before ſo dear did coſt
 That Bloud and Treafure had profuſely loſt.
 And what if well Employ'd, had Conquer'd more
 Then all Great *England* own'd in *France* before ;
 And forc'd the bold offensive *French* to be
 Confin'd unto their Juſt Capacity ;
 Whiſt now their proſperous Arms ſo daring ſpread,
 As *France* appears a univerſall dread.
 How many Countries ſeiz'd and more in Claim
 By ſuch dependencies, he's pleas'd to name.
 As if the World he'd by like parcels take
 As *Spaniſh Netherlands* their ruine ſpeak.

An apprehension better understood
 When more compos'd our Mode of publique good.
 'Till when, 'tis left with Mysteries of State
 That with their Leisure best their Sense dilate.
 And now my Story closer to declare,
 Which might some space for this digression spare.
 (As usefully sometimes the eye is stay'd
 When Prospects near it aptly are convey'd.)
 To *Redding*, next my Muse directs her Course,
 Which Town was compass'd by the Houses Force.
 And if made theirs, would the Advantage bring
 Of straitening more the Quarters of the King.
 Which known Inducements, with applause of Fame,
 The Earl's slow Genius Jointly did enflame.
 A Man that Pop'lar Motions much indear'd,
 Tho' for their Compass he too slowly Stear'd.
 And fitter seem'd his Conduct to make strong,
 Then with their eager Flames to hold it long.
 As Furious Crowds the Man will most admire
 That kindles from his Soul the quickest Fire.

Skippon a Leader by the Houses Chose,
 To shape and act Designs when ripe for Blows;
 And had in *Belgick* War repute obtain'd
 From Towns by bold Attacques or Sieges gain'd:
 Besides a powerfull Talent in him lay
 T'Inflame his Party their own Canting way.
 Which Scripture Furies strongly did incite,
 For who ador'd Enthusiasms much could fight.
 Being thus compos'd, he *Essex* does present
 With Zeal Harrangu'd, instead of Complement.
 Letting him know, that Heaven, by Mighty Love,
 Did his Stout Spirit for their Cause approve.
 A Cause that boundless Sanctity extends,
 And for which Holy Light within contends.
 Captain *Messias* sure the Houses Led
 When their Votes you for Gospel-Conduct sped:
 An Act the pious Souls of Saints espouse,
 And, like the Holy Tribes, Life fearless lose.
 You are their *Moses*, and but bid them fight,
 They'l out-do wonder by their Spiritual Might.

Can *Redding* stop us, should Bulwarks be its Wall ;
 Alas, like *Rabbah*, soon 'twill yield to fall.
 You lead as Trusty *Israelites* as they,
 'Gainst that strong City, cou'd both Fight and pray.
 Our Guns are Mounted, our Approaches fixt,
 Let prayer with these be timely intermixt.
 Next let our Shot the distant Regions stun,
 Or tell how Loud we fight 'till *Redding's* won.
 This Pious Leader, if reputed so,
 Did in those days for Major-Gen'ral go :
 And if men did his Genius rightly weigh,
 He could not bolder fight then he durst pray.
Essex, who had this Zealot calmly heard,
 Tho' he for Modern Zeal but little car'd,
 Or found much struggling in his Thoughts to know
 Whether his older Faith were best or no.
 Besides some Tinctures of Allegiance still
 Had intermixture with his Stubborn Will :
 Did his divided mind perplex'dly pose
 How to discern what thought cou'd best propose.
 Tho'

Tho' such who strictest have his Soul defin'd,
 To Moderation grant him most inclin'd.
 Whilst soon this War expended so much heat,
 As Calmer thoughts cou'd not it's rage abate.
 And shews how men tast Politicks by Rote,
 That Mischiefs stir and next wou'd Good promote.
 And thus this Peer, who less his Cause admir'd
 Then Pop'lar Courtships to which he aspir'd :
 (Tho' seldom Crowds their fondness long allow,
 So near their Plaudits, their detractings go.)
 Did in this Juncture res'lutely intend,
 That *Reddings* Siege shou'd him to Fame commend
 When he to *Skippon*, and some eager Chiefs,
 Thus did express, to gain their smooth beliefs :
 What-e're the busy World of me can say
 Through cold mistake of my advis'd delay :
 Or that, no Feavour in my Veins I raise
 To vent hot Bloud, or rashly fight for praise.
 Which Caution if some Tempers do despise,
 They'le learn from Foes to grant my Conduct Wise.

Nor shall this Town long hope to be so bold
 As 'gainst our Power its own defence to hold:
 Tho' for its succour Aids from *Oxford* come ;
 Unless, through Trenches, they can force their room.
Aston against us does this place Command,
 A Captain much approv'd I understand :
 And adds to our esteem and Warlike use,
 If 'gainst his Conduct we this Town reduce.
 Which said, his weighty Shot does *Redding* ply,
 Like force of Thunder bursting from the Sky.
 Walls, Houses, Roofs, their scatter'd ruins show,
 As what withstands the Canons mighty blow :
 Whose monstrous Strength doth various ruine force,
 And like no other thing Kills out of Course ;
 As it by confus'd deaths does lives Bereave
 Of Children, mothers, whom worst foes would save.
 So much beyond Mans Aim his brain design'd,
 When wicked art did this huge murtherer find.
 Great *Redding* thus distrest, quick rumour flew
 With noise of Guns whose sounds the danger shew.

With

With what approaches made and more begun,
 That soon the Town might be by *Effex* won.
 Whence Subsequent Expresses swiftly bring
 More Fatall News unto the afflicted King.
 Letting him know, as there vast bullets flew
 That roofs had torn, and their hard ruins threw
 High, as the Sulpherous blast of *Etna* bears
 Stones, that like Thunderbolts from Rocks it Tears ;
 Which falling Low, might Men or Creatures Maim,
 As here bold *Aston's* harm was much the same.
 Who from a Tile, that by extravagant Chance
 A Shot had forc'd against his head to Glance,
 Receiv'd so deep a Wound upon that part ;
 As doubted 'twas above a Cure from Art.
 A strange difaster, and of more Import
 Because 'twas *Aston's*, by whose brave effort,
 And well prov'd conduct, *Redding* might have found
 Her Story, from his Valour, full Renoun'd.
 But Destiny had otherways design'd
 Glory unto his End ensuing Joyn'd :

As Fatall *Ireland* did in Future show,
 And long as stands * *Tredah* his deeds 'twill Know.
Feilding by Marshall right did then succeed
 To hold the Town in wounded *Aston's* stead ;
 A Cheif by many held approv'd in War,
 Tho' for what Cause his Genius did appear
 At that time Clouded, has a dubious sense,
 Or darkly read from past Intelligence.
 Some tell, that he too soon occasion gave
 That *Essex* might the Town surrendred have :
 Altho' no power he wanted to maintain
 What his Opposers durst attempt to gain.
 Others, that he a Treaty wisely chose ;
 Lest he was forc'd a strengthless place to lose,
 Which from the Circuit and the large extent,
 Might less Conspire with Warlike Management,
 Which Martial Sense if prevalent in him,
 Did much excuse where others wou'd condemn.
 A further Search my Measures need not guide
 Of things which Story-Criticks best decide.

* Sir Arthur Aston slain at the taking of *Tredah* by Oliver
 Cromwell, where all that bore Arms were put to the Sword.

The FOURTH BOOK.

The Argument.

*Essex with high surprize unto the King
Besiegeth Redding, Aston disabled by
A casual Shot, The place his Conduct wants.
Mean while the Poet finds an Interval :
The Love of Lysle and Lucas to rehearse,
Whose objects here denomination have
In Beauteous Rosalin and Flavira's flames.
The fight at Cawtham-bridge describ'd, and how
Fielding by Treaty did the Town surrender.*

THE strange surprisal which these Tidings gave
The King at *Oxford*, next account must have.
Who soon did then a Martial Counsel call
To prevent Dangers *Redding* might befall.
For which he *Ruthen, Rupert, Lucas, Lyle,*
Chiefly selects, with others whose brave Toyle
Their deeds renown'd, and from Emergents knew
What did Impart their Conducts most to do.

Great *Ruthen*, whom the King had Generall made
 Of his Fierce Infantry (when *Lyndsey* paid
 His debt to Fame and Nature) tho' of Race
 Beneath his Predecessor's Noble place.
 Full of Experience and in Courage great,
 An union which best Captains does compleat.
 To him, as order duly did require,
 The *King* thus speaks, to what may Fate aspire
 Whilst my Opposers *Redding* now surround,
 When *Aston* Lies disabl'd by a wound:
 And what my fuller Trouble does Increase,
Feilding already Treats to yeild the Place:
 The Cause, or Prudence, I'll not now dispute;
 Or what bad Men too near me might promote;
 Who not by False Intelligence alone
 Perplex the Sense and Safety of my Throne,
 But in my Methods so themselves disguise
 As they Impead my being singly wise.
 Tho' tis no season now to Count such deeds,
 Whilst Eminent *Redding* our Assistance needs:

How

How Strong fo e're that Garrison is Mann'd
 With fuch that dare their Enemies withftand:
 Did *Feildings* Soul their Valour not abate,
 As for the Towns Surrender he does Treat.
 When no Command of mine did him difpofe
 To yeild the place on offer'd Terms by Foes.
 Think timely now what apteft you'd advife,
 That to fave *Redding* looks both great and wife.
Ruthen, whose Education did Imprefs
 No Courtly Mean or words of Splendid drefs;
 But rather as a Souldier roughly taught,
 Could act the Sence which found Experience Brought.
 Unto the *King*, he then did thus reply,
 Much Circumfpection in Attempts shou'd lye.
 That Seiges would from Towns by force remove,
 Where men their Strengthen'd Stations first approve ;
 With Lines, Redoubts, and Bulwarks strongly made,
 To Cut off all that fhall fuch Pofts Invade.
 And if experience beft confirm'd we prize,
 'Tis fafe to fear the worft from Enemies.

Nay rather some Improbables allow,
 Then slight the Conduct of an Armed Foe.
 From which Contempt, how often have I known
 Some Captains fail that else deserv'd Renown.
 Believe me Sir, that Conduct's chiefly wise
 Which hath most dread of Prudent enemies.
 A Skill grown old in Forraign Feilds I sought,
 And saw where headstrong Valour Mischeifs brought;
 Whence torn and Shatter'd Armies did Lament
 The Bloud which they so dismally had spent.
 Next him great *Rupert* speaks his Martiall Sense,
 And Soul Inflam'd with higheft Conscience.
 Telling the *King* how much he was betray'd
 By some who near his Ear themselves convey'd.
 What else does this Surprizing Leaguer show,
 By *Essex* guided before *Redding* now.
 Tis not because he slights your forces there,
 Or that his Soul does thence less slow appear:
 But his Incitement rais'd from some may own
 Neglect, or worser Crime within that Town.

Small cause there's else to doubt opposers can
 The place obtain which your Powers fully Man.
 Yet this Conjunctione such debates Ill suit,
 As stay releif from Nicely spun dispute.
 Better to trust some perill to a Day,
 Lest *Reddings* Loss be charg'd on faint delay.
 Tho' Clouds of Force do now begirt that Town,
 Which when remov'd on your's will fix renown.
 Some days I hear to *Feilding* yet remain
 Ere his Cold Treaties will effect obtain.
 Perhaps within that space he hopes to finde
 Royall Assistance from your Arms design'd:
 In straits of War the best resolves I hold
 Are such as in Attempts appear most bold.
Lucas and *Lyle* this Councel soon approv'd,
 Whose Warlike Souls less dangers fear'd then Lov'd
 Strict in embracing deeds of brave Import,
 And from their Valours friendship gain'd effort.
 None more Heroick in affections were,
 And like the Twins of Honour liv'd as dear.

Which

Which in our Course of Story we'll rehearse,
 With what their Fame, and end deserve from Verse.
 The *King* (who like the Sun could Beams dilate
 Conspicuously Serene and calmly great)
 His quickning Rays, and looks diffus'd a space ;
 And next their persons by apt speech did grace.
 Expressing his Obligements from above,
 That him befriended with their worth and Love.
 Besides the Gallant Leavies that did own
 Much Valiant aid and duty to his Throne.
 Which soon cou'd Numbers in each County spread,
 Tho' lately he scarce Chief or Soldier had.
 When forc'd his vast Metropolis to leave,
 And like a Common Man his person save.
 This from Unruly Faction did Commence,
 Which heighten'd more the Senates Inflam'd Sense.
 Whilst there, and in Great *London* many were
 Who duly did their Prince both Love and fear.
 Untill Compell'd by fury to submit
 To others Vile disorder'd Rule, and Wit,

From

From which harsh guilt No outward Comfort Min
But did to humane Sense, as soon decline.

My *Consort* suff'ring in my Crowns distress,
Not all my Children safe, or seen to Bless.

My Subjects round me by divisions rent,
Nothing entire, but my within Content.

The Scepter by Heaven's ayd I'de cheifly rule,
That Piety may strengthen most my Soul.

If this desert in me did first Incite

My Subjects prowess to Assist my right :

When Treasure and all other Motives fail'd,

That Scepters in distress have most avail'd ;

My Soul's bright Banner will my Cause renown,

Shou'd Ensigns boldcst Led not save my Crown.

Let my Example well with yours conspire,

That Vileness from our Camp may soon retire.

With such Licencious Evills that Combine

T'avert the good I beg of powers divine.

Think not the better Cause will have Success

From such Assistance Heaven disdains to bless.

Believe

Believe your *King*, that Courage best prevails
 Which joyn'd with inward virtue Foes assails.
 O, might my Force but thus Confirm'd proceed,
 And with that Glory Ayd for *Redding* Lead.
 The King concluding thus ; his Cheifs admir'd
 The temperate thoughts within his breast Conspir'd :
 So Stedfast in worst Exigents of State,
 As shew'd his Greatness far Surpass'd his Fate.
 Much had this Council heedfully exprefs'd,
 Before agree'd what seem'd that Juncture best.
 Some, Nimble Fortune would allow most kind ;
 When Quick resolves to bold attempts were Joyn'd.
 This Mighty *Cæsars* high Atcheivments tell,
 Whose fortune did in swift dispatch Excell,
 His Soul no Bays more blooming e're did prize
 Then such with Bold and soon attempts did rise.
 And were now *Redding* his, the self-same thing
 (Wou'd be his Measure) here advis'd our *King*.
 Others that well celerity Approv'd,
 By different Methods their discussions mov'd.

Who

Who tho' allowing expeditious Fight,
 Debated much to State that Course aright ;
 Besides disasters ponder'd oft befell
 Aggressors when strong Sieges they'd repell.
 Some did for Caution and delay dispute,
 Urging that Time advantage might promote:
 Whose hours in War should thriftily be spent,
 Lest Lives profusely lost they next repent.
 Nor could it to sound Captains be unknown,
 How Armies but in sight of Leaguers shown
 Had on their Foes such Terror oft Impress'd,
 As they left Towns which were before distress'd.
 And better we attempts should yet delay,
 Then add to *Reddings* loss a worser day.
 So variously Wars Science does admit
 Fineness to Polish its destroying Wit.
 Whilst in such Stratagems Nice Reason lays ;
 The Beast, resembles Man, that subtlest preys.
 Soon did th'effect of these debates appear
 In the Fierce Measures as then Acted were,

Much

Much quicken'd by occasions *hasty* call,
 Lest the Beleaguerr'd Town to *Essex* fall.
 The King's Commanders whose bold prowess stood
 Heighten'd by Native Glory of their Bloud,
 And what their Warlike Ancestors had done
 In Publick Exigents to gain renown:
 No sooner did their ready Flames receive
 Summons to March, but their Impressions gave
 Terror to all such Militants they led;
 And what did most a vigorous Influence spread:
 The *King* his Person to this March design'd,
 And for their Grace his forward Conduct joyn'd.
 But e're my Muse such horrors does rehearse
 That must have room within her Martial Verse;
 Some Gentler passions represent their Claim,
 If Verse can give their Merit unto Fame:
 Or sing Courageous *Lucas* with brave *Lyle*
 High as their worth deserv'd or Martial Toyle.
 And to the Muses glory next declare
 Illustrious Love sublim'd by Souls of War,

This

This great Example Female Charms do show,
 When in a *Hero's* Joyn'd a Lover too.
 Nor shall *Flavira* thy bright Story be,
 Heap'd in Oblivious dull Calamity.
 With what the Beauteous *Rosalin's* soft flame,
 May Merit from Records repriv'd by fame.
 Many renown'd these Splendors had admir'd,
 Whilst their Souls wishes differently conspir'd.
 In *Rosalin's* smooth breast remain'd no space
 Where full affection did not *Lucas* place,
 Yet so serenely calm did that admit,
 As spoke her flower of Love and facile Wit.
Flavira more severely did apply,
 To heighten flames of Magnanimity.
 Judging that perills to her Lover brought,
 The Haughty Trophies by her wishes fought.
 Nor wou'd she yield Fames trusty Tongue cou'd blaze
 Valour that equall'd *Lyle's* Heroick praise.
 Too proudly glorying, that her powerfull Charms
 Joyn'd with her Lovers Soul propense to Arms.

Forgetting that too often Stars deny'd
 To Crown the Ends of Womans daring pride.
 These Beauties that did Lineally derive
 A Gen'rous Bloud did worthily Contrive,
 How they might strictest Amity compleat,
 And like their Lovers prove in Friendship great.
 Oft they prolong'd discourse till setting Sun,
 Rehearsing deeds this dreadfull Warr were done.
 Oft had they broke repose in hope to hear
 Events of Fights in which their Hero's were.
 Nor did the Objects of their passion find
 No different Method to their Values Joyn'd.
 In *Lucas* Valour fiercely did abound,
 And firm as *Hanniball* in Conduct found:
 When Fields were most Imbru'd with bloody streams,
 Or Foes were charg'd Renown'd for Martiall flames.
 But in Great *Lyle* another *Scipio* seem'd,
 Calm as best Fortitude wou'd be esteem'd,
 Or Soul that's mild and Tractably great,
 And, like that Roman, Prowess cou'd compleat.

These

These *Hero's* who did gloriously contend
 How each might most appear a signall friend,
 Had mixt with Intervalls of Martial thought,
 The soft discoveries from loves Text were taught.
 Dilating much *Flavira's* sprightly Charms,
 Her darting Beams with her applause of Arms.
 Besides the Epithites they did allow
 To *Rosalin's* smooth Grace and Feature due.
 And might pose aptest Story to convey,
 Where love and Merit best direct their way.
Lucas, whose Soul was fill'd with daring flame,
 And thirst of deeds that fiercely purchas'd fame :
 Relentless to all softness of the mind,
 By which his Martial heat might be declin'd :
 Unto Couragious *Lyle* did thus express ;
 Much is my heart obliged to confess
 Admired *Rosalin's* serenest Praise,
 And what her blooming splendors yet may raise.
 Nor is't unknown to me how many Brave
 At Beauty's Tempting shrine vouchsaf'd to crave :

This even *Achilles* did when he obey'd
Deidamia's Charms, tho' *Greeks* then miss'd his aid.
 But ne're of *Lucas* story shall relate,
 That Amorous leisure stay'd his warlike heat.
 Or that for him Gay *Hymens* Tapers burn,
 Whilst Loyall blouds oblig'd it's loss to mourn:
 Or Foes shall dare their Prince oppose with Arms,
 Howe're I value womans lovely Charms.
 This speech the worthy *Lyle* severer thought,
 Then what loves Maxims usually had taught;
 And cou'd not but with Generous pity see,
 The Grief of Soul which *Rosalin's* might be.
 Whose sense tho' Calm, as dawn of Gentlest day,
 Might yield resentment at unquoth delay.
 But much had *Lyle Flavira's* sense repin'd,
 And known Caprice unto her Value Joyn'd:
 Prone to exact from his Atcheivments more
 Then he wish'd Men should from his deeds explore.
 Discerning well how often Mortall praise,
 Does less Mans Merit then detraction raise.

These

These apprehensions in the worthy *Lyle*,
 Convey'd by looks instead of words their stile.
 An outward proneness Nature does dispense
 When genuinely describ'd her inward sense.
 And from the Soul's Internall worth implies
 Some Trouble in the Face that truth denies,
 In which strict Mirror *Lucas* soon perceiv'd
 Th' Emotions which his *Lyle* within had griev'd.
 And held it no less worthy to Assay,
 If Martiall thoughts cou'd his concerns allay.
 To whom he thus delivers, if great friend
 Thou wou'dst with me thy Gallant worth extend ;
 Think not the Harmony of Lute and Voice,
 Or Face which the Effeminate Man can most rejoyce ;
 Should mix their Gentle Fervors with the Flame
 That Spirits deeds which spread a Soldiers Fame,
 Not that I Love perversly do decline
 In the Attractive form of *Rosaline* :
 Enough my Soul her value can admire,
 When *Mars* there leaves a space for Amorous fire,

This said, to their Commands these *Hero's* speed,
 As aptest Stations whence their fame shou'd spread.
 The Royall Forces before *Redding* drew,
 When like a dismall Round they soon did view
 An Armies Compass to a League form'd,
 Not from Intent the Town shou'd then be storm'd :
 Since as in Course of Story has been told,
Feilding did Treaty for surrender Hold.
 And e're the Kings Battalions thither came,
 The time of yielding fully known to Fame.
 Treaty, best Captains sometimes wisely chuse,
 That by Concessions they may cheapest loose.
 Deeming that he too much provoketh Fate,
 Who leaves to Fortune all that force may get.
 But Wars intrigu's when of this saving kind,
 Rarely obliging disquisitions find.
 Whilst most their boldest Criticisms bestow,
 On deeds that Caution more then Valour show.
 Beside close Contracts might from gain arise,
 Since Gold did often strongest Towns surprize.

Propensly

Propensly Judging that each worldly Fa^{ct}
 Does private Int'rest most design'd compact,
 All which from Fonds of fraud in Humane Race,
 And Covetous Guilt too aptly Men imbrace;
 To such Constructions Mortalls do incline,
 As like their vileness others they define.
 The *King* whose Prudence greatest was alone,
 Might from Events have been Auspicious known :
 Had not his Gentle Soul been too propense,
 Withdrawn by other far Inferiour Sense.
 And from that Times important Juncture shows,
 That Princes best their perspectives dispose,
 When they discern, from Councils they receive,
 That wiser to themselves their Souls can give.
 Some that wou'd to the King preface success,
 Added unto their hope their Garnish'd dress.
 Judging that Kings such Courtship well Allow
 That Grandieur seem in Exigents to show.
 Others assur'd that *Feilding* would not fail,
 By a Courageous folly to prevail :

If first the Royall Conduct gain'd some Post
 That might impead the bold besiegers most.
 Which Motive being less Circumspect through hast,
 Occasion'd Perills to ensue as fast.
 Whilst *Essex Camsham-Bridge* had then possesst,
 And of his daring Arms there plac'd the best.
 Yet o're this pass 'twas res'lutely decreed
 That relief should to distress'd *Redding* speed.
 By many censur'd a Pernicious Course,
 Since Nature there had posted too her Force.
 Besides 'twas thought some Leaders least perceiv'd
 What might that time have better been Atchiev'd.
 On *Barkshire* side, where large Campaigns abound,
 (The Scopefull Blessings of that fertile Ground)
 And through which (Straiten'd less) the Royall Power
 Might *Reddings* Leagure have attacqu'd that hour.
 But Heaven determin'd *Camsham-Bridge* shou'd name
 That days Events which wonder gave to Fame.
Rupert, his Station took to force this pass,
 (And sure 'twas hot where his the onset was)

No *Jove* when painted with a dreadful Brow,
 Bidding his Lightning burst with Thunders Blow,
 Could represent this Princes Conduct then,
 Or Shot far furer Thunder'd deaths to Men.
 Tho' losses on his side were many found,
 Whose Soul enough taught daring to abound.
 Whilst smoak and Flame did so promiscuous blend,
 As Fames best eye, which she did thither send,
 Was forc'd with some disorder to relate
 How Chiefs renown'd and Soldiers mingl'd Fate.
 Tho' no bold deeds or Life profusely lost,
 Nor what did praise their res'lute Conduct most;
 Could from the hardy Foes their post obtain,
 Who thought no loss too dear cou'd that Maintain.
 And by recruited Courage soon Supply'd
 The Rooms where Lives before had Stouteſt dy'd.
 But leaving thus this Prince engag'd in Fight,
 Some other prospects do my Muse Invite:
 Whereby this days fierce *exit* may be known,
 Tho' not each Circumstance nor Action shown:

Which

Which tedious Chronicles more aptly spread,
 And Stories where their Ladders fully read.
Klathen a Captain long approv'd by Fame,
 In Wars harsh *Winters* pass'd and *Summers* Flame;
 And by Time Tutor'd, in himself beheld,
 Now *Ruffe* experience in his years excell'd.
 Not less the King his Antient prowess grac'd,
 In being (as told) his Captain Generall plac'd.
 And had the Soldiers part as fully shown,
 In his Attempt to save the sieged Town.
 No Chief his Conduct cou'd have then outdone,
 If Fortune had been that day to be won.
 Much did his brave example then incite,
 His Soldiers Valours led by him to fight;
 And where observ'd less hardy to Assail,
 He strove by speech to win them to prevail;
 Which as his Martial plainness did admit
 (The dialect his Soul did chiefly fit.)
 He then did utter, much in words like these:
 Known 'tis to me how hardly Men appease

The Hearts disorder, when with Terror shook,
 Or can't undaunted on disasters look :
 Which shou'd least disaffect stout Soldiers Mind,
 And his encrease of Honour, thence declin'd.
 No step like that in Bloudy Fields I fought,
 Or when Commanded shrank in Act or Thought.
 This Me from lowest Files did Gradual raise,
 Untill attain'd a steady Captains Praise.
 By the same Method let your Actions show
 That I your General am, and Leader now.
 This Speech deliver'd with a Soldiers Grace,
 And Brevity well suiting Time and place,
 With what his long prov'd Conduct did Import
 To give their hope and Courage more effort :
 Soon did his drooping Militants dispose
 More vigorously against their daring Foes.
 And now Deaths Language soon by Guns was spoke,
 Limbs scatter'd were with halves of Bodies broke.
 Some Valiant Heads shot off, and as men Tell
 Their Trunks a while stood headless e're they fell.

And

And where perhaps hereafter may be found
 Limbs (with their Bodies) ne're went underground.
 Whilst Lives that by such Separation fall,
 Seem less to further Resurrections Call,
 If, in that Instant, Missing parts must find
 Their bodies tho' to distant dust confin'd.
 What Man can doubt how various death was here,
 Or how much thin'd by loss Files did appear.
 When Peals against Peals Death concey'd in Course;
 Like Leaves, Men dropt, that feel rough *Autumns* force.
 Tho' this from no side fury could withdraw,
 Where Danger could not *English* Courage awe.
 Whilst Fortune yet a wavering Station held,
 Who least to Arms grants favours uncompell'd.
Essex w'had thought his hope enough secur'd,
 Began to doubt how he stood then assur'd :
 The Bridge, on which h'ad plac'd his stoutest Files,
 Strow'd thick with Bodies there gave up their Toils.
 The Gentle streams that underneath did Glide,
 With louder Sobbs seem'd then to haste the Tide ;

As through this Bridge the Billows had took flight,
 With greater Noise and Trembling at this Fight.
 When breathless Corps into this stream were Thrown,
 And on the Fleeting Billows gashly shown :
 Till in some Calmer hour (in stead of Graves)
 They sunk to Earth at bottom of these Waves.
 These fights the resolute Earl did little please,
 Besides disturb'd how he might next appease
 The Clamorous Houses, should his Conduct fail,
 Or not as was Expected then prevail.
 Enough observ'd how stiffly some had strove
 To draw from him the Ruling Parties Love :
 And did their new Erected Creatures raise,
 That subtly blemish'd his Loud vulgar praise.
 And as they spread the value of their own,
 Had their Neglects on his Atchievements thrown.
 Whose Poplar Soul by all Attractions sought
 To be Fames Jewell in the peoples Thought.
 Detesting all that did aspire to rise
 Like him Conspicuous unto Common Eyes.

Or bid him doubt that, with few steps of Time,
 Some other Grandeur to his height might Climb.
 Which apprehensions he cou'd least depress,
 Whilst doubtfull seen by him that days success.
Skippon, whose bolder Zeal was strictly Joyn'd
 To what their fighting party had design'd :
 And as a Prime Enthusiast won on Men
 Who chose their Saints from sturdy fighters then.
 His Martial Consolation then applies
 (Fitting that Juncture) with erected Eyes.
 Thou Peer, said he, Heav'ns darling, whom Gods call
 Hath set to own his Cause before us all,
 And does this day our pious Breasts Inspire,
 As was that Chiefs when full of smoke and fire.
 He saw the Bush, a Flaming Tipe to him
 That *Israels* Force should Enemies consume.
 Tho' at that sight his stoutest Nerves did shake,
 (As with us Zealots may be said to quake)
 Till more confirm'd how 'twas a Heavenly sign,
 That God's select should Valours flame refine.

Let

Let this our boldest Enemies perceive,
 And from their daring hazards death receive :
 As o're this pass their Files would force their way,
 Till full by ours repuls'd this signal day.
 Doubt not but 'twill even *Keinton-field* exceed,
 Or what at *Brandford* might have been Atchiev'd,
 If firmer Soul'd our conduct on had brought
 The Cheerfull zeal that for us that time fought.
 All which I Instance with a Godly Flame,
 That your deeds now might more exalt your fame.
 The Earl who did not much in words abound,
 Or Canting Glosses then were frequent found
 With Scripture Hero's, little seem'd to say,
 Or what enough approv'd to fight their way.
 And now both sides had furious Conflicts brought
 As high as Valours *Zenith* cou'd be fought.
 If not, to be yet more Supremely Brave,
 Wish'd that their Souls nobody'd force might have,
 Or unconfin'd unto such outward parts
 Whose power was less then vigour of their hearts.

The

The Royalists like fierce Aggressors strove
 Th' *Essexians* hardy prowess to remove.
 Tho' these like firmest Rock their Station held,
 Too roughly fix'd to be by Waves repell'd.
 Whilst Bands of Billows 'gainst their harden'd Might
 Bursting retire as more supply their Fight.
 And thus the Terrors of this day were seen,
 With dismal Slaughters that did intervene.
 Some loudly ask'd what Motives cou'd Confine
Fielding that Instant within *Reddings* Line.
 And not his vigorous Sally then apply
 T' divert at least the Stubborn Enemy.
 Considering how much Bloud was cast away
 In expectation of his aid that day.
 Others with grosser Murmurs did reflect,
 Upon the Cause they judg'd of his neglect:
 And thus by virulent speech his Honour stain'd,
 Which to that hour unquestion'd had remain'd.
 So various seem'd the Sense and Deeds of some,
 That would the Soul and Facts of others doom.

And

And which were here too tedious to repeat,
 With all that Dy'd or Liv'd Heroick Great.
 As needles 'twere bold *Lucas's* worth to tell,
 Or how undoubted *Lyle* did then excell :
 Who did in Warlike Actions so aspire,
 As pos'd Hyperboles to advance them higher.
 But Valiant *Dornland* since thy Mighty Mind
 Had much peculiar Glory then adjoyn'd,
 And such as did thy Eminent Figure raise
 Above the Levell of Associate Praise.
 My Muse shall here preserve thy Copy so,
 As most Transcendent thou alone must go.
 Who tho' a Voluntier that day didst serve,
 That uncommanded thou might'st more deserve :
 And with an Active Courage unconfin'd,
 Unto the Bravest Actions formost joyn'd.
 When judging that his Parties Strenuous Fight
 Must lessen, if not reinforc'd their Might.
 And fearing that some Messengers Mischance,
 Or Falshood hinder'd *Feilding's* soon Advance,

In some like Ominous Pendants hung too near
 The Grace vouchsafed them by the Royal Ear :
 Since he conceiv'd the Kings Will did import,
 That *Feilding*, by some Sally's bold effort
 Should passage gain for his Stout Foot and Horse
 To aid the King, and his Relief inforce.
 Revolving thus, his fearless Steed he guides,
 Swimming the River 'twixt these fighting sides.
 To this adjoyn'd a Meadow's wide extent,
 (Whose Pregnant Green more Liquid growth was lent
 When this Stream's spreading Arms did smoothly glide
 T'Imbrace the Surface as a Teeming Bride)
 And having pass'd it starts his Valiant Race,
 Where he beheld direct and open space,
 That from the River to the Town did lead,
 And that way guides his swift and hearty Steed.
 When Fortunes aid, that best Designs can wing,
 Did *Dornland* then unlet or danger'd bring
 Within the Town's Command ; but what surprize
 This bold Adventure gave his Enemies,

Or how prevented, in that Disfmal Hour,
 From Intercepting him by Armed Power :
 Must sound Conjecture no less wonder give,
 Then what admiring Men from Fame receive.
 Whilst like swift Bird, that Wings the Airy way
 Where Rav'nous Fowl dispers'dly watch for Prey,
 Yet with their Greedy Gorges must attend
 Untill with slower Feather'd they contend,
 Or with more swift surprize their Tallons bring
 To grasp the Bird did them before out-wing :
 He then arriv'd ; and next to *Feilding* spoke
 Briefly this Sense, with Meen compos'd and Look:
 Enough my hast the *King's* Concern implys,
 As those fight yonder, if so far your eyes,
 With any Brave by you Commanded here,
 Did from sad Opticks their Allarums share.
 And shame 'twere *Redding* such shou'd now confine,
 That Blush to stand within a Leaguer'd Line ;
 Like rows of Cyphers to no use amount,
 Unless, in you, an Unite guides their Count ;

E're Royal Bands their forc'd difcomfits show,
 Tho' unfought *Feilding*, saw them vanquish'd so.
 If you no timely Summons yet has found
 That bids you hast your Drums and Trumpets found,
 And to your Kings Assistance win your way :
 By me 'tis said, nor apprehend this day
 But with Couragious odds you will enforce,
 What's yet undone by Royal Foot and Horse.
 Our Foes enough their Consternation feel,
 Who else had hinder'd my Steeds nimble heel,
 Which passing near their Parties faces brought
 Me hither, by no bold Pickeerers fought.
 And if to guide or aid your resolute way,
 You'le any Strels of Conduct on me lay ;
 Be well assur'd that *Dornland* shall be thine
 As far as worthy Motives can enjoyn.
 These words deliver'd with perspicuous Grace,
 To *Feilding's* Soul amazement gave a space :
 Before by speech he utter'd this reply ;
 What Sense will your Heroick worth deny,

That

That thus contemning Perills brought you here,
 Your Valour too adorn'd with Loyall Care.
 Yet know that *Fieldings* heart none need incite,
 Who scorns to live and to be bid to fight.
 By Stars I vow, and all Supreamest Good,
 No chill nor disaffection in my bloud
 Shivers my heart, or bids me turn unjust
 Unto the Reputation of my Trust.
 Believe me, worthy Man, I'de rather chuse
 This day with other Brave my life to loose,
 Then stand such Peevish censure which I know
 Some meanly Soul'd will on my Value throw :
 Did not my Stedfast honour me restrain,
 And Treaty, that adds links unto the Chain ;
 Which I admitted after well observ'd,
 The Place too weak, by me, to be preserv'd.
 Were *Redding* else invested this bold hour,
 With all the Houses best confirmed Power,
 The *King* should not have fought and I stand still,
 Had no expresse to *Feilding* spoke his will,

But Prudence Jayn'd to Warlike Justice stays
 Me from Attempting so inglorious praise.
 O That my Prince might this soon understand,
 E're he to loss does longer fight Command :
 Or hope my Conduct may him now repair,
 Since in my breach of Faith his Cause wou'd share.
 Much had this speech the Gen'rous *Dornland* mov'd,
 Who Strict Integrity in Man approv'd ;
 Judging no Fortitude deserv'd that name,
 Unless best Justice does Compleat the claim.
 Which Thought well Ponder'd, next he *Feilding* leaves,
 And unto Courage and his Fortune gives
 His Persons Safety, resolv'd his Trusty steed
 The same way back unto the *King* shou'd speed.
 But soon Perceiv'd his Foes had Stations chose,
 Where they cou'd fiercely his return oppose,
 Or any durst with daring hazzard bring
 Intelligence or Errand from the King,
 That might th'engaged *Feilding's* Soul relax,
 And *Essex* leave a fruitless Truce to Tax.

The valiant *Dornland* seeing now how fast
 The Furious Enemy did accost his haste ;
 Before, behind, and round about him spread,
 Admiring how they fail'd to leave him dead :
 Whilst Shot, like Lines unto a Point design'd,
 Flew as no Center but his Heart 'twou'd find.
 On all sides in his flight he fought with some,
 Through others to their Fate he forc'd his room,
 Untill his Nimble Courser and his Fight,
 At once out-did his swift Pursuers Might.
 And in this bold Adventure did receive
 Such Marks of Glory with best Verse may live.
 His Vesture torn with Shot, as Ensigns show,
 When Eyes the Bearers Valour thence allow.
 Besides some Scars upon his Visage seen,
 Which told how sharp his perils then had been.
 Thus he return'd and to the King made known
 Nobly, what Sense of *Feilding* was his own,
 With all Averments by that Chief were made,
 Why he his Princes Mandate disobey'd :

Since he oblig'd by Truce must *Redding* yield,
 And not to save that help to win the Field.
 The *King* now *Dornland's* worth perceived more,
 Then from observance first he did explore.
 Resolving thence that with his Kingly Grace
 He'd such remark upon his Merit place,
 That should most aptly unto Fame convey
 The Loyal value he atchiev'd that day.
 Saying, Thy Prince this Jewell gives to thee ;
 And if presage of his Auspicious be,
 His Cause shall prosper with renown'd success,
 Whilst thee, to wear this gift, Heavens will shall bless.
 This worthy Mans Intelligence thus told,
 Soon mov'd the *King* to bid that his force should
 No longer suffer by continuing fight
 Which so much Fruitless prospect gave to fight.
 And thus both sides with too great loss withdrew,
 Since English blood did that more precious shew.
 Much like to Ships with-Masts and rigging tore,
 And Men disabl'd, next must tack to shore,

Where

Where with most leifure and induftrious Care,
 Their difmall lofs and figures they repair.

The FIFTH BOOK.

The Argument.

*Redding deliver'd, by a Martial Call
 The Actions Tax'd, and Feilding doom'd to dye.
 Conduct deprav'd the Court and Field affects,
 Which Dornlands Soul does ominoufly revolve:
 Who unto Polyafter next repairs,
 From his deep Science prospects to discern
 Of this Wars future Actions and Events.*

THe Tongue of Fame, whose Ensign is the Crowd,
 When various Clamours ſhe difperſeth Lowd,
 Or Throws on Mortals multiply'd Miſtake,
 As they through Errors-Glaſs their Proſpects take.
 Whence oft to Vulgar thoughts ſuch *Mediums* riſe
 That feed the *Ignis-fatuus* of their Eyes.
 Nor ſeldom do conteſts in Camps proclaim
 How boldly Militants Impoſe on Fame.

To

To which Court-Minions their concurrence yield,
 When they with Martialists Intrigue in field.
 And would on Measures (by the Armed chose,)
 Their complisance most plausibly dispose.
 Whose Souls are to such gawdy Morals joyn'd,
 As least unto adversity are kind ;
 Or genuinely the deeds of men Express,
 When Int'rested their value to depress.
 All which unhappy Feildings Case now prov'd,
 'Gainst whom both Court & Camp displeasures mov'd.
 Nor less then dreadfull Martial sense must free
 His person charg'd with Faithless Infamy.
 Which did the Kings just Temper more Incense,
 As Reddings Loss was aggravated thence.
 And thus before this Rigid Bar did come,
 The once Fam'd Feilding, to receive his doom.
 Whose former worth no Mitigation gain'd,
 As he then seem'd to Honours Jury stain'd.
 By whose strict Verdict sentence soon was past,
 And day appointed that must be his Last ;

From

From Executioners that *Mars* does call,
 When his Delinquents shou'd most daring fall.
 Tho' Honor'd held if they by Engines dye,
 That Force with utmost dread the Arm'd to fly.
 Whilst he with Constant Fortitude Comply'd
 To bear th'Infiiction 'gainst his Life decreed.
 Whence many worthys had more value plac'd
 On him so unconcern'd his end embrac'd.
 As Gen'rous confidence, when Death is near,
 Implies the Soul disdains her Cause to Fear.
 Which worth in him Compassion more Inclind,
 With such discernments as might aptest find
 Regards of Mercy, if those Motives might
 His death prevent and wounded Honour right.
 Considering next if like a Soldier He
 Had yielded *Redding* to the Enemy,
 On 'Terms that prudent Captains wou'd embrace,
 When they'd surrender fortified place.
 The Scituation weigh'd and what might thence
 Induce him not to hazzard its defence.

All which discussions with their Calm and heat,
 Found soon Conveyance to the Royall Seat :
 Which Pallace-Perdu's watchfully attend,
 That their Address may thither first ascend.
 Whilst, of Court Intercessors most admir'd.
 * Beauty for *Feildings* safety then Conspir'd :
 And with the Eminent Lustres of her Face,
 Begg'd for this Chief her Sovereigns Act of Grace,
 With Tears that most resistless, Men surprize,
 When made the grief and Prayer of womens eyes,
 Which Far Compassion in her Sovereign mov'd,
 Who Chastly Female Gracious spendors lov'd.
 And held no Bounty by their Charms obtain'd,
 But was their value when with Virtue gain'd.
 And to this worthy of her Sex thus said,
 Happy is *Fielding* for whom you have paid,
 The Value of your pity shed in Tears :
 Tho' Warlike Sense a Ruffer course oft Stears.

* Supposed to be the then Dutches of Richmond.

Then Mercies Milder *Orb* or Conduct show,
 Whose Beams from Breasts of Kings, most boundless (flow.
 Nor has Attentless ear to Mercies call
 Been e're my Crime, or Subjects unjust fall.
 Which Candid mildness shin'd throughout my Reign,
 When Sanguine guilt did other Scepters Stain.
 And if Offenders I less prone forgive,
 Their Souls may in their bodies blush to live.
 But Providence, whose secret Acts of Grace
 Incline the hearts of Kings to Mercies Case ;
 And like Heavens bounties in the *Orbs* above,
 Do Sovereign Conduct more benignly Move :
 To which within the Royal Sphere was joyn'd
 Wales blooming Prince, whose soon compassion shin'd
 As Princely Souls, when most enrich'd by Heaven,
 Have Mercies Talents early to them given.
 What verse his Royal Graces can declare
 In Acts (his Mirrors) so transparent are.
 And in a Second *Charles* the Former known,
 As Kings whose Souls no *Interregnum* own.

And

And thus unto his Royal Father said,
 Th' Address that for your Gracious Pardon's made
 By this fair object, let my Heart conspire
 To aid as her attractive Beams require.
 Nor is't denied that with my youthfull years.
 Compassion flows where Woman sheds her Tears.
 By whose bright Sex I early do explore,
 That hard 'tis to deny when they Implore.
 These Intercessions of a Royal Son
 Much on the Kings forgiving Nature won.
 Glad that his Princely Heir did then appear
 So Ripe in Mercy ere his Manhood year.
 As if prefiging that in Future Time,
 When evil Men had highest rais'd their Crime,
 His Earn'd oblivions shou'd make Subjects know
 How much the Father by the Son they owe.
 When first the Condemned Feilding Liv'd to see
 Himself acquitted by their Clemency.
 After a Warlike Counsell had decreed
 He shou'd to Mars as Sacrificed Bleed.

By which 'tis seen how oft th' Impeached find
 Their fellow-Subjects less than Monarchs kind.
 Much did this Gracious Act the Court divide,
 As parties there did different Measures guide.
 Who under Princes Good Improve the Skill
 Of being most Artfull as they save or kill.
 And in extremes of things such thoughts Impart
 As little shew the Courtiers Candid Art.
 Or as some late Caballs disposed were,
 That could for interest love or hate endear :
 Seldom permitting Just concern to come
 Nearer the Heart than their cold Lobby-Room.
 Tho' Applications early visits make,
 In hope a kinder Patron next may wake :
 Or not Transcendent vileness so extend,
 As, more than Prince, wou'd present ends befriend.
 Which Sense that Season did with some abound,
 (And with their veiled Treason after found)
 Held with the Subtle Houses to Conspire,
 To whom they Royal secrets sent for hire.

Of which not few suspected were that time,
 But most the false *Sydesmonds* impious Crime,
 Who could such specious Measures give to things,
 That Serpent-like his Soul deceiv'd the Kings.
 No Pallace e're did such a *Synon* know,
 As Measures yet to come will fully show.
 Often he had unto the Foe convey'd,
 How by his Sovereign Wars designs were lay'd.
 And whence the wary Enemy might wave,
 Attempts inteded, or advantage have.
 All which Clandestine Arts had greater source
 From the Composure of the Royal Force.
 Whose Ranks most fill'd with Gen'rous bloud and (flame,
 That with profuser courage Court'd Fame
 Then Martiall caution strictly did allow,
 Occasion'd their disasters to ensue.
 At Night their quarters forc'd when sometimes they
 Watchless, or more supine disorder'd lay.
 The Gen'rous *Dornland* this had duely weigh'd,
 And how through their Miscarriage, or betray'd;

The

The Loyal Mil'tants oft defeated were,
 And from Enormous loss might Tax their care.
 But more did *Dornlands* busy thoughts debate,
 The gift and strange Prediction which so late
 His Sovereign on his Merit had bestow'd,
 And like Kings Souls remote import foreshow'd.
 And next revolving in his Auxious mind,
 If letter'd Man could Explanation find
 Of thoughts abstrusely on his sense prevail'd,
 And must by deepest Science be unvail'd.
 None like the famous * *Polyaster* He
 Deem'd fit to Salve this seeming Mystery;
 By Emblem might the Kings concern unfold,
 And what of *Dornland* was to be foretold.
Polyaster who might weighty Story Fill,
 With all that could Illustrate humane skill;
 Having to wonder Arts and Science shown,
 And was then Poet more Paophetick known.
 Whose then abroad near *Oxfords* confines stood,
 Adorn'd with shades and the adjoining flood.

* A Denomination under which is here described a Character of Science.

Like Mansions by the wiser Ancients chose,
 When they'd from Worldly cares themselves repose.
 Or had on purpose thoughtfull leisure took
 T'unfold the secrets of Great Natures Book.
 Him *Dornland* visits when most Mortall eyes
 Were clos'd by sleep, and only restless skies
 To usher night their sparkling Tapers lent,
 Till the Worlds eye survey'd the days extent.
 Cœlestiall Motions, with their Sublime Powers,
 Observ'd by him in many usefull hours.
 Which carefull life was in his Visage seen,
 Where in his comely Age did intervene
 Wrinkles, which shew'd his Soul enough oppress'd,
 Tho' in that Warfull Time no sword depress'd
 The Peacefull Contemplation of his mind :
 Who did like the great * *Syracusen* find
 Esteem that spread with largest wings of Fame,
 And with his Accurate knowledge blaz'd his Name.

* Archimedes the Famous Mathematician of Syracuse.

His Lives Striçt Method did example raise,
 The Reg'lar Ancients most approved praise,
 With Contemplations so dispos'd that he
 To Heaven and Time might still least debter be.
 Whose precious Hours his richest thought employ'd,
 When he, as life's best Steward, them enjoy'd.
 Admiring how the Prodigalls of Time
 Durst, that debauch'd, Annex unto their Crime.
 As if the Worlds swift eye did beams bestow
 For slothfull Mans Excentrick use below :
 Or Stars, that ow'd the Sun vast sums of Light,
 Did shine to aid the wicked deeds of Night.
 With Prayer he first began, that aid divine
 Might to his Sublime thoughts assistance joyn ;
 Nor did he close his Eyes at Night to rest,
 Till kneeling he had own'd days founder blest.
 Wondring that Mortalls largely cou'd receive,
 And Heaven, the Authour, Thanks so sparing give.
 Nor more his outward form of life compos'd,
 Then fitting what his inward Gifts propos'd.

His Food with best prov'd Temperance did agree,
 When healthfull Life had long Antiquity :
 And Simple meats the bodies Strength refin'd
 More suitably Assistant to the Mind.
 This wisely Antient Contemplations rais'd,
 When Temp'rate life and Science were most prais'd.
 Nor pains or Conduct did he then remit,
 That more divine might raise his sublime Wit.
 And when his Studies Intervall requir'd,
 By that diversion too his Soul aspir'd.
 His Room of Contemplation duely grac'd
 With niches, where Compendiously were plac'd
 Statues of such whose Learning did impart
 Truths Maxims, Crown'd by Mathematick Art.
 That like the Queen of Science does convey
 Proofs too Divine for Men to disobey.
 Of these he most Intently beheld
 Such as to *Brittains* Glory most excell'd.
 And whom of all had most admired been,
 The Matchless *Napier*, here was likened seen.

Who

Who seem'd by Figure in his hand to bear
 His *Logarithm*-Tables which his fame declare.
 Above what former demonstration wrought,
 Or Problems by men held inspir'd were Taught.
 Of whom another *Euclide* well might learn,
 Or *Ptolomy* his works outdone discern.
 Whilst this fam'd *Scots* Arithmetick does teach,
 What Power of Numbers ne're before could reach.
 And easier farr did *Archimedes* find
 Sea-Sands outsum'd then *Napiers* profound mind.
 Whose Numbers added Multiplication serve,
 Subtracted nothing from Division swerve.
 Which Art did to *Astronomy* Convey
 High Computations his most facile way.
 And taught *Geometry* to lay aside
 Old Sines and Tangents long a tedious Guide.
 Wonder of Man that gave such knowledge Birth
 As did at once oblige both Heaven and Earth.
 Next him *Polyaster* did with Reverence view
 The Famous *Briggs*, whose Admir'd products shew

The Science in his *Orb* he did extend,
 And, unto Former, improv'd Talents lend.
 The Artfull Staturist so his form exprest,
 That his fled looks seem'd warm in Stone to rest.
 Beholding Strictly as with lively sight,
 The Trig'nometrick skill he brought to light ;
 Which lines did represent in Bodies Cut,
 Before him on a neat Supporter put.
 Besides the Reg'lar Solids, and the Art
 His shadows on them did to hours impart.
 Next whom renowned *Ontred's* Figure stood,
 No less approv'd the Carvers Art in wood.
 Whereon a Girdle round his Loyns was wrought
 Deep Analytick questions by him Taught.
 At which, as emblem'd, hung that wondrous key,
 His Mathematick Clavis did Convey.
 These Fam'd, with many other Learned were
 Preserv'd in Image by *Polyaster's* Care.
 His Mind, Invited, by their Figures seen,
 To be in Science great as they had been.

By which Impulse he oft computed things,
 Remotest Art to humane Knowledg brings.
 Rvolving if the Circles long sought Square,
 Past Computations do aright declare.
 And how the Wonder of the doubled Cube
 Had been attempted, or a Clearer Tube
 Then *Galileus* skill had brought to pass
 By Optick Doctrine, or his wondrous Glass.
 Leaving Men doubtfull whether Orbs above
 Did Worlds within their rapid Circles Move.
 Or how the Earth did to his Tube appear
 To rowl, instead of Sun, her Annuall Sphear.
 Like which high *Theorems* did *Polyaester* find
 Results of his no Less Stupendious mind.
 Who by his Mighty knowledge did Compleat
 Productions worthy all Precedent great.
 Next these the mighty *Hobs* he well beheld,
 Whose Modern Soul with Gyant reason fill'd,
 O're-match'd past Phylosophick strength of Thought,
 By Science in his Nat'rall Method Taught.

Discharg'd of Terms, the Schools Impos'd Dress,
 Where Art Fram'd words, the proper sense few guess;
 And in their Letter'd Ocean undescry'd
 The Chart that more refin'd cou'd knowledge guide.
 Whilst this vast man oppos'd the Worlds mistake,
 And did his Learning Nature's Patron Make.
 To Honour whom *Polyaster* did allow
 His Form in Cedar Curious Carv'd shou'd show,
 And as that Substance does in Trees exceed
 The height of all in Forrests Tallest Breed,
 So the Transcendent Genius of his Mind
 Was, in his Likeness, thus to Fame design'd.
 Nor less was his peculiar value shown
 To Persons whom the Muses did renown,
 Their outward Forms with such high Life design'd,
 As nought seem'd miss'd but their Ætheriall Minde:
 Above *Apelle's* Pencill to express,
 Or what from stroke of Sculpturists Men guess.
 No Imag'd Looks or Artfull Features tell
 How the Souls *Venus* does with Mortalls dwell.

Which

Which Sublime Thought by *Polyaſter* weigh'd,
 And wit this Iſlands Glory far diſplay'd,
 Through Powerfull Sons of *Phebus* by whoſe ſenſe
 The Mighty Nine beſt raptures did diſpenſe.
 With theſe around their brows were Lawrells plac'd,
 Large next to thoſe *Apollo's* Temples Grac'd:
 Of which, he *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, much beheld,
 And where their Learned Poems moſt excell'd.
 Tho' words now obſolete expreſs their Flame,
 Like Gemms that out of Faſhon value Claim.
 Near theſe in Statue witty *Shakſpere* ſtood,
 Whoſe early Plays were ſooner next to Good.
 And Like a vaſt Dramatick Founder ſhow'd
 Bounties of Wit from his large Genius flow'd.
 Whoſe worth was by this Learned duely weigh'd,
 As in Effigie there he ſtood diſplay'd.
 But more ſtupendious to his Soul appear'd
 Proportions which great *Johnſons* Form declar'd,
 Whoſe deep Effigies he wiſh'd longer date
 Then Poliſh'd art in ſtone cou'd Celebrate.

Admiring

Admiring next the wit that Crown'd his Bays,
 Whose Scenes were works, when most fell short of Plays.
 So aptly by him Characters express,
 That shew'd his artfull hand and Learning best.
 Whilst other Dramaticks like Planets were,
 Rambling to find their Center near his Sphere.
 A Province *Phabus* did on him bestow,
 When made his Wits Lieutenancy below.
 As duly he did *Fletchers* Soul explore,
 The Stages most Luxurian witty Store :
 With worthy *Beamount* to his Figure Joyn'd,
 Adapted most the Muses Twins in mind :
 Whose Genius so conspir'd that *Beamount* Might
 Divide with *Fletcher* wit by equall right.
 Nor less then past some present he admir'd.,
 Whose work for Envys darts too high Aspir'd :
 Or black detraction or abusive Pen,
 Fowl'd oft to Stain the worth of living Men.
 Thus did *Polyaster* usefully transmit
 These wondrous Authors of best Art and wit

To Future Age, wishing their Souls renown,
 Might long survive their Forms in wood and Stone.
 Admiring *Dornland* had beheld a space
 This Learned Worthys Comely years and Grace,
 Before his wonder gave expression way
 By words to utter what he meant to say.
 Who thus with grave humility began,
 Father of Science more then Soul of Man
 Has yet Imbellish'd, or by Heaven allow'd
 To look through Vails which inmost Nature shrowd ;
 Or Starry Providence, that to Vulgar sight
 Appears like Spangles, which Vain Souls delight.
 As if that Heaven profusely did bestow
 Such eyes above as saw not things below.
 O, tell me then, if to thy search 'tis shown,
 What Future issue may be sadly known
 Of this outrageous War, or thence shall be
 The *King* and Publicks future Destiny.
 The Noble *Dornland* this no sooner said,
 And *Polyaster* had his looks survey'd :

But his discerning eyes began apace
 To power their Tears upon his Aged Face :
 E're he his deep Conceptions thus exprest ;
 Pardon thou worthy Man the soul oppress'd,
 Which more, then *Niob's* drops, deserves to fill
 Fountains where passions might be Emblem'd still.
 When I consider well this Furious Age,
 Such *Hero's* Number'd on a Martiall Stage,
 That for their high descent and Graces spread
 Times Fatall Annalls larger then yet read.
 As if our Isle had now profusest been,
 Ayded by Nature to exalt her Sin.
 When many best of these alas must find,
 War, to their Gold of Virtue, too unkind.
 Little 'twill please the Living Great to know
 What hapless periods they must undergo.
 Tho' hard to Destinies accounts to come
 Where Martiall deeds their broken reck'nings sum;
 Tallyes, which Providence least Strikes above,
 That for Fates Bankers would no Chequer prove.

How

How far Heavens beaming eyes may piercing see,
 Yet not divert Mans ragefull Misery,
 Divines can bolder by their Maxims Teach,
 Then Reasons Philosophick Aid can reach
 From the Elaborate Alphabet above,
 Where Consonants and Vowells wordless move
 In Stars that Heavens own *Algebra* Compute,
 And in their Question work'd must leave some doubt.
 All which the wise Creator might dispense,
 To give his Conduct the remoter fence.
 And like Heavens heightfull distance men allow,
 Looseth Mans thoughts that wing'd would thither go.
 Much I esteem the Soldiers Valiant Art,
 And in my youthfull years in Field took part
 Where Mighty *Kings* and *Chiefs* did battles guide,
 Nor did I less then others for my side:
 Whilst I with grief some Monarchs then beheld
 Unfortunate, tho' Just their Cause in field.
 This I observ'd before I did Imploy
 My Soul on thoughts that peacefull bliss enjoy :

And

And to be nearer Heaven did Improve
 My search of dispensations from above;
 Where Gentlest Stars did seldom Council call
 To rescue such themselves expos'd to fall.
 If not so shin'd in their Eccentric Course,
 As more Irregular render'd deeds of Force.
 T'Inspect which Scheme my disquisition spare,
 Lest my Art tell what you'd unwilling hear.
 To which Magnanimous *Dornland* thus reply'd;
 Most Learned Patron, hard 'twere by you deny'd
 The Information my Desires implore,
 And which beyond Mankind you can explore.
 Yet think not so I'de prove your sublime Art
 As thereby caution'd to unfix my heart,
 Where Bloud I breed that would not Life delay
 By aid of Stars, if out of Honours way.
 My Life's too worthless so your Skill, to Court:
 No, 'tis my Sovereign's most Supreme Import,
 Which in this War such various progress shows,
 And other Circumstance my Thoughts propose,

That

That bid me thus addrefs, if Science may
 Inform my Soul a more propitious way.
 To which *Polyafter* gravely this adjoyn'd,
 Think not fair Son that 'tis to man defin'd
 The Certain Methods Providence does guide,
 Whose Ocean flows nor Ebbs like other Tide.
 When things Emerge they oft abscond the why
 They were produc'd from Reafons broadest Eye.
 How far obfcurer then muft Mortal's doom
 Things more abftruce with future Causes come.
 If Man the Univerfe cou'd fearch around,
 And weigh all Causes and effects there found,
 Tho' in that Compafs does appear to fight
 One Total Wonder both in breadth and height :
 Cou'd he affure how Stars, or things below
 Come to fublift as we behold 'em now.
 Or how Heaven did the worlds firft Virgin hour
 Give womb of Time a future Ifsues power.
 Whence prying Man as doubtfull might Convey
 The Worlds firft Life as fix its dying day.

That

Who from this mighty round can't understand
 More boundless being but at Second-hand.
 Since nothing so remote perfection shows,
 As thence Man his Creators essence knows.
 Whilst all the Miracles which the World do fill,
 Pose us to search the unknown Founders skill.
 Thus even the Lowest Tide of Earthly things
 Often directs us to supreamer Springs :
 Like Rills, through easy Channels seem to Creep,
 Have Causes that Conceal'd on Mountains keep.
 How then shall Man the *Gordian*-knot unty,
 That's knit by much sublimer destiny.
 Or that way Kingdoms revolutions find,
 By far obscurer Providence design'd.
 Yet what this Inquisition wou'd require,
 (Tho' I could wish declin'd thy strict desire)
 My Vig'lant studies shall as far Impart,
 As I can pierce with my Acutest Art,
 And know that I have oft revolv'd with Care
 The direfull progress of this wicked War,

With

With such Catastrophe's I could convey
 To Future Time my Hieroglyphick way.
 On which, 'till now, no eye I did admit
 To gueſs that dumb Prophetick figur'd wit.
 Behold theſe Scrolls which are in number Three,
 (Units whence ſprings odd Cubick Myſtery.)
 The Firſt I offer *Engliſh* deeds contains,
 With Sieges, Sallies, Battells fought on Plains.
 And next in Courſe this Faithleſs *Iriſh* ſhows,
 Steep'd deep in Bloud as here it figur'd flows.
 The Third Diſloyal *Scotland* repreſents
 With their Fallacious Cov'nanted Intents.
 In all of which thou ſeeſt how many fall,
 As Honours Catalogue beſt ſums them all.
 Of theſe obſerve ſelectly ſuch ſet forth
 Who moſt their Nations honour'd in their worth.
 Of which ſome Worthies may to thee be known,
 As here in likenefs dead or living ſhown.
 If my Art's Proſpect duly ſhall relate
 Their Story yet reſerv'd to future date:

And in this Study'd Copy things foresee
 To no Original yet can liken'd be.
 With Actions that most signally declare
 The high Intrigues and Fury of this War.
 No Strife so dear shall other Nations cost
 In Noblest Blood and Valiant Gentry lost,
 Which in these Fields, by Fate's regardless powers,
 Fall but to wither with less precious flowers.
 More to Impress their Love and Valour's due ;
 See, in what Series here deplor'd do shew
 The sev'ral Fights and Skirmishes when they
 Caus'd in their loss their Lovers Mournfull day.
 As seemingly those espous'd forms appear
 To drown their Souls and Looks as they weep here.
 Next these a mournfull Spectacle is seen
 Of pity'd Virgins, whose soft flame had been
 Plighted to Warlike Lives and Glories fled,
 With Joys expected from the Marriage-Bed.
 (As Mortals less their Blessings prize possess,
 Then such by Wishes valu'd are or guest.)

And

And from their liken'd Lustres here do tell,
 That their Forms could with Grief unfaded dwell.
 As Lillies when in Rains they Tears do show,
 Caus'd by rough Storms where their smooth features ^{(grow ;}
 Their Native Beauty doth impairless Stay,
 Or their last Glory in their dying day.
 Thus Man with Grief these evils must explore
 That would with full Compassion them deplore.
 Which in this Martial Landskip here presented
 So sadly near and distant Detriment :
 With Turb'lent change and Mischiefs that ensue,
 As unto fight these dreadful Visions shew.
 And whence the meanly born as bad confpire
 To raise by vile degrees their Orbs still higher
 Whilst Heaven when pleas'd to joyn Afflictions worst,
 From Low and Impious fons their mischiefs burst.
 Next, well inspect this face as't here appears,
 Mark well his Subtle gestures, looks and Tears;
 And how his Sanguine Nose does him betray,
 As Bloody Beaks denote the Birds of prey.

Observe him rising too from low Commands
 By boldest Stepps, till there he Gen'ral stands.
 Then Mark his Fawning and his Lips of Zeal,
 That more divinely he Mens Souls might Steal,
 Or Crowds seduce who seldom can adjust
 How unsafe 'tis bad deeds and Prayer to Trust.
 Then view him here assaulting his Kings ear,
 With *Crocodile* drops distill'd to shape a Tear.
 Next see how he does shift his *Janns's* Face,
 And slights supinely offer'd Sovereign Grace.
 Then forward move thy eye to shadows there,
 Which in the Artfull Pencills stroaks appear.
 And tho' thou dost no Visage of them see,
 Suppose 'em great as English blood can be.
 Their Coats of Arms above their heads display'd,
 Like Guilded fame on refin'd Honour lay'd.
 Besides a Crown that seems to hang in Air,
 As if the Head were wanted it shou'd wear.
 Observe the Figures do this Curtain hold,
 Which vails these highly Em'nent yet untold.

As if the Destinies, that can't relent,
 Conceal'd the Horridness of their Intent.
 Do they not represent the Furies when
 Their dreadfull aspects Joyn with Impious Men;
 Or in their Snaky Tresses wou'd Invite
 Some one to Act Hell's boldest Profelite.
 See how they court this Bloudy Cheif to rise
 Yet more detested unto Humane eyes.
 And how his armed hand is stretch'd to Seize
 The Crown, thou seest, in hope of Ayd from these.
 Stay thy Inquiry here, for 'tis a Text
 My Soul's strict Comment has too far perplex'd.
 Heroick *Dornland* in whose steady Breast
 No apprehensions had so deep Impres'd,
 As these by Learned *Polyaster* shown,
 If Times dark Footsteps were to man Foreknown:
 Or in such Hieroglyphick Shapes expand,
 When Deaths black Trumps most fill her winning hand.
 Besides the Figures of Peculiar Friends
 Fully describ'd with their Severest ends;

Some stript in Fields, and in that gasty plight ^{(flight. 21}
 Their wounds discern'd through which their Souls took
 Who Like the Naturall Fall of Humane kinde,
 (Whose Endless Issue must to Clay be Joyn'd)
 Embracing Earths smooth Surface Seem'd to Lye,
 The Eve that Last must Joyn Mortallity.
 More did his Inward Soul these sights Lament,
 Then outward Grief cou'd Saddest represent.
 Mov'd from the Tragick Postures by him seen,
 And objects did as dismall Intervene.
 Tho' in dark prospects they to him were shown,
 As Light that dimly breaks through Clouds is known,
 With many Gallant persons high esteem'd
 And some, of living freinds, he dearest deem'd,
 Nor did he well discern where fields seem'd spread
 Thickest with bodys of the Valiant Dead,
 Whither the Pencills shaddow might not place
 With others, there observ'd, his dying Face.
 Yet all these apprehensions did Convey
 No such remorse of Death or dying day :

As what these figur'd visions might portend,
 Which by this Artists skill had vayl'd the end,
 That through this Wars Success and Cruel strife
 His Sovereigns Cause might ruine with his Life.
 And caus'd the Loyall *Dornland* to Consult
 What from *Polyaster's* Knowledge would Result.
 Whom thus he mov'd ; Tell me thou Fam'd of Men,
 How far this Pencill from your Thoughts and Pen
 Took the Stupendious Methods I behold,
 And but your Science onely can unfold,
 Or Taught more haply from your sense to know,
 Designs our Sovereign Fortunate may show ;
 With Bravest Nobles of this Martiall Ile,
 And Generous Bloud expos'd to Furious Toyl.
 Or that prevented which my doubtfull Thought
 May fear to your deep prospect's sadly brought.
 To which the Great *Polyaster* thus reply'd,
 Think not fair Son the Thread is soon unt'y'd
 That Subtle Destinies conspire to Twist,
 And what more high Guides Causes which they list.

Of such, how Stars incline, Art may declare,
 Tho' they like Nightly guides to Science are,
 Confin'd from Beaming the Sublimest Light,
 Of Providence; Then worlds of Suns more Bright.
 The first high Author only can display,
 Tho' pleas'd sometimes to use the darker Ray
 Of Heavenly Bodies, whence sound Art may find
 Effects dispos'd but no disposers mind.
 So far may Humane Calculations reach,
 Tho' no Cœlestiall Text they higher Teach.
 My Study'd skill perhaps might so ascend
 In seeing deeds o're Kings and Men impend :
 Tho' 'tis a Round no even influence shows,
 And like the World to Scituation owes
 Much vari'd Seasons and distemper'd Times,
 The hot *Meridians* force or colder Climes.
 That bolder Men too pronely may admire
 Why the Creators Conduct did conspire
 To form a World proves so unequall Great,
 Or Temper'd like some headstrong acts of Fate.

Let

Let this thy Further Strict enquiry Stay,
 And where Art's helpless think 'tis best to pray.
 The Noble *Dornland* having heard how wise
 This Learned Man did things profound disguise,
 Allow'd his Modesty no more to ask
 By giving Science a severer Task.
 Hoping that Powers above might over-Rule
 Thoughts that were too Incumbent on his Soul.
 Whilst thus from *Polyaster* he retires,
 And far beyond expression him admires.

The

The SIXTH BOOK.

The Argument.

*Essex by Dream his Fathers Ghost beholds,
By which is told his Future Deeds and End,
Chalgrave Field, and subtil Hampden slain:
Lansdowne fierce Day and Valiant Grenfields fall,
Waller on Roundway-Hill enforc'd to run,
Hugon, by Spell from Sore's rest, Faction aids,
Glocester reliev'd and Newberry's Bloudy Fight.*

THE Sun past ending *Aprils* various Hours,
(Powers,
Where Stars in *Taurus* Influence growing
Had to *May's Gemini* advanc'd his height,
When Eyes far North behold no Cloudy Night:
As *Phabus* Beams dissolve Seas frozen there,
And never set for some Months of his Year.
'Till when they rarely see the early Sun,
Or how his shining hours on Dyals run.

But

But to their homes, their Winter Graves, compell'd,
 'Till Night's long Cold by days increase expell'd.
 An aidfull Providence that helps to Tame
 Men that in Frozen Climes breed fiercest Flame :
 Which in our *British* Région did appear,
 As Winter check'd War's speed this Fatal Year.
 In which, betime the King had *Redding* lost,
 And could not that prevent with bloody Cost.
 From whence the haughty Houses thought to raise
 Further Atchievements to their Armies Praise.
 Though in their Conduct and their Counsels were
 Divided Factions moving in each Sphere.
 Whilst some, from sad effects of Mischiefs past,
 Seem'd less propense to forward others hast.
 Which Sense the Earl, tho' *Redding* then possesst,
 Found to lie heavy on his troubled Breast.
 Who by Success could not so swell his Mind,
 As moderate thoughts no room in him did find.
 Besides his Soul was more Apal'd to see
 The Hand of Heaven his open Enemy.

As in his Camp Contagious * Plague had kill'd
 Numbers that late his Hardy Legions fill'd.
 Nor could their Loudest Priests by Prayer obtain,
 That Heaven should cease th' Infection these had slain.
 Which much their grieved Gen'ralls Heart oppress,
 His Army Lessen'd thus and hopes depress,
 Of being Improv'd by Soldierly Repute,
 And Pop'lar Fame which his Soul would promote.
 These Thoughts, which on his Mind had fix'd their ^{(weight,}
 By sleeps soft aid he hoped to abate.
 Which Night invites, as Natures Time of Cure,
 When Souls, less easy, waking sense endure.
 And their Essential Attributes enlarge,
 As Sleep the bodies Clog does most discharge.
 Whilst from the boundless working of the Mind,
 Souls seem in bodies to Live unconfin'd.
 Now had the Earl Repos'd some hours of Night,
 As Stars ascending reach'd their Midnight Height :
 And Gloomy Meteors had Condens'd the Air,
 Whence Forms, some Judge, do Thicker outsidess wear:

* A great Plague in the Parliament Army soon after the Surrender of Redding.

Or mode when Sprites their thin extensions Hide,
 And in contracted shapes their beings guide.
 Or Ghosts assume, as Frightfull Stories tell,
 Bodies resembling such in Graves do dwell :
 Which Fantoms much this Chief afflicted then,
 Dreaming on Battels past and dying Men :
 Some War deploring with their Latest breath,
 Others the quarrel Blam'd at point of Death.
 Or charg'd their Loss upon his Pop'lar Guilt,
 That first Allur'd the Bloud was after spilt.
 Besides which Vision, to his greatest dread,
 He dreamt of Graves at *Keinton-field* of Dead :
 Which like to Mighty Tombs of Old remain,
 When Hills of Earth did Cover heaps of Slain,
 And in Idea next his Soul had fight
 Of *Brandfords* day, and *Reddings* fiercer fight ;
 Doubting lest Angry Ghosts should near him wait
 To scare his Soul who caus'd their bodies Fate.
 At which his Inward Horrors did Arise,
 Seen by his Mind without her bodies Eyes.

Then

Then sleeping Starts, next fears his sleep to break;
 Left his Souls dream should fright him worse awake.
 As thus he lay perplex'd with various thought,
 Fancies All-forming Power had Figur'd brought
 His Fathers Person, much in looks and Meen,
 And Martiall habit like what his had been.
 His Beaver pierc'd with shot, as 'twas that time,
 When he in *London* form'd his daring Crime ;
 And in his haughty rage and passion Strove
 To force his Queens Imperiall Power and Love.
 Which Guilt, as if acknowledg'd e're he spoke,
 Seem'd on his brow imprest and paler look.
 And next he utter'd to his Son this Sense ;
 Take from me dead my surest Penitence :
 Since Fame Stands well confirm'd that Spirits walk,
 And Organ'd, of this World and t'other, talk.
 And know I come to bid thee soon decline
 Th'Ambitious Steps that were too Lofty Mine.
 When *Phaeton* like I did attempt to rise,
 Yet in the offer fell the scorn of eyes.

Much

Much bloud thou'lt spilt and I had done the same,
 Had not the Power of Justice quench'd my Flame.
 Else had Crouds faithfull prov'd, no Armed hand
 Could have Rule boldier chang'd within this land.
 As much perhaps thy Pop'lar Soul wou'd do,
 When Giddy Vulgars shall resist thee too.
 More Battles thou wilt fight and then resign
 Thy Power to Factions that Supplanted Thine.
 Who after Aided by some Stepdams Art,
 Shall by quick Poyson kill thy Stabborn heart.
 At which he stop'd, and Tears profusely shed.
 To whom his Son, in Trance, thus thought he said.
 O Hapless Father in your Ghost to come,
 And next your Fate declare how Stars me doom.
 That from your pure Existence I should find
 How Sep'rate Souls Paternally are kind.
 Then Thinks he kneeling did his Blessing pray,
 And wish'd that Souls might oftner find their way
 From deaths recesses, and Teach men to see
 Their bad deeds past and future misery.

Next

Next Thought he strove t'Imbrace his Fathers knees,
 Whilst like to Air repress'd his figure flees :
 Or as the Gloomy Horrors of the Night
 Vanish with dreams at days approaching Light.
 Thus he awak'd, and soon revolv'd in thought :
 The sad concern his slumbers to him brought.
 With Visions that did dreadfully deterr
 His further Heightening this destructive War,
 Which Nourish'd Factions that might soon conspire
 To lay him Low, and raise their Creatures higher.
 Whence Peace he wish'd, tho' far remov'd from Men,
 Might, as the Souls * *Astrea*, come again.
 Yet fear'd Heavens wrath was easier to assuage,
 Then the sterne Houses full determin'd rage.
 Tho' that rough *Medium* he resolv'd to Try,
 As Time gave Calmer opportunity.
 Till when on other Causes he could lay
 The Motives did his Martial flame delay.

* Poetically said to be the Goddess of Piety and Justice.

Mean while the King, that wondrous year of War,
 Which adds to Fames Heroick Calendar,
 Had weigh'd maturely in his Prudent mind,
 What 'gainst his Active Foes was best design'd :
 Knowing the Voting Houses had decreed,
 That their Vast Force should yet more daring spread :
 The *North* with Mighty *Torkshir's* far extent
 Committed to the Warlike management
 Of that Lord *Fairfax* and his Valiant Son,
 Who, by their Conduct there had gain'd Renown.
 These how-e're held, in Soul too bravely Just
 For such who then allur'd them to this trust
 Infusing subtille Notions of a Cause,
 That well disguis'd seem'd to support the Laws ;
 Strenuously did their Friends and Interest guide
 T' Oppose within that Sphere the Royall side ;
 'Gainst whom the brave *New-Castle* did appear,
 Gen'rous of mind and resolute in War.
 Whose high repute did many *Hero's* raise,
 That, next his Acts, on Story fix their praise.

But none surpassing his admir'd Ally
 Heroick ^a *Cavendish*, in whose prowess Lye
 Deeds that Fames wings must as her Trophe's bear,
 And verse that could his Grandeur full declare.
 Nor less the Senates party did Imbroil
 The West of *Englands* rich and pop'lous soil.
 For which attempt they Active *Waller* chose,
 A Knight whose Zeal could mighty things propose,
 And whom their Votes did Celebrate so high,
 As he then March'd their Western Excellency.
 That far as waves there wash the *Brittish* shore,
 He might all vanquish by their Haughty power.
 And was their requisite expedient thought,
 Since ^b *Greenville*, *Slanning*, had stout *Cornish* brought,
 That won at *Stratton-field* a mighty day,
 Which Stories with their Future worth display.

^a Brother to the then Earl of Devonshire.

^b Who were both Slain as they led their *Cornish* Countrymen.
 The first of whom Sr Bevil *Greenville*, being kill'd at *Lans-*
down, as is afterwards mention'd in this Poem; and the other
 Sr *Nicholas Slanning*, dying of a wound that he receiv'd at the
 taking of *Bristol*.

And by their Prince more gratefull understood,
 Since this, of his Successes, cost least blond.
 Whose Temp'rate Spirit wa like Heaven's design'd,
 In being to Offending Mortalls kind.
 Yet hearts so harden'd had his Rugged Foes,
 That they durst Royal Grace with power oppose:
 Howe're the discompos'd, or cold delay,
 Of Timing *Essex*, wou'd their Fury stay.
 Whilst powers conjoyn'd from other Camps appear'd,
 With such the Vig'lant Houses had declar'd
 From his must be detach'd, and by Chiefs led
 Whom they less doubted then this Peer their head,
 And did unto Campaigns near *Oxford* guide,
 The well-form'd Numbers of their daring Side.
 Tho' Fame and Rumour us'd their swiftest Wing
 To speed the bold Allarum to the King.
 With these, a Leader, subtile *Hampden* joyn'd,
 Vast in his Parts and deep contriving Mind.
 Who by his Conduct and his Sword thought fit
 To aid the Quarrel Patron'd by his Wit.

And more t'Inflame his fierce Assistants then,
 Did thus exprefs : If with our Armed Men
 Reason avails, or Maxims that have found
 Where fast Designs their strong assurance ground ;
 Know these are ours, with Swords that only can
 Sever Prerogative Bonds Infesting Man.
 How-e're such Gordian Knots Miraculous reach,
 From Thrones to Subjects, as some vainly teach :
 Or speciously the Lawyers Brain might find,
 When Courts the Peoples Purse had theirs design'd.
 This e're our Senate fate, I first withstood,
 And held it then a Cause worth *English* Bloud.
 Tho' now unsafe at Wrongs redress'd to stop,
 'Till surplufage of Power we further Lop.
 That like the Limbs of some far-spreading Tree,
 Shaded too long our growing Liberty.
 Which resolute force will perfect and design
 That do the Foxes part and Lyons joyn.
 'Till when the Houses wisely must disown,
 How Levell they intend to lay the Throne.

On which account, this day I welcom here,
 And full resolv'd with you in Arms appear.
 Whilst from this*Field our hopes improv'd must spring,
 Where late I prosperous Led against the King
 The Houses bold Militia, whence first grew,
 'Twixt him and us, the Quarrel we pursue.
 Thus he express'd, like one that cou'd Cajole
 With powerfull words the Soldiers daring Soul.
 This Speech scarce ended *Rupert* did appear,
 With Troups well Formed to joyn fierce Battel there :
 Swift, as the Trumpet's sound, his Prowess led,
 And in that haste saw scatter'd Foes lie dead.
 The Orange Scarft, the cognizance made then
 Of Resolute *Essex* and his Fighting Men,
 Were in their Gawdy Habits forc'd to run,
 And turn their Tawny backs against the Sun,
 Wishing that *Parthian*-like they now could fly,
 And by back-shooting kill their Enemy.

* Chalgrave-Field where Mr John Hampden was first said to be in Arms for the Parliament by raising the Militia in order to suppress the King's Commission of Array, and in that Field afterwards received his Deaths wound.

Which Stratagem to *Rome's* bold Legions brought
 Disasters as that People flying fought.
 But how should these act any Conducts Part,
 When headlong Fear had first surpriz'd their Heart :
 And close pursu'd, as all must needs agree,
 Where *Rupert's* Valour forc'd his Victory.
 And thus confus'd unto their Camp they stray,
 Where *Essex*, hoping better Tidings, lay.
Hampden, amongst the rest, the Field had left,
 By deadly wounds almost of Life bereft.
 Few days him end, whilst much his Party griev'd
 'That Fate, of such a Grandee, them bereav'd :
 Left from Death's hast they but in Embrio find
 The change of State which his strong Brain design'd :
 Or left unmodell'd by deceased * *Pym*,
 Who subt'ly to their Cause Intrigu'd esteem.
 Tho' by a homlier Fate the latter fell.
 Whom Lice by Legions flew as many tell.

* The Loufie Disease, of which he was reported, about that time to dye of.

So *Herod* full of Pop'lar Vogue and Pride,
 Attacqu'd by these most vulgar Vermin dy'd.
Rupert, successfull thus in this Campagne,
 Where Foes thought Fame by Cavalry to gain,
 Which on their side more numerous did consist,
 Had they been Soul'd as boldly to resist :
 Such dread diffus'd through all their mounted Force,
 As long they fear'd to fight such Loyal Horse.
 And did in *Essex* Soul improve delay,
 Caus'd by disgust and Fortune of that day.
 Which gave the King apt Leisure to dispose
 Embodiy'd Powers against his Western Foes :
 Whom Active *Waller* had combin'd with care,
 More Pop'lar now then *Essex* in this War.
 The Noble *Hertford*, fit for Royal Trust,
 And Int'rested in those parts to Adjust
 His Sovereign's Cause, did from an Honest Fame
 Deserve, by him unfought, a Gen'ral's Name.
 Little he had of Wars experience known,
 And therefore did refuse to guide alone.

T'assist whose conduct by the King was chose
 His Newpew *Maurice* Daring unto Foes :
 Great *Rupert* s Brother, which enough does tell
 How like to him his Prowess did excell.
Greenville, to whom brave * *Hopton* did withdraw,
 When first Rebellion had Infring'd the Law,
 Worthy of Lineage and conspicuous known
 For Gen'rous deeds that *Cornish* hearts had won;
 And bloud best valu'd in that fertile Soyl,
 Who Gladly joyn'd with his, their Warlike Toyl :
 And had with high repute stout Numbers rais'd
 To add to those at *Stratton-field* were prais'd.
 Their Countrey clear'd from Foes, they next prepare
 For their Kings Cause in distant climes to War.
 And with due sense of *Hopton's* Merit, gave
 Consent that he Supreme Command should have.

* Who in the breaking out of the Rebellion, being forc'd from his Habitation in Somersetshire, Retir'd for his Safety privately into Cornwall, where he was not only worthily receiv'd by the Chief of that Country, but as they Arm'd for the King entrusted to Command them.

Since he, from home remov'd, had for them fought,
 And by his Conduct prov'd Advantage brought.
 Soon did their Monarch's Summons them direct
 Where they by *Hertford Maurice* should be met :
 And with their conjoyn'd power of Foot and Horse
 Oppose th' Impetuous growth of *Waller's* Force.
 Near *Chard*, a Ville of Fertile *Somersetshire*,
 Their joyfull Juncture was, and eccho'd there.
 So when kind streams in one Joynt Current flow,
 Their Waves embrace and sounds of Gladness show.
 The Royal Power by Infantry Improv'd
 Of Gallant *Cornish*, in bold Order Mov'd
 Unto Campaigns the Enemy to Find,
 Who then on *Lansdown-top* his Camp design'd.
 Uneven Ridges do that Hill Surround,
 By *Waller* chose for his Advantage ground.
 Th' Assent and Avenu's, with care Possess
 By Files and Squadrons he reputed best.
 Whilst Posted thus some Troups he does Employ
 To Skirmish so as they might Foes decoy :

Bidding

Bidding that they when charg'd should soon retreat,
 And Tempt pursuers on to their defeat.
 Assuring them that on the Royal side
 Were Chiefs whose Courage Dangers so defy'd,
 As sometimes in pursuit of Glory they
 Had scorn'd in fear of Stratagem to stay.
 The Zealous *Hasterig*, on *Waller's* part,
 Does first attempt to prove his Warlike Art.
 Arm'd *Cap-a-Pe* his Militants appear'd,
 Who'd think they shock of Foes or Guns had fear'd :
 Or that their Iron shapes should not endure
 The Charge of such whose Breasts were less secure.
 Since for them better than the Royal Side
 Fortune did Wars Accoutrements provide.
 But howe're Fenc'd, their Bulks less hard they find
 Then Bosoms that Inclos'd the harder Mind.
 And thus the Royal Cavalry that day
 Through Armed Squadrons did enforce their way :
 Whose Foes confus'd, with a precipitant haste,
 In spite of Orders given, retir'd too fast.

So hard it is in Wars Exploits to find
 Mens practiques to their Theories adjoyn'd.
 The Royal Chiefs perceiving that the Foe
 Withdrew with loss and in disorder too :
 Judg'd that occasion, Fortune's usefull Guide,
 Would add Atchievements to their Gallant side ;
 But lest they should obstructed find their way,
 Where opposite Files in Pass or Ambush lay :
 The *Cornish* Foot, with *Greenville* at their head,
 And * Chiefs whose Deeds in Fames Records are read,
 Did in despite of disadvantage Ground
 Repell their Foes, where Posted they were found.
 Who upward unto *Waller's* Camp withdrew,
 Like Deer that to their Herd from Hunters flew.
 Their Stout Pursuers after them ascend,
 And on the Hill Embattell'd boldly stand.
 The Royal Horse, the Avenu's now clear'd,
 To Second *Cornish* Gallantry appear'd.

* This General mention, intended to include all such Persons as
 are most Conspicuous in Story, is in this and other places of this
 Poem so to be understood that Prolixity may be avoided in re-
 peating of proper Names.

But e're their Squadrons were to Order brought,
 Their Van had *Waller's* Force successless fought.
 Here Valiant ^a *Loer* left a Crimson floud,
 And many with him slain of *English* Bloud.
 Besides such Numbers that from Death or Wound,
 In Wars Memoirs Conspicuously are found.
 But Youthfull ^b *Dencourt* for whose Noble fall
 Fame does, from Verse, peculiar value call;
 Appropriate to the Manner of his End,
 Which Truth does in these Measures recommend.
 Wrapt in the Enemies Colours dead he lay,
 That he won for his Winding-Sheet that day :
 Ho *Heroe* could in Bed of Honour dye
 Trophy'd more Glorious by Wars destiny.
 The Fight renew'd, each side by Prowess Try
 To force their stout Embodiy'd Enemy.

^a Sir George Loer, a Gallant Gentleman, then Major to the Regiment of Col. Thomas Howard, since Earl of Berks, Slain in this Battle.

^b That the Lord Dencourt was found Dead as is here describ'd is known from History.

Nor would they Leisure to their Guns afford,
 More forward to destroy with Pike and Sword.
Waller who this Campaign had first Possess,
 Some Forces so dispos'd to Aid the rest,
 As what from fight or order could accrew,
 He judg'd was fully his advantage now.
 The *Cornish* Infantry that long had stood,
 And would no Foot withdraw to save their blood;
 His best reserves their Legions next Assail,
 And 'gainst their Valour something too prevail.
Greenville disdain'g this, an Ensign takes,
 And fixing it in Earth by it he makes
 His dauntless stand, resolving there to dye;
 Or Live approv'd for signal Loyalty.
 Whilst Fame to give his Death a lasting date
 Perpetuates his * Glory in his Fate.
 Whose Trusty Militants when they beheld
 Their Lov'd Chiefs fall, Fury revenge compell'd:

* By which is intimated both the Heroick end of this Gallant
 Person, and the Noble Title of Baron of Landown given to
 his Posterity by King Charles the Second.

Untill his Death retaliated by Blows,
 And the ground strow'd with Carcasses of Foes.
 Pitty that vulgar Gallantrys should be
 So sparingly convey'd by History,
 As but their General mention does appear,
 Instead of single Rooms of Glory there.
 Whilst Partial Birth, Monopolizing Fame,
 Contracts Man's value to the highest Name;
 Leaving the Low, howe're by Nature Brave,
 To go without Encomium to their Grave.
 Thus War, the mean destroy'd, in heaps conceals,
 And but their sudden ends, like Plague, reveals.
 Till setting Sun both sides prolong'd their fight,
 Tho' *Walters*, as appear'd, first wish'd for Night.
 Who to be safe the next succeeding day,
 The Time of darkness chose to March away.
 And as in haste, some Thought, had left behind
 Huge Loads of Powder : whether so design'd
 By Craft or Fate, few Tellers rightly know ;
 Or from what cause did Burst that Fatall blow.

Sooner

Sooner then Moment did the Flame arise,
 And seem'd to pierce with pointed fire the Skies.
 Like a vast Pyramid its Bottom spread,
 And left within that Compass many dead.
 Which Sulphurous force transform'd their Persons so,
 As they did Blacker dye then *Ethiops* show.
 Some Blasted liv'd in Bulks to wonder swell'd,
 And with a sad Amazement were beheld.
 Others surviv'd, tho' Maim'd in every part:
 Who'd not for their sakes curse the wicked Art
 That first these seeds of Mischief had design'd
 For a destructive fell to Mankind.
 By this fierce Blow in this disastrous Night,
Hopton had Perish'd too or Lost his sight:
 Had not Heavens Aid the Powders force with-held,
 Tho' scorch'd his Visage and his Limbs beheld.
 Which Grievs with Magnitude of Mind he Bore,
 Till Time his Pristine Strength did full restore.
 This dire Mischance with other Motives gave
 Occasion to the Royalists to Leave

That

That fatal surface, and their march intend
 Where due refreshments might their Toyls befriend.
 T'ward the * *Devises* they assign'd their way,
 When *Waller* who had fear'd their longer stay,
 Assum'd new hopes, from Artifice or Fate,
 To vanquish them whom late he could not Beat.
 Close to their Rear, as Stars reach'd Midnight height,
 His Van he led the next ensuing Night :
 Judging that they, who had few hours before
 Repuls'd at *Lansdowne-field* his stoutest power,
 Would least suspect that he did then pursue
 Their Marching Force from which his Lately flew.
 Whilst to conceal what by design he meant,
 By Trumpets sound his Martial Complement
 He first to Noble *Hertford* does convey,
 Since he as General had precedent sway :
 Next lets him know that if his Arms could bring
 The spacious West subjected to the King :

* A Large Borrough-Town in the Middle of Wiltshire.

E're Sun did set he would that Value Stake,
In ^a *Cherston* Fields if there he'd Battle make.

The Earl to this with Modesty reply'd,
That he by Challenge ne're had him defy'd :
Wherefore he wonder'd that in *Waller*'s name,
So Bravo like, this ^b message to him came.

Hopton,

With whom the Earl this Errand did debate,
Tho' full of Malade from preceding fate,
With clear Perception unto him declar'd
That Guile should more then Swords of Foes be fear'd :
Since War by wicked Maxim did allow,
That Fraud Conductress might to Valour go :
Besides all which impossible 'twould be,
Should, to this proffer, his resolves agree ;

^a A Lordship that did belong to the Earl and therefore speciously Nominated by *Waller*, the better to disguise his intended design.

^b By the Author of this Poem Personally observ'd, he being in Arms all the time of that Western Expedition.

To move with weari'd Foot a tedious way,
 And Battle give in compass of one day.
 This message Answer'd and they Marching on,
 Th' Infidious part of *Waller* soon was known :
 Who that they might not think his Army near,
 This Errand sent e're he Attacqu'd their Rear :
 Which in few moments furiously he fought,
 And by a fierce surprize disorder brought
 Unto some Bodies on the Royall Part,
 Till better form'd they Stood his force and Art.
 Nor could they March unto the Post design'd,
 But as they moving fought their Foe behind :
 And thus retreating they continu'd Fight,
 Till to Devises come by Evening Light.
 Soon as Arriv'd a Martial Court they held,
 Compos'd of such that for Conduct excell'd :
 Debating how their Powers might there subsist,
 And orderly the Enemy resist.
 Whilst now in Crowds their Horse and Foot possess
 The Town, too strait to yield them food or rest :

Howe're

Howe're by fight and March they Harass'd show,
 And were besides in Ammunition low.
 Which to repair and to detatch more Force,
 Determin'd 'twas that all their strength of Horse
 Should from the Town that Night make their retreat,
 Till Reinforcements they from *Oxford* meet.
Hertford and *Maurice* with them march'd away,
 When *Hopton* and such Chiefs behind did stay
 Whose Conduct best the Infantry could Guide,
 And by example Animate their side.
 Which, tho' alone, by Duplicate renown,
 Resolv'd to Conquer Foes and keep the Town.
 And had for several days Successfull fought,
 Till want of powder to distress them brought :
 Which known to *Waller* soon his Stars he Blest,
 That thus Advantag'd him to win the West,
 And Noblest Enemies his Captives see,
 Whence he'd Triumph by Parliament decree.
 This Exigent as Royalists deplor'd,
 And fruitlessly had search'd for Powder stor'd,

A Trusty * Townsman makes himself their Guide
 Unto enough of his to aid their side.
 Provided thus, with bold Joy they defy
 By Peals of Shot the daring Enemy :
 And with recruited Fury Sallies make,
 Where Posted Foes they kill and Pris'ners take.
 Scorning that Works their Valour should Confine,
 Who durst the Place defend without a Line.
Waller who hop'd that some Impending strait
 Would have inforc'd his Opposits to Treat,
 That he the Town by render might obtain :
 Now doubts he Trophies there design'd in vain.
 When unto him his trusty Scouts declare,
 That Bodies of recruited Foes were near,
 By Princely *Maurice* and Brave *Wilmot* led :
 From whose Vancurriers they had swiftly fled.
 Th'Allarum taken, he withdraws his Force,
 Except some Parties of his Foot and Horse,

* One Pierce an Inhabitant of the Devises, who discover'd to the
 Lord Hopton where for some time he had hidden Powder.

Design'd to Skirmish and amuze the Town,
 Left there too soon 'twere known that he was gone.
 Few Miles he march'd 'till to a Hill he came,
 Whose Downy Surface men do * *Round-way* name,
 Where speedily, as Order could admit,
 He did for Fight his strong Battalions fit.
 Rejoyc'd to see with what an eager Course
 His Foes arriv'd, tho' but Impowr'd by Horse.
 Concluding that his Cavalry and Foot,
 By joynt Advantage would their Bodies rout.
 Whilst *Maurice, Wilmot* so their Troups dispose,
 As by their Conduct first they come to Blows :
 And Ranks disperse that would resist their way,
 Till Flight they forc'd as their Swords numbers slay.
 Fiery Sir * *Arthur*, who, on Zeals account,
 Had thought all other *Heroes* to surmount :

* Call'd from the Village Adjacent *Round-way-Hill* or *Down*, but since by way of Joke call'd *Run-away-Hill*, Alluding to the confused flight of the Rebels there.

* *Hazeltig* a Zealous Republican.

Or that Enthusiast in an Armed plight,
 Was terrible as *Basilisk* to fight ;
 Prov'd that his Figure dwindled in that day,
 As on his *Pegasus* he flew away.
 And like a Fowl that guides the flying Train,
 Did routed Squadrons lead along the Plain.
 When some that hop'd their soon escape to make
 By Steps that none in their pursuit would take :
 Down the Hill's steep, from Miracle of Fear,
 A Gallop took and broke-Neck'd perish'd there.
 The Field being clear'd of Horse, the Foot remain'd,
 That with some Volleys had a while maintain'd
 Their daring Files, 'till hopeless to resist,
 By Horse forsaken that should them assist :
 Their Heels, instead of Arms, for safety try'd,
 But soon were Captives to the Conquering side.
 This signal Vict'ry was the dearer got
 As with Foes kill'd Fate did to death allot
 Some Personages whom Story does rehearse,
 Enough perspicuous without aid from Verse :

Yet

Yet here for them and for Brave * *Dornland's* fall
 My Muse does for a Tear-Heroique call.
 He that had rais'd Example to the height
 By deeds that Generous Loyalty compleat :
 Unhappy 'twas that his brave end should be
 No stop unto his Nations Misery.
 Or that the Crisis of his Life's last hour
 Should imply Fate unto his Sovereigns power.
 Which his Kings Lips Prophetickly declar'd :
 And from *Polyasters* Science had been fear'd.
 But now as if the Destinies revers'd
 Events, which some Prognosticks had rehears'd :
 By the King's Power was op'lent *Bristol* won,
 And round strong *Glocester* next his Leagure known.
 Tho' much admired by discerning Men,
 Why that Town's Siege was undertaken then :
 When Rumour had on *London* fear Imprest
 From *Waller* beaten and subdu'd the West :

* The reason for Introducing this Character is so fully given before
 in the Third Book, as it needs not be here repeated.

The Factionous Senate too divided there,
 And did their Cause and Person's safety fear.
 Their Party wav'ring or inclin'd to yield,
 Instead of raising numbers for the Field.
Effex demurring, and his Army weak,
 And no March, if recruited, car'd to take.
 'Till *Glocesters* bold Defence their Courage rais'd,
 And * *Masseys* her Defender loudly prais'd.
 Unhappy Prince whom Stars had thither brought,
 That by no future Aid repair'd the fault.
 So *Hannibal* before *Tarentum* stay'd,
 And lost *Romes* Conquest by time there delay'd.
 Nor was then *Glocester's* bold defence alone
 The King's Misfortune but *Hull's* stronger Town,
 Before which Brave *Newcastle* then did lie
 Besieger by one Fatal Destiny.

* By whose Conduct *Glocester* was preserv'd, tho' afterwards he
 had cause to repent it being persecuted by his own Party for not
 complying with their Antimonarchical Designs if not suspected
 to have remorse of Conscience for opposing of his Sovereign.

His Number great and the vast Northern Clime
 No less then Western vanquish'd at that time.
 And but his Enemies worsted Reliques left
 To man this place of other Aid bereft :
 As then Lord *Fairfax* and his Valiant Son
 For their last refuge fled unto this Town:
 By Nature strong and fortify'd by Wall,
 That seem'd for Scaling-Ladders, built too tall.
 Fam'd *Troy*, though *Neptune's* Fabrick said to be,
 Not like to *Hull* did find support from Sea.
 Where through vast Sluces *Humbers* Waves may run,
 And the Adjacent parts to distance drown.
 So strongly did rough *Neptune's* Trident here
 Against King *Charles* his Scepter Leavy War.
 Whilst the Renown'd *Newcastle* soon beheld
 His Trenches, Bullwarks, Tents, with Streams
 Untill his Camp, thus made a watry Lake,
 He did, with loss of Men and Time forsake.
 Which Suffrance wither'd his fam'd Army's Flower,
 And former Conquests gain'd by Warlike Power.

Who else Victorious might have *Eastward* gone,
 And, with his Sovereign joyn'd, have *London* won.
 When Stars from Fate's Similitude decreed,
 That both at hapless Leaguers should be stay'd.
 But what the Counsels of that Time alledge
 For undertaking *Hull* and *Glocesters* Siege :
 My Muse no Descants here presumes to make,
 Since from Event appears their gross mistake.
 Which gave to *London's* Senate wish'd-for scope,
 From their Disasters to erect their Hope.
 Not doubting but, from them diffus'd, 'twould bring
 Increase of Fury to Oppose their King.
 Tho' they perceiv'd, amongst the Crowds of Men,
 The Fervor of the most abated then :
 Wearied by War, or dubious whether Right
 Stood on that part which them allur'd to Fight.
 When * *Hugon* did to Vulgar Minds apply
 His Tempting Zeal and strenuous Industry.

* By whose Character I suppose the Reader may judge that the Infamous Hugh Peter, who may not be improperly termed the most Artificial Canter of that time's Pulpit-Traytors was Intended ; & he has the Authors consent so to understand this Nominal.

Hugon, who in this Story room must find,
 From Comick part and Tragick badly Joyn'd:
 Whose Artifice could men to Fight dispose,
 But Laugh'd at all that dy'd in Field by Blows.
 No *Levite* call'd, tho' oft in Pulpits known,
 Where *Don-Quixot* he play'd without a Gown.
 With Patriots of that Time in high esteem,
 And ruling Females Amorous of them.
 But how his Genius to this height arose
 My Muse by this ensuing Wonder shows.
 'Tis told a Witch, on *Puritan* Begot,
 Came from *New-England* to aid Men of Plot.
 Comely in Figure, tho' few Stories tell
 That Dames of Magick did in Form excell:
 As if that *Venus Pluto's* Lips to spite,
 By Courte Amours attracted his delight.
 Demure in Speech and Gesture was her Mene,
 And on her dress a Milkwhite Vaile was seen.
 At distance Zealots did her Beams admire,
 When told that she could Love and Cant Inspire.

And

And when the Sorc'refs would the Harlot play,
 On him ſhe doted that could Faithleſs pray.
 Near *London* Suburbs was her then abode,
 To whom by ſearch had *Hngon* found the Road.
 Admitted to her cloſe Apartment there,
 Her Beauty he adjudg'd above compare :
 And, as 'tis thought, Charm'd by her taking ſight,
 His Nerve was riſen above uſual height.
 Buſy as *Sybil* ſoon he her perceives,
 Inſcribing Scripture Texts on diſverſe Leaſs.
 And as ſhe mov'd her wan and words did ſpeak,
 Around her head a trembling flight they take :
 And when deſcended on her Table find
 The Order which for them ſhe firſt deſign'd.
 Wonder, above what *Sybil's* Leaſs could ſhew,
 If this on Fame's account be granted true.
 Not many words this admir'd Charmer uſ'd,
 'Till kiſſing him ſhe Love and Zeal infus'd :
 Letting him know that ſhe'd improve his Senſe,
 By bold Intrigues and Pulpit Impudence :

Since

Since well she knew his Soul did little care
 Tho' retrograde to Heaven he vented Prayer,
 Then takes a Leaf on which a Text was wrote,
 On purpose Charm'd his Faction to promote:
 And with a tickling whisper next infus'd
 The Spiritual Gibberish by him after us'd.
 Which on his Knees 'tis said he did receive,
 To shew th'Adorement he th'Enchantress gave.
 His Conge taken, the ensuing day
 He broach'd in Pulpit a new Canting way.
 Which being Inspired by the Devil's Wit,
 Some Insides did of Men and Women fit.
 Whence fervent Matrons soon for fight design'd
 Their Husbands, whilst to Whore they stay'd behind.
 Nor did the Virgins, with a Blush that Time,
 Present their Gifts to aid the Publique Crime.
 Who with a shameless Confidence declaim'd
 Against all such from War would be reclaim'd.
 This Female Vogue, and Moneys lov'd Command,
 Soon did incite the Soldiers Armed hand,

And

And *London* Legions to the rest adjoyn'd :
 As *Essex* them for *Glocesters* Aid design'd.
 Who now his hope, tho' lately droop'd does raise,
 Of Meriting by Conduct renew'd Praise.
Skippon, he Led, with Chiefs of bold Import,
 Rounded by Guns, that like a moving Fort
 His Army did in wide Campaignes appear,
 And Fruitless Charg'd by * *Rupert* when met there.
 Too strong for Let, the Earl still forward goes,
 'Till *Glocesters* Joy his bold Arrival shows.
 The King when thus approach'd his Foes he saw,
 By Night, does from that Town, his Force withdraw :
 Fatal that Night, as Elements did show
 By Thunder, Storms, and Winds that loudest blow.
 This grand Relief effected by this Peer,
 Return to *London* next employ'd his Care.
 And how his Warlike Caution might contrive
 That he might thither without Fight arrive.

* By which is Intimated the Attacque that was given by the Kings
 Cavalry, Commanded by Prince Rupert, to my Lord of *Essex* his
 Army marching to relieve *Glocester* near *Stow* an open Part of
 that Countrey.

Left other Actions should his Fame impair,
 E're he receiv'd, for this, Applauses there.
 When Stars decreed, that for a Bloody Day,
 He should in *Newberry's* Field his Files Array.
 Where overtaken by the Royal Power,
 Both sides engag'd as rose the Morning hour.
 Profusely Blood was soon on each part shed,
 No Verse can here enough lament the Dead :
 'Mongst whom *Canarvan*, Valour's Glory, fell,
 And *Faukland* by the Muses Lov'd so well.
 Obliging *Sunderland* here also slain :
 What Field like this from Noble Blood bears Stain ?
 The Earl, amongst his Dead some Brave had lost,
 Tho' this Advantage much his side could boast
 That they with cheaper Mettal had supply'd
 Their Cause, 'gainst which oppos'd the Nobles dy'd.
 So few of their High Station then were known
 That would in Field the Houses Quarrel own.
 Never more pois'd was Battel by Event,
 Or Armies known more hours of day had spent

With

With equal Prowess, so hard 'tis to know;
 When *English* Valours Fight, which bravest do.
 Both sides in Warlike form appear'd next day,
 When *Essex* first withdrew and march'd his way.
 Nor did the Roy'lists hold it prudent then
 To tempt him, in Retreat, to fight again.
 Weighing the Order in which he withdrew,
 Themselves o'retoyld with March and fighting too.
 On each part yielded that they could no more
 At that time Combate as they did before.
 O Fatal Soil that must next year contain
 A Second Battel, and more *English* slain,
 Where *Essex* did his rallied Ensigns lead :
 Better that he o're furthest Seas had fled,
 Or dy'd by Shipwrack on the *Cornish* Shore,
 When Treaty sav'd his there * deserted Power :

* A very Important Remark, the Earl having left his Army in a Strait in Cornwall he took Shipping for London and left Skippon behind him to Treat for the Army of which the Infantry had Terms leaving Arms behind them, their Horse having broken through one Wing of the Kings Army: These very men fought resolutely, above others, soon after at the Second Newberry Fight as is intimated here, and in Fight were heard to express their desire to revenge the Kings success in Cornwall.

Then

Then with bold Legions, so repriev'd, display
 Rebellions fury here another day.
 Yet this Last Battle, Tho' uncurb'd his Sword,
 No Future Trophy did to him afford :
 Or Lessen the Disgust that was exprest
 Against his Late Misfortune in the West.
 Whence the Imperious Houses did decree
 That he, their wars first Guide, remov'd should be.
 And other Conduct chosen to Enhance
 Deeds, which they Judg'd he slowly did Advance ;
 Howe're his Faction did with theirs Comply,
 In being their Sovereign's Common Enemy.
 But how Intrigu'd their Parties and Designs,
 Would tedious render this brief Poems Lines :
 Wherefore we must from Passages descend,
 And that may give our Story closer end.

The SEVENTH BOOK.

The Argument.

*The Houses their new Modell'd Army raise,
 And Fairfax, tho' but Knight, their General made.
 Cromwells bold rise and Counsell's verse relates.
 Direfull Events the Nation apprehends.
 Lov's passion and concern with War Intrigue.
 The King by Furious Storm does Leicest'r win.
 Fairfax to Oxford does his Army Guide:
 Which Action the Kings Northern March diverts.*

E S S E X remov'd, the Houses soon decree
 That Fairfax should their Captain Generall be.
 Not mean his Birth, of Disposition fit
 To be subservient to their ruling Wit.
 A Complysance they did believe Improv'd,
 As they had the more haughty Earl remov'd.
 By Martiall deeds this Knight had gain'd renown,
 And for the Houses was Successfull known.

Implicitely

Implicitly he could their rule Obey,
 Which most Endear'd them to his Fighting way.
 Whose Brain more with the Soldiers part conspir'd
 Then Ends by which to Factions Men Aspir'd.
 Or how Presbitery's Interest was wain'd,
 As Independency Improvement Gain'd
 Both in the Houses and the Armys Sense,
 Who did their high Carelles then dispense
 Unto aspiring *Cromwells* growing Name,
 The darling Leader of Fanatique Flame.
 Poor had he Liv'd, altho' Gentilely born,
 His Interest despicable and forlorn :
 Whilst his Life past, to Shame had vitious bin,
 Till he, by Covert Zeal, Transform'd his Sin.
 And now 'tho but Lieutenant-Generall made,
 By craft was more than *Fairfax* soon obey'd.
 And had this new form'd Army so Cajol'd,
 As all therein seem'd for his purpose Soul'd.
 Thus was the Man, and thus his figure rose,
 Above what story most Prodigious shows.

But how he made progression to this height
 The Mediums tell, which briefly we'll recite.
Essex discarded by that Factions Power,
 Of which then *Cromwell* was esteem'd the Flower,
 This Subtle Man to Grandees next propos'd
 How Martiall Force might surer be compos'd :
 If from their Numbers they'd Scelectly take
 Men that by zeal their valours fiercer make :
 And with them, so devoted, Legions fill,
 Prepar'd by Conscience for their sakes to kill.
 Declaring how Perswasion hardens fight,
 And how men Motiv'd so, all perills flight :
 Tho' States Subverted are or Thrones remov'd,
 The Action seems to them by Heaven approv'd :
 Who deem it Sublime Glory to destroy
 Prophaner Rule which Mortalls would enjoy.
 Nor feazibly will this our war proceed,
 If Harden'd conscience does not formost Lead.
 Each man is more then man whom that Inspires ;
 The Spirituall Gideons which no money hires.

And

And tells how fruitlessly we conquest fought
 As men for us of hireling Genius fought.
 Who but for Muster pay to Fields make haſt,
 And would Wars hours in Plenteous quarters waſte.
 The Armed Drones that Nationall Treafure Spend,
 Without a ſting of Spirit to Contend :
 Let Votes, Inſtead of them, Bold Godly chuſe
 To Fight our Battells, and our Cauſe eſpouſe.
 Nor think that Militants, with ſofter Flame,
 Can the Fierce Honour of the Kings ſide Tame.
 This zealots Speech, like Tinder's catching fire,
 Did with the Houſes fervent votes conſpire :
 Which by a * ſelf-deniall Nam'd decree
 Ordain'd their Army ſhould new modell'd be :
 O're which, tho' *Fairfax* Generall we finde,
 His Power to *Cromwell* ward-like was deſign'd.

* Their ſelf-denying Ordinance ſo call'd, becauſe it allow'd no
 perſon of either Houſe to have Military Command, tho' pur-
 poſely form'd to lay aſide the Earl of Eſſex and ſome others under
 him: notwithstanding which Cromwell was ſo favour'd as by par-
 ticular diſpenſation to ſerve under Fairfax.

The Knight but factions Nominall allow'd,
 Whilst *Cromwell* rose the *Phoenix* of their Crowd.
 Fatall Conjunction, as their Actions Tell,
 That direfull on their King and Nation fell.
 But how their Crimes arriv'd unto that height,
 Our sorrowfull Measures will in Course recite.
 Well did the Commons House Approve the Choice
 Of this new Modell and in hope rejoyce
 Events they judg'd from such a Power would spring,
 That they held keenest form'd against the King.
 And tho' in t'other House, the sitting Peers
 Had long concurr'd with Voting Commoners:
 And had to Lapse of Honour vilely been,
 Abettors of this Wars designed Sin;
 Yet in this Juncture had this Act withstood,
 From sense perhaps of their Neglected Bloud,
 By which the Furious Commons did require
 The Knight's Advancement and his Hardy Squire.
 Howe're unto their *Essex* thought disgrace,
 And Peerage then deny'd a Generalls Place.

Thus

Thus did Inferiour Votes the Higher Sway,
 As Lords did Commons, in effect, Obey.
 And now this Novell Army does prepare
 To raise their Faction by Succeeding war.
 For whose Success, were many prayers said,
 By such as held themselves most Sanctify'd.
 Tho' Prayers, hopes, wishes, had their different Crime,
 As *London's* Juncto vary'd at that time:
 Where for disbanded *Effex's* party's sake,
 The Presbyterians high disgust did Take.
 And from Regret could Inwardly Scarce pray
 For Independents on their fighting day.
 Left that fierce Party, on a Martiall Score,
 Shou'd end what T'other Left undone before.
 Whilst highly *Fairfax* and his Cheifs Carefs
 Their Souldiers to attain by Arms Success.
 And with Bold confidence their March design'd
 Where e'er they might the Royall Army find.
 When rumours from this Movement every where
 Busy'd the thinking Heart and watchfull ear:

As men did Problems and conclusions draw
 From what they heard, or Judg'd their Souls foresaw.
 Whence various Expectations fill'd the Minde
 As to the King or Houses they Inclin'd.
 Or did their forward Emulations guide
 By Gallantries observ'd on either side.
 Nor did some Beauteous of their Sex decline
 Glory, which love to Valour could Assign:
 If not by Speech their Rivaldries declare,
 As they did Hero's Martial Acts compare.
 When in *Flavira's* Character and Deeds
 Was passion found that womans's Soul exceeds.
 Brave *Lyle* she Lov'd, as is declar'd before,
 And thought it Heroine valour to explore
 His Fame in war, the Jewell of her heart,
 Like which she Judg'd no Hero's valiant part.
 To whom a visit *Rosaline* now makes,
 Of whose bright figure verse precedent speaks,
 Pensive in Minde as she for *Lucas* fake,
 Did prospect of wars fatall dangers take,

And

And thought she did that Instant him behold
 Leading his Troops too desperately bold,
 And how his wounded Horse did three times bound,
 And threw him off as it fell dead to ground.
 Wishing that, from such chance, *Flavira* might
 Less prompt her Lovers Soul to dangerous fight.
 And now *Flavira* as if she perceiv'd
 The Sentiments that *Rosaline* had griev'd :
 By complyance and Generall converse,
 From what Fame did in Town or Court disperse,
 A while directs her Language and her mence,
 And seem'd without Caprice a Lover then :
 Or that she had on Glory solely Layd
 The Pride of Passion which her Soul obey'd.
 Reflecting on the Exigent of Times,
 And how Improv'd by mens degenerate Crimes :
 From which Mean Source the Chills, to valour spring,
 As some relentingly assist their King.
 Tender perhaps as Ladies please to Fear,
 That would their Hero's Softer Toys endear :

And

And think 'tis Glorious if their choicer Beams
 Do from Campaignes with-hold their Lovers flames.
 Know *Rosaline*, says she, *Flavira* shall
 Never, her Lovers honour, so Enthrall.
 Let it her Emulation rather be,
 To heighten others by his Gallantry.
 What verse can tell how *Rosaline* was mov'd,
 When these words heard, whose Soul more calmly Lov'd.
 Pos'd, as she would her apt return now fit
 Unto *Flavira's* speech, and sprightly wit ;
 And could not but with troubled minde explain
 Her Sense which in these words did utterance gain.
 Highly your valour Madam is Confest
 By my hearts deference to what yours exprest :
 Whereby your Admir'd Loyallty appears
 Unto our Sovereign, whom my Soul revers.
 Nor shall e're my Affection Arm withdraw
 That can in Field his Rebell Subjects Aw.
 Begging of Heaven that Titulary Stars
 May Loyall Lives defend throughout these Wars.

And

And that the Jewell Life which Love would save,
 May not from Bloudy power a Period have.
 Little this Speech did with *Flavira* weigh,
 Whose eye was then removing to Survey
 A painted Story, where the Pencills Art
 Did her Great Hero's deeds to Life Impart.
 And where with proud delight she did behold
 Fields, in which *Lyle* renownedly was bold.
 And how, before him, shot had Numbers slain,
 As his Files vanquish'd, or did post maintain.
 Inspecting next how in last *Newbery* Fight,
 His valour did Amaze beholders sight:
 When to Encourage Soldiers not to Fear,
 He did their Leader in his * Shirt appear.
 Which Posture so *Flavira's* Passion pleas'd,
 As her soft Arms his Picture's form embrac'd :
 Next kiss'd his Lips, and to the Pencills Grace,
 Admired the figure of his Valiant Face.

* This manner of Gallantry in *Lyle*, as a brave Incouragement
 to Militants, whom he commanded at the fight above mention'd,
 was observ'd by many, and lest it should not have an Honourable
 Record from History is here mention'd.

When

When *Rosaline* did from this action finde
 The high Transport that rul'd *Flavira's* Minde :
 And how she from Excess of Spirit gave
Encomiums by comparing of the Brave :
 Whilst Jealous Honour might in others raise
 Excess of Daring to gain Womans Praise ;
 She from *Flavira* with a modest Grace
 Retir'd, and pitying Lovers wept apace.
 Fame's watchfull Tongue not only from this Scene,
 But what before *Flavira's* words had been,
 Promulg'd to Martialists that Womans heart
 Encited Emulation on their Part.
 Whence some of either Sex did make their claim
 To Love and Honour by a Rivall'd Fame,
 Or did, with Animosity, Contest,
 As they affected or Judg'd actions best.
 This known to *Lucas*, in whose Gallant mind
 Desart and Glory did their Center find :
 Above all Boast, the varnish of the Proud,
 Or Men whose Tongues, to Fames deceit, are Lowd,

As Surreptitiously they'd fix renown
 On deeds, they would be fancy'd to have done.
 Yet from prevailing Sense of Honour thought,
 Himself disparag'd if to Ballance brought
 With any, to the Van of Fame had rose,
 Or to him were compar'd in fighting Foes.
 And as a Lover lov'd the praises too,
 Which Heroine Beauty Valour did allow.
 These thoughts had giv'n some trouble to his breast,
 When *Lyle*, on Wars concern, to him address:
 Nor had he his Lov'd person till that Hour
 Beheld, since his return from *Marston-Moor* ;
 Where *Lucas* did to wonder fight maintain,
 And of successfull Foes had many slain.
 A Bloody Vict'ry and deplor'dly great,
 Since that * day Dates the King's first grand defeat ;
 The Northern Counties wholly lost thereby,
 And Num'rous Lives renown'd for Loyalty.

* In which as some write were kill'd on both sides Nine Thousand Men.

As soon as *Lyle* beheld brave *Lucas* Face,
 With hasty kindness he did him embrace :
 Wishing that if in War, by Heavens decree,
 Their Lives must have a Fatal destiny :
 That one days Bloudy Period both might end,
 And in one Grave be bury'd friend by friend.
 This sense of *Lyl's* so generously kind,
 Impress'd such passion on the others Mind,
 That his Soul yields a noble Tear to shed,
 E're for reply he these words to him said.
 Highly thy kindness Valiant *Lyle* I own,
 And the remarks of Honour by it shown,
 Nor do I doubt but that some future Field,
 Shall to us Joyntly Crops of Glory yield.
 Tho' Rebels did at *Marston-Moor* succeed,
 Where Loyal valours did profusely bleed :
 Of whom perhaps some Ghosts less quiet rest
 As they discern Mens former worth deprest :
 Or by Capricious Fame Misunderstood
 The value of their deeds and Warlike bloud ;

As Tongues of Envy she to Camps does send
 That to Impede Man's Glory there contend :
 Or unto Pikes dispose the Martial Breast,
 As Actions by Compare are deemed best.
 A way, some Ladies for Loves sake rejoyce,
 When they to valour give their casting voice.
 These words and what their Tendency might mean,
 Seem'd to prepare some unexpected Scene.
 Well known to *Lyle* the high disgust of Spirit
 That *Lucas* had to descants on his Merit :
 Or any fond Perceptions that Imply'd,
 Tho' by a friend, his valour equaliz'd.
 Whence *Lyle* was sorry that *Flavira's* Mind
 Was, for her Lovers sake, to Boast inclin'd.
 And now he bends discourse another way
 To Wars designs, and Battels future day :
 Telling they soon must Enemies oppose,
 By *Fairfax*, *Cromwell*, Lead, their active Foes :
 Who for fierce Wars increase in Soul conspire,
 Like fewell added to some spreading fire,

May Heavens decree all dire presage restrain;
 As Royal Powers their Cause in fields Maintain :
 Let their bold Chiefs their private Grudges slight,
 That Stars may aid their Union as they fight.
 No matter if Fond Tongues Incline to Scan
 The Martial Deeds of this or t'other Man :
 Or from peculiar favour would prefer
 Some they admire to Fame's first Room in War :
 An Emulation that should least Insest
 The steady Temper of the valiant Breast.
 Know dearest friend, that *Lucas* does concede
 And Love the rule by which thy Soul is led.
 Granting with you that valours noble part,
 In spight of tongues, resideth in the heart :
 Yet tho' there seated, still the Bravest must
 Their Overt-acts by humane praise adjust.
 As Men from use this gross advantage have,
 That Jury-like, they honour kill, or save.
 No Soul of Glory will a Vaunter be,
 Or by form'd speech declare its Gallantry.

Yet could Man's valour high ascend as Star;
 I'de have it thought at least Mine went as far.
 Suppose *Flavira's* Lips your praise should tell,
 Or boast that your atcheivments all excell.
 Wer't not Inglorious If from *Rosaline*,
 Prowess, should want her tongues applause, if mine.
 Tho' with a Blush she should my deeds declare,
 And them with Lovers Boasted Fame compare.
 Love does me to that Competition draw,
 Without Intended Breach of Freindships Law.
 When *Lyle* the Purport of this Speech had weigh'd,
 His Modest replication thus he made.
 Vain 'twere for us, Brave friend to Canvas words,
 Which womans tongue, (with Passion sway'd,) affords:
 Or thiak they Lessen honours Compleat Sum,
 As from their Partiall value Plaudits Come.
 Believe my heart, which never so conspir'd
 With woman's Soul, for deeds to be admir'd.
 Tho' hardly Man resentingly will blame
 Affection, when Indulgent to his Fame.

I grant that womans Love is highly great,
 Said *Lucas*, that would honour Stimulate :
 And thereby Loyall valour so Inhance,
 That with it Love's best Glory may advance.
 Such Rivaldry I willingly allow,
 And in a friend it bravest must Avow.
 Give me thy hand as valiantly we make
 This contract for our Love and honours sake :
 Who of us can Most foes by Conduct slay,
 Or Perf'nall Gallantry next Battells day ;
 Let him unto his Lady that report,
 Or for more Grandure Publish first at Court.
 To which *Lyle* did, with some Surprize, reply,
 Brave the Proposall is none can deny :
 Yet who untill this time, of Cheif e're heard,
 That would by this bold Method be preferr'd.
 And if Agree'd 'tis left to Martiall Chance,
 Which of our Swords or conducts 'twill advance.
 Where accidents sometimes Attempts do Ayd,
 That could not else Ambigiously be made.

Know,

Know, Answer'd *Lucas*, 'tis not Fortunes power,
 That Slurrs the Dye of war some winning howr,
 That can Impair this Actions high desert,
 Or from Success Select the Bravest heart.
 What if resolv'd Like us few have been known,
 Or that to Camps the brave Novell we own :
 Th' examples rise, our Glory will be Found,
 And others teach in valour to abound.
Lucas said *Lyle*, enough I do embrace
 This offer, upon which you value place :
 Without enquiring by a stricter Sense,
 Why the proposall does from you Commence.
 And well I know with us some Cheifs Conspire,
 That the worlds talk should most their facts admire :
 And think they bid for Fame by Trumpets sound,
 If by Compare they find themselves renoun'd.
 Whence Jars and fierce Contests the Soul's divide
 Of Prov'd Commanders on the Royall side :
 Who so their Animosities prefer,
 As Loyall Duty Slackens in this war ;

And Judge'tis brave if one another they,
 In stead of Foes, by Arms attempt to slay.
 To cease such Ills if our example may,
 I'll gladly Fight as you propose the way.
 And others teach, that competitions vye,
 To turn their Force against the Enemy ;
 And less for Fame then for their King Imploy
 The Hectors part, as they his Foes destroy.
 Now reply'd *Lucas*, I'm endeared more
 Unto thy Soul, If possible, then before ;
 That with such Grandure does conspire to raise
 Example Joyntly to our Loyall praise.
 Which to attain the Motive first was mine,
 The Applications Glory I grant Thine.
 And tells the world thy Soul does war Approve,
 Not for the Bloud or Spoil too many Love,
 But to uphold thy Sovereigns right and Laws,
 And with a heart unblemish'd serve his Cause.
 No Greedy hopes or fury Leads thee on,
 But worth to act what should be Glorious done.

Thus

Thus war's thy honour, and if decrees above
 Permit that foes my Life shall first remove ;
 I beg of Heaven, that my then dying Face
 May be last valu'd by thy Lov'd embrace.
 This Care's pass'd, they next resolv'd to act
 According as here told their Gallant pact.
 And if our Muse can give their deeds a Glory,
 They shall have lasting Fame within her story.
 Now *Rosaline* within whose tender Breast,
 Terror and bad presage had Greif Imprest.
 And finding tho' by Speech and blushes try'd,
Flavira's heart could not be Mollify'd :
 Who had, with disregard to other Merit,
 Allow'd to *Lyle* the most Heroique Spirit :
 From whence might dangerous Emulations Spring,
 If Fame did such discourse to *Lucas* bring.
 And his fierce minde Incite for love of her,
 His value by his perill to prefer :
 Occasion gave her sorrow to Revolve
 The Apprehensions of her tender Soul ;

As firmest Love her restless Fears did weigh
 From her first waking time to end of day.
 Nor could she take her soft repose at Night
 For dismall Dreams that did her more affright.
 By which she thought in Vision she beheld
 Her *Lucas* wounded, or to Death compell'd.
 And Judging that her presence nor her Fears,
 Or Love, tho' Interceding with her tears,
 Could him, her Soul affected, now deter
 From forwarding his Perills in this War :
 Resolve she does her person to remove,
 Howe're obscure she griev'd or dy'd for Love.
 A Servant old she had of firmest trust,
 Whose Paps her Beauteous Infancy had Nurs't :
 Whom solely she acquaints with her Intent,
 And why from *Oxford* she would now Absent :
 Tho' to her grief, she did from him depart,
 Whose Love she still must carry in her heart ;
 Wishing her Breast, when shot flies thick in field,
 Might Interpose and be her Lovers shield.

Then

Then ask'd her Nurse, if she could find a way
 Unto some place where she unknown might stay.
 To which her Matron Servant thus reply'd,
 Your Gracious Mother sometime e're she dy'd,
 Me, by her will, your Gardianess design'd,
 No Less then Naturall Mother to you kind :
 E're since your Infant Lips first Suck'd my breast,
 And kiss'd as you did in my Bosom rest.
 But why, my dearest Child, must your presage,
 Even to despair, your Tender heart engage.
 Don't other Beauties, this sad Time, behold
 The Armed Lover, and observe when told
 His Martiall acts; altho' their gentle ear
 Would softer Sounds perhaps desire to hear :
 Yet, who of these, Society or place
 For this Cause leave, or sight of Warlike Face
 By them belov'd ; And wherefore should you more
 Then other hearts your Sorrow thus explore.
 Grant me said *Rosaline*, by thy Compare,
 More Tender Soul'd then many Lovers are :

And that when Drumms do beat or Trumpets Sound, ▷
 My Breast, by inward Grief, receives a wound :
 Least their bold Summons should the armed hand
 Of him I Love too desperately command.
 Be this the Cause, or let thy Soul devise
 Any for my remove, more kind, or wise.
 Her carefull woman having Ponder'd well
 Her Ladyes Grief, and Tears that from her fell ;
 Her sleep disturb'd, and how she made her moan
 In Love's sad accents as she walk'd alone :
 Nor could her Lute, or Musick of her Voice,
 At which when heard Birds did in Groves rejoyce ;
 Affwage the Apprehensions of her Soul,
 The waves that in her heart did restless rowl.
 Unto Fair *Rosaline*, thus briefly said,
 Loves Fear I see has your Loves torment Bred :
 And hard it is, I Judge, by your remove
 To leave behind the fears that spring from Love.
 But since in being Spectator here you find
 That terrors haſt their paſtport to your Minde :

I can

I can your Fair removall so contrive,
 As Wars events shan't to your ears arrive.
 And where, with wellcome, you may seasons spend
 By harmlesse ease till Battles have an end.
 Guide me kind Foster-mother to the place,
 Where I may that Content in-Soul embrace :
 And for my Lover there devoutly Pray
 That Heaven may him defend each Fatall day.
 Her wise attendant having these words weigh'd,
 No longer did her Ladies stay perswade.
 Since in that Juncture expectations were
 Busy'd by dangers of ensuing war.
 And rumor'd then that to perform some deed,
 By boldest Prowess, *Lucas* stood oblig'd.
 Wherefore she with her Ladies hast conspires,
 After she her had Cloath'd in fit Attires.
 And over these a Black silk-robe had hung
 To vail her visage as they passed on.
 But for her own disguise took no more care
 Then on her head a Travellers hood to wear.

And

And thus Night came, they rid beyond the Line,
 Which *Oxford* works and Ramparts did confine.
 When by few steps the appointed place they finde,
 Whether a Trusty Servant was Assign'd
 To wait with Horses, on which mounted they
 With all Convenient speed did hast away.
 Neatly the Virgin could her Balfrey guide,
 Enur'd for pasture mett'd steeds to ride,
 And as hers sometimes now remissly trod,
 His fault she told him by her rein, or rod,
 With care her woman to direct her course,
 Before her rid, tho' worse she rul'd her horse,
 Yet with best dilligence Inploy'd her eye,
 That timely she might uncouth Tracts espy,
 That from her Horses steps her Ladies might
 The safest tread, as on they pass'd that Night.
 No Pilate, Sayling dangerous Creek or freight,
 When Orient Pearls the riches of his freight,
 Could with more vigilance his Compass steer,
 Then for her Lady was her womans care.

Who

Who knowing long that Countreys fire and coast,
 From Roads she to less usuall ways had Cross,
 Where least she thought might plundering Soldiers (stray,
 Or Troups that Foes by Star-light fought to slay.
 And as securest way she thought to Chuse,
 Nights Gloom Increasing, the design'd did loose.
 This Guide now frighted for her Ladies sake,
 And dangers might ensue from her Mistake:
 No step her horse did tread on Leaf or Grass,
 But she fear'd Notice gave where they did pass.
 And if some spiry Buss by her was seen,
 She doubted it might armed Man have been.
 Her Lady seeing thus perplex'd her guide,
 To lead her boldly on, did foremost ride:
 Imploring, from above, her Journey's aid,
 Who was too Innocent to be afraid.
 And thus she sometimes wrong and sometimes right,
 Had forward led till hours near spent of Night.
 When she by Chance a Candle did perceive
 That from a Cottage some Small light did give.

Whither

Whither she rid and calling at the door:
 A Hoory Dame, from spinning on her floor,
 Opening her wicket, with a churlish flame,
 At first word gave to her a Harlot's Name,
 Saying, that she had lost both food and rest
 By Drabs that with their Troopers her oppress:
 Nor doubted but such horrid Queans were they,
 And swore she'd not ayd them if lost their way.
 Old woman, said the Virgin, pray forbear
 Words, that from bad mistake, offend my ear.
 We to no other purpose hither came,
 Save to enquire the road t'wards *Buckingham*:
 Which I suppose thy Pitty won't deny,
 Or let this peice of Gold that kindness Buy,
 The Money handled, soon the Belldame made
 A homely Curtsey, and her pardon pray'd:
 Saying insooth Fair Mistress, I perceive
 I was mistaken, since you frankly give.
 We Countrey-folk, God wot, kind words best favour,
 When they do likewise us with profit favour.

And

And wish that all as truly serv'd their King,
 As we take pains to get and love his Coine.
 Your way, when pass'd this Gate, the right hand shows,
 And whither you intend directly goes.
 So hard it is a Kindness to Obtain,
 Of Rugged Natures, unless won by Gain.
 The knowing Matron by this little ayd,
 Her Ladies passage without error made.
 Towards a forrest where she did Intend
 Their Journeys trouble should receive an end.
 And thus they forward safely pass'd some Miles,
 When Mornings face appear'd with rosy smiles ;
 As Birds seem'd Notes on purpose to prepare,
 Thereby to lessen this soft Virgin's Care ;
 And bad presage which oft her mind did fill,
 Who could not as she rode but Tears distill :
 Or blam'd sometimes her fear, tho' caus'd by Love,
 That her from *Lucas* sight did thus remove ;
 And him, if wounded, not in person Aid,
 Or by her Skill, Or Tears, his Balsom made.

Thus

Thus thoughts revolv'd within her troubled Breast,
 As with her faithfull woman on she past.
 The Morning Smooth as was her Infant Face,
 When Heaven did New born light in Skies first place.
 Nor less Auspicious did appear the way
 On which they forward rid that Early day.
 No Terrible man beheld, or noise was heard,
 That might their further Progress have deterr'd.
 Untill arriv'd unto a parting road
 That led unto another by a Wood :
 From whence, as if in Ambush laid before,
 Of Armed Horse-Men Twenty if not more,
 By speech Outlandish, and of Visage Grim,
 With rugged fary apprehended them.
 And like a Dove, when by a Vulture seiz'd,
 This Virgin Beauty was by these surpriz'd.
 Whil't she, as Boistrouly they her surround,
 From ready thought had this expedient found;
 As them, to spare rude search, she frankly gave
 Her Coyn and Gems, and what then all she'd save,

A little Picture Jewells did adorn,
 And next her breast for *Lucas* sake was worn.
 When these they had, and from her woman too
 Had taken what they found about her now;
 Like fierce *Banditti's* that could not decide
 How amongst them Stollen Booties to divide:
 From horrid words to Oaths their threats arose,
 And next prepar'd to force their keenest Blows.
 Till some more Temperate did advise the rest,
 That since by Power these women they possess,
 And things of value, duteous 'twas that they
 Should to *Vanbralders* presence them convey:
 To whose Decision their contests should yield,
 He being their Supream Officer in Field.
 Perswaded thus to stand to his award,
 Their lovely Captive towards him they Guard.
 No Beauteous Saint, when to be Martyr'd led
 By Faces dreadfull as the *Gorgon's* head:
 Could more Serenely resolute appear,
 Then *Rosaline* did amongst such figures here.

*Walloone Vanbrald*er was, and hither came,
 As Verse relates, to raise his Martial Name.
 When many of his hardy * Nation were
 Paid by the Houses to assist their War.
 When this Bold Leader *Rosaline* had seen,
 And well observ'd her Comely form and Mein :
 His Looks were troubled and Amaz'd his Eyes,
 Like one from sudden wonder felt surpris ;
 Unto his Breast Throbs did Allarums Beat,
 And rais'd within a Lovers ardent heat.
 T'Injoy her Person fully he inclin'd,
 But by what Method no less pos'd his Mind :
 So Love and Honour struggled in his Soul,
 Where hard 'twas found to yield them joyntly rule.
 But now to seem Compos'd, howe're he meant
 To Manage or Compleat his Loves intent ;
 He kindly Bow'd, and to her words address'd
 That Gentle seem'd ; yet others with them mix'd.

* That some Numbers of Walloons were entertained by the 41
 Parliament, for their Military Service, is well known to all
 that are acquainted with that Time.

Which told that Martial Trust severe must be,
 Against whoe're befriend the Enemy :
 Or such that might Intelligence Convey,
 Tho' of her Sex, by any Subtile way.
 Or should, excuse Me that I put the Case,
 More to deserve some Chiefs desir'd Embrace :
 From Camp to Camp a Beauteous spy arrive,
 And Teach him next our ruine to contrive.
 A Crime like this the Houses did of late
 Detect, in handfom Lady, 'gainst their state:
 Wherefore you must expect before you go,
 That I your person will and business know :
 Your taken Jewells you may have again,
 But *Lucas* Picture shall with me remain.
 The cause this whisper briefly shall declare,
 And such as will require your kindest Ear.
 What thought can guess how her Soul was perplex,
 As this man had thus coucht his amorous Text.
 Whilst she, that for loves Pitty only fled,
 Must here detested Lovers Prefence dread.

But since his words, at which her Soul took fright,
 Had not as yet arriv'd to wicked height :
 She thus with modest confidence reply'd ;
 Justly by me your Inference is deny'd,
 Since I have nothing done against your cause,
 Or what may Interfere with Martial Laws.
 Wars daring Conflicts and their fierce result,
 Have been my dread but never my consult.
 And were the Motive of my Journey known,
 Enough 'twould prove the truth which here I own
 Well I discern (said he) that Womans thought
 Can speciously evade or excuse fault.
 But know that to my power no less 'tis free
 To tax your Crime as it appears to Me :
 Or send you to the Houses under Guard,
 Who may you long Imprison before heard.
 Tho' unto you I gentler am inclin'd,
 As to my heart your Beams do passage find.
 Perhaps you'll call this Love, and next expect
 That honour should in Me cause its Neglect :

And

And you by Pass-port to your Hero send,
 That story may my Temperance Commend.
 To which, for glorious praise, I might comply,
 Tho' Honour by that Act should Love deny :
 Did not Me other obligation sway,
 To discharge which, I must your person stay.
 Then *Venus*, Martial Sir, 'tis I perceive
 That has Commenc'd within you this Intrigue.
 And whence my persons safety you propose,
 If with your wishes mine would kindly close.
 Are you a Soldier, and thus guide your Charms,
 Which *Cupid* would despise did he wear Arms.
 Or is't some stratagem, I can't discern,
 That you in some loose Forreign Camp might learn.
 Be't what it will, my Virtue I dare trust,
 Howe're to Honour you'd appear unjust.
 When this return, this *Walloon*-Chief did hear,
 Guilt touch'd his Soul, where love would guilt endear ;
 Whilst as she Pleaded Virtues cause to him :
 His lov's Transport he then did greatest deem.

Her Grace, looks, Speech, by Natures special Art,
 He Judg'd design'd Allurements to his heart :
 And thought she did luxuriously adjust
 That Beauty had no Virtue by her trust.
 From this Course Principle he does design
 How Fraud with Lust should wicked aid combine,
 And by a fond device so manage Time,
 As might compleat his vile intended Crime.
 And thus does by Fictitious Story tell
 That sad disaster late had him befall :
 As he a Beauty, to his Soul most dear,
 Had lost by rude surprize this Time of War.
 Perhaps conceal'd by some Chiefs rigid Power,
 That but too soon her Person may deflower.
 A Lady lately, whether her or no,
 From full report I cannot certain know,
 By *Lucas* was detain'd I understand ;
 If so, his Pledge in you is in my hand.
 And if Exchange of Beauty compass may
 Her wish'd return, yours shall her ransome pay.

But

But should I apprehend, which Heaven avert
 From e're afflicting of her fair desert,
 That any Impious Man, by Lustfull force,
 Has stain'd her Person to her Souls Remorse :
 The same I'll act on you, unless I find
 That your Embrace proceeds from yielding mind.
 Let chance the valiant *Lucas* hither Bring,
 To fight at once for his Love's sake and King :
 On Terms resolv'd defiance I'de express,
 And tell that I his *Rosaline* possess.
 This *Synon*-Lover having form'd this Tale,
 His wicked Ends pretextly to avail ;
 And by feign'd Cause some seeming Grandieur add
 Unto the Method of his being bad :
 Concludes, that soon his Subtle Terrors would
 This Virgins mind unto his purpose mold :
 And to her blushes joyn a yielding sense,
 Till kisses won her totall Complaisance.
 Whose breast now fill'd with sorrow, and her eyes,
 Like drops engend'ring in serenest Skies,

Tho' big with tears, yet did allow no grief,
 By which, from this vile Man, she'd ask relief :
 But look upon him with a Scornfull ray,
 That more then words did her disdain convey.
 Her faithfull woman, tho' attending near,
 Could, not the sense *Vanbralders* utter'd, hear :
 He having, aside some steps, her Lady took,
 Before he had his lustfull accents spoke :
 Yet in her prospect of his dismall Face,
 Where Red and Pale did vary'd Horrors place ;
 His rough aspect and eyes that fiercely rowl'd,
 As Comets when Prodigious Acts foretold ;
 She saw her Ladies danger, and by Tears,
 Shed in abundance, did imply her Fears.
 And with a womans fury next design'd
 T'upbraid the fervor of his wicked mind :
 Or else to kill him by some proper way,
 Tho' Guarded by his Troops, in open day.
 And if the Fact her Lady could defend,
 She'd gladly forfeit life to give his End.

But

But otherwise it was above decreed,
 That this Libidinous Forreign Chief should bleed.
 Whose hasty Scouts to him now Tydings brought
 Of Marching Powers, on good Terms might be fought :
 Their Numbers less then he Commanded there,
 And to the next Campaign arrived were.
 Adding that *Lucas* as Intelligence said,
 Before them as Supream Commander Led.
 When fierce *Vanbrald* heard brave *Lucas's* name,
 He bid a Guard surround the Beauteous Dame :
 And next, her to some rising space convey,
 Whence she might view the action of that day :
 And with what Courage he'd her *Hera* Fight,
 Or kill him, if he could, her love to spight :
 Then with stern visage does a march Command,
 Till neare arriv'd where did Embattled stand
 His valiant Foes, and next a halt he makes,
 And to his Trumpetter this Message speaks.
 Tell *Lucas*, if he Leads the Troups I see,
 That here *Vanbrald* stands his Enemy :

Not only as I act the Soldiers part,
 But as a Lover more Inflam'd my heart,
 The Object I admire he'l pronely guess,
 When told that I fair *Rosaline* possess.
 And might alledge, if his belief 'twould gain,
 That cause besides does bid me her retain.
 Who am from chance of War perhaps of late,
 In my lost Mistress full unfortunate.
 As just it is, that I his Lady stay :
 And if occasion calls, some future day,
 Her person, as a fair exchange allow
 For her I lost, and would recover now.
 This Picture too which *Rosaline* did wear,
 As his Lov'd figure, to him likewise bear.
 When *Lucas* this strange Errand understood,
 Horror and rage fomented in his Bloud.
 And to express his Detestation said,
 What Theory has vicious Man display'd
 Like him who does Ingloriously confer
 Fowlest dishonour on the Name of War:

And

And observations more Fruitfull make
 When heinous presidents from Camps they take :
 As if their Circuits, which the Schools should be
 Of Ethicks rais'd to bravest dignity,
 Did worst conducters unto Vice contain,
 Or such, who pronest Lives with vileness stain.
 Wherefore for Honours Cause, and Glorious War,
 'Gainst him my Soul and Sword defiers are.
 And if my Arms can't *Rosaline* relieve,
 May Heaven her Virtue happy safety give.
 Enough I've spoke, and let *Vanbrulder* know,
 My Trumpet soon a warlike charge shall Blow.
 This Messenger return'd ; in Martial form
 They led their Powers : so Pilots, when a Storm
 Is near approach'd, with utmost conduct try
 To stem the adverse Waves their Enemy.
 Lowd neigh'd the Horse, and with erected Ear
 Fierce noise of War courageously did hear.
 Whose eager strength would fain his Guider slight,
 And without Reins now carry him to Fight :

Whilst

Whilst as the Surface bears his Trampling Feet,
 Earth founds, and vents a Feaverish fume and heat.
 Tedious was time by Gallant *Lucas* thought,
 Untill his opposits he closely fought :
 Impuls'd at once for his Kings cause to kill,
 And Loves revenge, which fury did instill :
 And as their Forces now just meeting were,
Vanbralder does aloud to his declare :
 That who of them so boldly could succeed,
 As to leave *Lucas* on the Surface dead :
 With Plumes and gifts he should rewarded be
 For killing his Chiefs hated Enemy.
 Smartly alike both sides their onsets made,
 And first with shot no time of death delay'd.
 Yet scarce a man had room, when kill'd, to fall ;
 As close they fought in Warlike posture all.
 So pois'd their courage and their strength of Horfe,
 As neithers shock a while had greatest force.
 When Steeds did opposite Steeds with Fury Bite,
 That could not spurr'd bear Ryders on to Fight.

Whose

Whose shining Swords, as yet not coming nigher,
 Enforc'd from their keen clashings sparkling fire.
 And sometimes sever'd by their Strenuous blows,
 Instead of Limbs, the Weapons of their foes.
 Till *Lucas*, Lyon-like, his way did Force,
 Killing a stout Commander of their horse,
 And with his wounding Sword attained Room
 For other Valours after his to Come.
 Whilst thus he charg'd, three fierce and huge *Walloons*
 Attack'd his Person, to one of which deaths wounds
 He swiftly gives, and kills the Second so
 That boldly fought, and some think hurt him too.
 The Third Man, seeing this, away did fly,
 And dis-inhearten'd his strong side thereby.
 Which by degrees, as *Lucas* Troops prest on,
 Did Courage slack and from their Fury run.
 Bold and upright, then all more Big and Tall,
Vanbralder rid, and with stern voice did call
 His Militants to kally, or he Swore
 By lot the Tenth man else should dye, or more.

Expressing

Expressing what a shame it was to them
 On Forreign Soyl to fly or desert him.
 And tho' by words he could but few persuade,
 Yet with those few, to charge, resolv'd he stay'd.
 When *Lucas* in pursuit near him arriv'd,
 And by his Plumes and Scarf the Man descry'd
 To be the person he that day had fought,
 And would on Loves account have chiefly fought :
 He bids, with ready voice, the *Walloon* know,
 That he might singly fight with *Lucas* now.
 Who would not by success or Numbers stay
 Him yet from gaining a victorious day :
 If by Encount'ring hand to hand he'd try
 Which of them two in Field should boldest dye.
 Glad was *Vanbrulder* to receive this word,
 And charg'd him home with Pistoll-shot and Sword.
 The first of which had almost *Lucas* stunn'd,
 Tho' not enforcing any Bloudy wound,
 As 'gainst his Head-piece did the Bullet light,
 And left thereon a sign of this fierce fight.

But

But *Lucas*, soon recovering, near him got,
 Hoping to kill this mighty man with shot :
 Unto whose face his Pistol he advanc'd,
 Which would not fire however so it chanc'd.
 And now their Combat was to end by Sword ;
 And one would judge that Method did afford
 No small advantage to this huge *Walloon*,
 Who had so vast a Weapon of his own.
 Or near as great as that appears to Eyes
 That in th'Tower for Conqueror *William's* lies.
 As here this mighty Sword *Vanbrulder* weilds,
 (shields,
 Whose Edge he thought would cut through hardest
 A furious blow he at Brave *Lucas* makes,
 Who by his steeds quick motion it escapes :
 And, by a Nimble manage, turn'd again,
 He Cuts his Foes hand off and bridle Rein :
 Whose furious Horse, thus freed from rule by Bit,
 Disdains his riders Weight should on him sit :
 And boundeth oft unto a wondrous height,
 As this, or that way moves his ruleless might :

Till down a Precipice he takes his way,
 And does by fall his Mighty Master slay.
 Thus Providence did death *Vanbradler* give,
 Whose Soul, in Body, was too bad to live.
 The King's Troops many, besides *Walloon* foes,
 Kill'd here of *English* we may well suppose :
 But to what Number Fighters fell that day,
 Our Muse does no Particulars convey.
 Tho' near a thousand Horse on each side fought,
 If from her Computation deeds be fought.
 What strange dismay by fears and doubts was then
 Th' Affliction of the Beauteous *Rosaline* :
 Who Guarded by *Vanbradlers* Power might see
 The Bloudy Toyles of that days Victory.
 And more concern'd in Soul perhaps beheld
 Her belov'd *Imas* engag'd in that Field
 With Stout *Walloons*, or huge *Vanbradlers* might,
 As they two did in Terrible Combat fight.
 Who having fully now dispers'd his Foes,
 To free her Person next he boldly goes.

Whom

Whom fierce *Vanbraider* had plac'd under guard,
 Which now its bold Attendance soon discharg'd:
 After beheld the fortune of this day,
 And to prevent their danger fled away.
 When he to her arriv'd and saw a space
 The gasty paleness of her lips and Face:
 And how her Cheeks were sometimes drawn awry,
 Like Mortall whom Convulsive fits do ply;
 And as the fixed Stars appear in Skies,
 Moveless beheld the Glory of her Eyes.
 And thus within her womans arms she lay,
 Who diligent was by every carefull way
 Her Lady in Lifes conflict to Assist,
 And by her help her grievous pains resist:
 As sometimes she her Beautious Temples strok'd,
 Or had by Prayers and Tears heaven's aid Invok'd.
 In haste had *Lucas* from his need remov'd,
 Yet fear'd to see the face of her he Lov'd:
 As he beheld her Cheeks impair'd of red,
 And features, like remains of Beauty dead.

When

When from his Souls deep anguish thus he said;
 If Speech by me to *Rosaline* here Made
 Can passage find, and wellcome from her ear,
 'Tis beg'd that she'd think *Lucas* now does fear :
 And that his Soul that never yet could weep,
 Or suffer from his breast a sigh to creep,
 When his blood by most desperate wounds was shed ;
 Or seen in fields his bravest friends lye dead :
 Does both, as he her danger does behold ;
 And if his Lips from hers could remove cold,
 He'd willingly by it Loves power explore,
 If that might her Life's pristine warmth restore :
 At Least he'd take it as his Last farewell ;
 If her Soul must on earth no longer dwell.
 But whilest he thus did his Lov's passion vent,
 Her woman on her Ladies Cure intent,
 Had from a Violl Cordiall-drops convey'd,
 Which *Polyasters* skill 'tis thought had made,
 And 'twixt her Lips dispos'd so much of them,
 As did her Life from Danger soon redeem.

Tho'

Tho' to that weaknes brought she scarce could speak,
 As by the hand he kindly her did take :
 Whilest all she utter'd was but to expresse
 Why she remov'd, and love of him Confess.
 Which soon he granted, who before perceiv'd
 The Cause that had her Gentle Temper griev'd :
 And how for love of him, and kindest fear,
 She had withdrawn to her disaster here.
 Yet would not further passages relate,
 That to her Mind disquiet might create :
 And chiefly did conceal how with brave *Lyle*
 He had conspir'd to Ryvall Martiall Toyl.
 But to oblige heroickly her Sense,
 From his Souls Greatnes did these words dispense.
 Sorry is *Lucas* that he now must say
 That he can't Love appoint a Nuptiall day :
 Since vow'd I am that *Hymen* ne're shall light
 Taper for me, till Rebels cease to fight :
 Nor Houses sit that by obtruded vote
 Dare Arms in Field against their King promote.

R

But

But when with smoothest Brow peace yields her smiles,
 And rightfull war requires no more my Toyls :
 I'll then fair *Rosalines* embrace desire,
 And meet her wishes with a Lovers fire.
 Till when to Heaven's protection I'll her leave,
 And place she Judges best may her receive.
 Or where she least may of fierce Battells hear,
 Or what in them my Martiall perills are :
 And whenso'ere I full perceive their end,
 The wellcome News to *Rosaline* I'll send.
 In whose behalf her woman does declare,
 Her Lady, as yet weak, and speech would spare,
 That well the Method he propos'd conspir'd
 With what, by present thought, she most desir'd :
 Assuring him that when they fix'd on place,
 He should have notice in Convenient space.
 Being thus resolv'd, and by Brave *Lucas* seen
 That in few Minuts perfectly Serene
 The Beauteous form appear'd of *Rosaline*,
 And strength restor'd by wonderous Medicine :

He

He gently lifts her to her Saddles seat,
 And, with his kindest farewell, kiss'd her feet.
 And that she might the more securely ride,
 Appoints, to ayd her way, a knowing guide.
 But to what place her person she withdrew,
 My Muse, in proper time, Intends to shew.
 Whilest valour, Loyalty, and Love's high Glory,
 Commends this *Hero's* worth to future story.
 Who having then obtain'd a Glorious day,
 With Trumpets Sound he March'd his design'd way.
 Thus raging war fermented every where,
 By Fates decree, this most unhappy year :
 In which the King, tho' much his Force Impair'd,
 As 'gainst him had the Houses four years warr'd ;
 Their Interest Mighty and no less their power,
 From *Londons* Endless Srength, and Treasures store :
 Was *Northward* March'd, as many did suppose,
 T'encounter in those Regions *Scottish* Poes ;
 Who would not Grant that duty should compell
 Their Persons in their colder Climate to dwell :

And *Southward* to Assist the Houses came,
 Their Friends by League, but with more zealous flame
 Their bold partakers as they hop'd to share
 Treasures and Spoils of *England* by this War.
 Yet nearer then these, Enemies were found,
 That 'gainst the King, at that time did abound.
 Thus was great *Leicester* fill'd with fighting Men,
 That the King might not there have passage then :
 But he repuls'd in case he should assay,
 To Curb that daring City in his way.
 The King his Summons sends to this bold Town,
 Which, like to others Principled, did own,
 That Royal Power did not of right Command,
 Whilst it the Houses Arms in Field withstand.
 So far Allegiance badly then decay'd,
 As Men by Power or Interest were sway'd.
 Affronted thus, the King soon Storms the place,
 Which Stiffly did resist some few hours space :
 Till oft attack'd by resolute Foot and Horse,
 Like Boistrous Waves that break through Bays by force,
 This

This City they by Strenuous onset take,
 And with its Spoils their numbers richer make.
 This Action great, yet Signally must be,
 By the Permissive will of Heavens decree,
 The last Successfull that the King obtain'd,
 As he by Arms his Crown and Life maintain'd.
 Forward the King meant to have *Northward* gone,
 His Soldiers heighten'd by this City won:
 And were for number and repute the Flower
 Of his remaining Millitary Power.
 But soon diverted was his design'd course;
 As *Fairfax* led his fierce New modell'd force
 In fight of *Oxford*, and dread to Create,
 Seem'd, Siege-like, there his Army to dilate.
 Hoping that Town, the Kings Force not at hand,
 Durst not, if frighted well, his Power withstand.
 Nor did he want Intelligence within,
 That could avail him from * *Sydesmonds* Sin:

* A Remarkable Parasite and Traytor as he is described in the Third Book of this Poem.

Or others by the Houses money paid,
 As usefull Tydings they to them convey'd.
 The Queen who with her Court and Ladies there
 Resided then, what unkind cause of fear
 Did this Appearance to her bosom bring,
 Tho' the dear Comfort to a Mighty King :
 Since *Londons* furious Senate durst decree
 Her Person Guilty cause their Enemy :
 And that she like a Kings Imperiall Wife,
 Endeavour'd to preserve his Crown and life.
 When her concern was by Fame's speedy wing
 Carry'd unto the most Indulgent King :
 He as a Lover and a Sovereign Chief,
 Resolv'd to give his Heroin Queen relief.

The

The EIGHTH BOOK.

The Argument.

Fairfax does sometime before Oxford stay.
 The Queen a prospect of his Army takes.
 A Martial Habit's by Flavira worn,
 In which she deeds to wonder does perform.
 Sydesmond subtle Cromwell does deceive
 For private Gain, not service of his Prince.
 Naisby's Fierce Battle, and the fatal loss
 The Crown there suffers, after which the King,
 His Forces every where declining, is
 By the vile Armys power sometime Restrain'd;
 And next Imprison'd in the Isle of Wight.

Small was at Oxford Loyall hearts repose,
 As Eyes there saw how bold and numerous Foes
 Begirt the Town, and as appear'd days light
 Allarum'd all within to Arm for Fight:
 If as Defendants Bulwarks they'd maintain,
 And posts that did least Fortify'd remain;

Or for more Glory skirmishes design
 By daring parties led beyond their Line.
 Whilst youthfull Students Colledges forsake,
 And Pikes and Guns, to defend Science, take.
 To lead whom Gravest of the Long Robe joyn'd,
 And unto Arms their Pupills disciplin'd :
 Inciting them from apt and Learned Phrase,
 To Merit, Next the Muses, Martial praise.
 When the fair Queen and Ladies of her Court
 Early awak'd, and with a Glorious port
 Ascended to a Turret rais'd on high,
 That fac'd the thick arrayed Enemy.
 Where being seated, by each Mene and Grace,
 She added to the splendors of her Face :
 Or such from Grandeur of her Bloud relate
 To Daughter of French *Henry the Great*.
 And now Magnanimously beheld the force
 Of her Opposers ranks of Foot and Horse :
 Their Martial equipage and daring Spirit,
 And what their valours she allow'd might Merit

Did

Did they by rightfull War their King assist,
 Or Forreign powers by his Command resist.
 Next pittying their bold errors dropt a Tear,
 Whose Soul, in perils, ne're had wept for fear.
 The Female Nobles waiting round the Queen,
 Like lesser Stars in Constellations seen,
 When one of supreme Magnitude and height
 Appears the most conspicuous to fight :
 By aptest words did sev'rally extoll
 The serene worth of her Majestick Soul :
 Wishing that for her sake, Time did allow,
 As heretofore when Dames us'd dart and bow,
 That they might with Men hardy Courage vye,
 And force them, when array'd, by arms to fly.
 This Glorious Spectacle by *Fairfax* seen,
 And known that there spectator fate the Queen :
 His Modesty, that always did attend
 Actions that do his Valour most commend,
 Produc'd his Blush, and thought his Cause less brave,
 As their perfections it defiance gave.

But

But *Cromwell* hating all superiour sway,
 And Legall power which Subjects should obey :
 Projected had in his aspiring thought,
 How he'd to supreme height himself promote :
 As gradually the Ligaments of State,
 He'd sever, and vile Factions animate ;
 That in the end he might subvert the Throne,
 And Line of Brittish Kings so famous known :
 And in this juncture gladly would have gain'd
 This Town, where for security remain'd
 The Queen and Royall Children, whom to surprize
 He now and after blackly did devise.
 And calling *Hugon*, on whose preaching part,
 Aided besides 'tis thought by Magick-Art,
 He much rely'd to fascinate the Soul,
 And spirit Men against their Sovereigns rule :
 To him thus said, well I discern thy Gifts
 In Prayer and Preaching, and such Spiritual shifts
 As do Enthusiasms usefully disperse,
 For which I can't enough thy Fame rehearse ;

When

When I revolve that quaintest Pulpit-cheat
 Could but thin schisms heretofore dilate :
 Whilst thy Insinuations Men incite
 To Aid our Cause, yet know not why they fight.
 Which Mighty Nothing, from thy Preached sense,
 Does fruitfull use of Souls to us dispense.
 O're Church and State Faith's *Chaos* first must spread,
 E're here Created Rule Improveth dread.
 Then *Hugon* hugs, and bids him apt Texts find
 T'Instruct their Forlorn hopes when next design'd.
 To which this Canting Imp did thus reply,
 What words enough can *Cromwell* magnify :
Fairfax too meanly were to you compar'd,
 As you for Brain and Valour stand rever'd.
 Heaven has throughout your Visage Sprinkl'd grace,
 Like *Moses* shines your elect Nose and face.
 Each of your Features do by Semblance speak
 A Scripture *Hero*, and his Context make.
 When to *New-England* banish'd for a Crime,
 By Prelats held Sedition at that time,

In dream I there Prophetique Vision had ;
 And saw, as now, your Person Arm'd and clad.
 And how at *Marston-Moor* a Cannon shot,
 By Miracle swarv'd, that else had mis'd you not.
 For Joy asleep I smil'd, and will some day
 To applaud you my dream in Pulpit say.
 Accept this List, in which you'l some perceive,
 That to our Cause their lives will fearless give :
 Call'd *Antinomians*, or no matter what,
 If to support our Ends they Act and Plot.
 Their Courage fitly will this Town oppose :
 (Where Bookmens rules assist our greatest foes)
 The *Goths* that sack'd old Superstitious *Rome*,
 Did not more fierce destroyers thither come,
 Then these would *Oxfords* Libraries despoil,
 And Profligate the Studious Gownmens Toyl.
 Thy Catalogue, said *Cromwell*, I embrace ;
 And for facin'rous deeds against this place,
 Such Principles and Swords I will Imploy,
 As, Our Foe, prating Science, shall destroy.

And

And thou a Spiritual Renagado known,
 Our Army shall for that Compliance own
 Thee Chaplain-General, and Impower'd to preach
 Sworded when e're thou men wouldst boldest teach
 To aid our counsells few we must scelect,
 Tho' in that manage *Fairfax* we neglect :
 Or else allure his easy Nature on,
 To forward deeds he meant not should be done.
 But now the motions of this Town let's see,
 And how t'oppose prepar'd the Enemy.
 Mean while *Flavira*, who from height of Mind
 Fame to her Sex and beauty had design'd :
 And would not grant that Natur's elder choice,
 Or custom, deem'd by her man's partiall voice,
 Should Prowess most on Sex of men confer,
 And Value heighten'd by their deeds in war :
 Excluding women by a tender Name,
 And habit, from advent'ring life for fame.
 Or seldom rais'd to higher future Glory,
 Then to adorn, with Men, a painted Story.

And

And next Magnanimously does disdain
 That womans habit should her Soul restrain
 From such Atchievements, *Hero's* might admire,
 And in her brave esteem, her Sex raise higher.
 Discreetly weighing the Commanding Cause,
 That Subjects call'd to Fight for King and Laws.
 And tho' no woman Summon'd it to Ayd,
 None were forbid, she judg'd, if not afraid.
 Nor did she doubt but in *Lyles* Gallant Minde
 Her virtues would sublimer value finde :
 If as her Soul his valour did esteem ;
 His might, on that account, her worthyer deem :
 And by alternate Glory next Improve
 The estimate of Fame as well as Love.
 But her designs she so resolv'd to Guide,
 As for *Flavira* she'd be not espy'd :
 Whilest habited like man to fields she'd go,
 And there encounter with the warlike Foe.
 Her woman-dresser did not now explore
 Further her Ladies sense then told before :

Thinking

Thinking that to raise Mirth, by some Surprise,
 She did intend her person to disguise.
 Or from her love of Arms and sprightly Minde,
 To visit the Kings Camp, thus clad design'd.
 Perhaps that valiant *Lysse* might there confess
 How well she did become a Heroine dress.
 But this she might intend her waiter thought,
 When way from *Oxford* might be safer sought :
 Or chiefly to take pleasure in her glass,
 By seeing how, Arm'd, her Figure Beauteous was.
 By quick degrees her Lady she undrest,
 And on her slender Body plac'd a Vest,
 For mode and Colour like the youthfull wear,
 Of such as Gayest then led Troops of war.
 Next compass'd round her tender waist with Steel,
 Which tho' her pain she seem'd no pain to feel.
 Upon her helmet a white Cross was plac'd,
 To shew that Spotless Faith her valour grac'd,
 And Just defiance of the bloudy Crime
 Of Boundless Heresies that Fatall Time.

A Negro

A Negro Page she for attendant took,
 That to her Horse and Arms would carefull Look :
 Charging her woman, if inquiry made
 Of means by which she undiscern'd convey'd
 Her personall remove, she was to say
 The wonder must remain to future day.
 When in convenient time she should receive
 Notice to come and serve her if alive.
 And mounted on her Steed by early day,
 Through Lanes and Streets she took the privatst way,
 Till beyond *Oxfords* outworks she had Joyn'd
 With Forces for stout Skirmishes design'd.
 Where with a dauntless ear she heard the Noise
 Of Canon, that most terribly destroys ;
 And saw how shot off heads from bodies flew,
 And Comely Limbs whose want the Owners flew.
 Nor brandish'd weapons, nor the array'd field,
 Or grimmeſt looks which Foes embattell'd yeild
 Could her concern, as with a gentle Brow
 These Horrors with contempt, she then did view.

Whilst

Whil'st boldly weilding of her Naked Sword,
 She thought it's bright reflection did afford
 More beauty to her face then e're before
 She from her clearest Mirror could explore.
 And like some youthfull Squire that had abroad
 Attain'd in Camps a gen'rous warlike Mode:
 She courteously to Militants then speaks
 As room amongst their marshall ranks she takes.
 Adding besides, their courage to Incite,
 The Causes Just concern for which they fight.
 And how tho' young, She early had Inclined
 To season with best fortitude her Minde,
 Whilst other Tempers, if but fine in face,
 To meaner charms, in stead of War's gave place.
 As she had thus express'd some Troops appear
 That to attaque her Party order'd were.
 Which when observ'd, she blam'd Cheifs of her side
 That now too slow, she thought to charge did guide.
 Longing to come to Strenuous handy blows,
 And dye her Maiden Sword in Bloud of Foes.

Engage they sharply did, and for a while
Fairfax his Party something did prevail :
 For they selected Bodies were of Men,
 By *Cromwell* held most Zealous fighters then.
 But soon *Flavira*, wanting other guide,
 Did rally into Form her worsted side :
 And by renewing of the Charge again,
 Not only did th' opposing Force restrain :
 But them pursuing to their body threw
 A hand Granade, which firing divers slew.
 Some tell it near to *Cromwells* Horse did light,
 As with reserves he seconded the fight :
 But how soe're fame does her deeds report,
 'Tis sure that he observ'd her brave effort :
 And blam'd his Soldiers 'cause they could not slay
 One that so boldly fought their Ranks that day.
 And swore, by *Lord of Hosts*, that they should try
 Once more to slay this daring Enemy.
 For sure some Spirit 'tis, or not the least
 Of Devils in a lusty Popish Priest :

As by the Crofs I plainly apprehend,
 That does upon the Youngsters Helmet stand.
 Such Crossing Enemies I'de first destroy,
 That with their Catholick Arms our Cause annoy.
 And will be Loyal to their Sovereigns trust,
 Tho' his Laws their Faiths safety don't adjust.
 Away and lose no time by longer halt,
 Lest valour cool e're you again assault.
 'Tis but a party, howe're bold they are,
 And yours is more if Numbers we compare.
 Our General would scorn, it should be said,
 That he detach'd more Troops to give you aid.
 And if you can't leave all that party dead,
 I'll him reward that but the Crossiers head
 To me presents : a Superstitious fool,
 That after Crossing fights without a Rule.
 Commanded thus, they readily assail,
 And hope their valours fiercely may prevail.
 When *Oxfords* Chiefs no less couragious led,
 That both sides receiv'd loss from Numbers dead.

But this could not Phanatique Fury stay,
 Which through th' opposing party forc'd its way.
 That in some haste the bravest did retire,
 Whilst Friends and Foes *Flaviras* Soul admire,
 Who sometimes turning fought, then fled to fight,
 Then fiercely wheels and destroys Foes by fight.
 A many blows at her opposers strook,
 Yet blam'd their force when view'd her beauteous look.
 Perhaps rejoyc'd as by indulgent chance,
 Their Swords her face did miss, and sideway glance.
 If so her visage pleas'd in Ragefull toyl,
 What man would not admire her kindest smile.
 And as she thus engag'd, some fighters stay'd,
 That boldly fought for her defence and ayd :
 When others rallying, onsets made again,
 And did their ground successfully maintain.
 Till Prudence had oblig'd 'em to retire,
 As they beheld more Num'rous parties nigher,
 Which *Fairfax* from his mighty Camp had brought,
 And could not be by power of *Oxford* fought.

When

When *Cromwell* saw his parties forc't retreat,
 Whom most *Flavira's* Courage did defeat,
 He bit his Tongue for rage, and curs'd in mind,
 As bloudily revenge he then design'd.
 And could not in his Visage for a space,
 Compose the usual Coufenage of his face.
 Till looks and speech conspir'd his Canting way,
 Or when for wicked ends he'd fast and pray.
 Vowing that for the Crossed Champions sake,
 He'd vengeance on that Christian figure take.
 For as in front, a Cross that figure bore,
 Who was by Metaphor a Romish Whore,
 So in the Forehead of each Church we see
 Erected is a *Harlots* Dignity.
 Wherefore 'twill well become our Zealous flame
 To ruine Crosses, and so Churches maim,
 That Saints before most comely figur'd there,
 May without Nose or Limbs provoke our jeer.
 And sure his power by Time was bolder known,
 That Silver-shrin'd *Diana* melted down,

And her admir'd Temples structure raz'd,
 Then he, by holy Cost, there first her plac'd.
Hugon when heard these words did laugh for joy,
 Since thus Commission'd Churches to destroy :
 And plunder from within them what was left,
 Since Abbys fall enrich'd their growing Sect.
 And next declar'd, altho' by Heavenly will,
 They did not then the daring Crozier kill :
 That better 'twas as he'd disperse a tale,
 Which more, then kill'd the Imp, should them avail.
 And how *True-Protestant* Children to devour,
 This furious thing was sent by Romish power :
 And unto wonder could, instead of Meat,
 A Wooden Cross with Superstition Eat.
 And, should the King prevail, had power from thence,
 T'afflict our fleshly friends by Penitence.
 And force our Dames, that Timbles, Bodkins, wear,
 By Crosses figur'd on 'em Crimes to fear.
 This I confess last audience I forgot,
 As I had long discours'd of other plot.

Cromwell,

Cromwell, the Tale approv'd, and bid when next,

On this occasion, he should chuse a Text :

To *Fairfax* so to preach as might his Soul,

Unto their change design'd, devoutest Fool.

And now bids *Hugon* him amuse by Prayer,

Made against Kingly Rule and Spiritual Power,

Whilst *Cromwell* would with *Ireton* Counsels joyn,

That fitter was to further their design.

Yet, tho' some days fac'd *Oxford*, little more

Their Army did then was perform'd before.

Now had the Sun, within the Western Main,

Some hours his Steeds refresh'd, as Poets fain.

When the Moon's Orb with Stars, Nights twinkling

Arose to comfort Earth with Beams from Skies.

A season that designing Man fits best,

Whilst others would Indulge their harmless rest.

When *Fairfax* had strict Guards near *Oxford* set,

That passers thence and spies might Intercept,

Of which some had detain'd a single man,

Who from that City hastily mov'd then :

Like Cassock'd Schollar Grave his Robe appear'd,
 And no less Reverend seem'd his face and beard;
 For Priest they took him, which enough that time,
 If but for Function sake, was deem'd a Crime.
 And searching of him found a written pass,
 By the Queens Royal hand inscribed was.
 Death in worst shape they unto him declare,
 Thinking, for Popish Fighters, he made Prayer,
 Or with the Armed Crosier Joyn'd of late,
 Whose Valour boldly did their force defeat.
 Smiling he heard their threats, and told that he
 Would *Cromwell*, if brought to him, satisfy.
 To whom conducted, *Cromwell* took no care
 Further a while t'inspect the man's affair:
 Or thought to hang him without more ado,
 Since that he was a Priest he judg'd true.
 Till he maturer some concerns did weigh,
 That possibly this Man could soon betray,
 Either as Fear of death or torture might
 His Soul unto discovery affright.

And

And taking him apart, the man he found,
 To be *Sydesmond*, to his purpose found :
 Who holding of his false beard in his hand,
 Like part on stage that undisguis'd does stand,
 Fawning Address he thus to *Cromwell* makes :
 See Famous Chief what pains *Sydesmond* takes,
 That dangerously his person does Commit
 To diverse perills whilst Employ'd his wit,
 For your Assistance, and the Cause you serve,
 What'ere of King and Queen such deeds deserve.
 Kind Lady, she her pass-port me allow'd,
 That none might me Impede when I remov'd
 Where Royall powers Command, in hope that I,
 As promis'd 'twas, would 'gainst yours prove a spy.
 I took the pass that you might better see
 The Confidence these Sovereigns have in me.
 Whilst I do now my utmost Care Employ
 That they may *Oxford's* rule small time Injoy
 And how Triumphantly your Army may
 This Teeming Eagle and her young ones Slay.

Observe

Observe this persons Name I here present,
 Whom I corrupted have to my Intent.
 And shall to you betray an *Oxford*-port,
 By which the Town you'l gain by small effort.
 But first I must make good the Promis'd Coyn
 That is assur'd him upon word of mine.
 Not doubted by the Houses that for gain
 Unto their Cause, I such Intrigues maintain.
Cromwell embrac'd the Motion, and profess
Sydesmond was most dear unto his Breast :
 And should Advantages to come receive,
 By which his favour richly he'd perceive,
 Since he endeavour'd so their power to ayd,
 As Martiall prospects would be surer made.
 And who'd not in a Per'lous Journey Try
 The shortest way, if more Secure thereby.
 Here take this Gold, and let the Care be thine,
 In proper time, to perfect this Design.
 The Coyn *Sydesmond* takes, and when alone
 Laugh'd well to think how smooth his cheat had gone.

And

And that by his device he could Cajoal,
 The subtile *Cromwell's* disbelciving Soul.
 Since neither Hell nor he did know the man
 That would give up a Port in *Oxford* then.
 And was a fiction for his ends devis'd,
 And by his craft might be enough disguis'd;
 As things at *Oxford* chang'd, or aid arriv'd,
 E're this design, if true, could be contriv'd,
 And hasting his return unto the Queen,
 'Twas sure he told her not with whom he'd been,
 Who by a tale well feign'd another way,
 Expected from her bounty thanks and pay.
 The Senat's Army that before this Town
 Some days had staid and nothing Signal done:
 Drew off, referring unto future Hour
 What might be there effected by their Power:
 Either as Force or Powerfull Gold should aid
 Designs, that might in time be surer laid.
 Having from best Intelligence now heard,
 That the King did his Northern March retard.

And

And after *Leicester* by Storm bravely won,
 Design'd to guide his Army t'wards this Town.
 Least in his absence *Oxford* straiten'd were ;
 And siege, or Storm make his Foes Victors there.
Fairfax who had with resolute *Cromwell* thought,
 Time long e're they the Royal Army fought :
 Their numbers great, and full compos'd of Men
 That 'gainst the King were fiercest fighters then :
 Resolv'd with all convenient hast to find
 Some fit Campaign where Battle might be joyn'd.
Oxford thus freed, and Supernumeraries there
 Which well the Town could in that juncture spare :
 The Prudent Queen and Council did detach
 Troops thence of Cavaldry strictly charg'd to March
 Unto their Sovereigns Camp the nearest way,
 And boldly aid him on next Battles day.
 With these *Flavira*, full resolv'd that fame
 Should to her Martial deeds give lasting name,
 Like some young *Hero* rides a Voluntier,
 To meet in far Campaign's severest War.

Diana's Form, when brightest Arm'd in Field,
 Could ne're such chaff and sprightly lusters yield,
 As did her comely Beams and Warlike Grace;
 Enfoul'd by *Mars*, tho' *Venus* was her Face.
 And Journeying thus till Night for rest did call,
 The worst bed sometimes to her Lot did fall.
 Yet with no Niceness, Beauties refin'd Care,
 She did that way her persons hardship spare.
 Nor doubts my Muse that such shift then she made,
 Tho' seeming Man, that none were with her Lay'd.
 Whose Last days march more admir'd then the rest,
 As accidents are by our verse express:
 Has such relation unto persons here,
 As will to wonder, speak their shame or fear.
 A Yeoman's wife, handsome, young and Gay,
 Black-eye'd, to boot, whence darts flew *Cupid's* way:
 Was Landlady when from these Troops did come,
 Commanders to her house for quarter-Room.
 'Mongst whom *Flavira* did arrive unknown,
 And hop'd, within her walls, to ly alone.

The Beauteous housewife, as does story tell,
 Lov'd youthfull Soldiers Dalliance full well :
 And was especially 'tis thought that Night,
 Enamour'd of one there of goodly plight.
 Her Husband old and Jelous to dispair,
 Observ'd her looks abroad, at home, at prayer :
 And if her eye betray'd a wanton Rowl,
 It deeply frighted his Suspicious Soul.
 But she found means to keep his humour low,
 Lest his words should her Amorous Genius show ;
 Saying that man does worst himself Cornute,
 That from suspicion would discourse promote :
 And how their Gentile quarterers might Complain,
 If she to wellcome them, should Smiles restrain.
 For which some Testy husbands in that time
 Plunder'd had been to punish their harsh Crime.
 This Motive most the Covetous man Cajol'd,
 Who above all things fear'd to lose his Gold.
 At Supper pleas'd they stoutly fed and quaff'd,
 And with the Beauteous house-dame talk'd and Laugh'd :

And

And as amongst Chiefs here Brave healths went round.
 Their Trumpets did a chearfull musick sound.
 When fair *Flavira*, as in Course arriv'd
 The Cup to her, had some excuse contriv'd :
 Or that it would not with her health conspire
 To drink beyond what nature did require.
 Untill a Health, to famous *Lyle* begun,
 To her was offer'd as it pass'd along :
 Who blushing could not chuse but kindly sip
 The Liquor as this Health requir'd her lip.
 Which some observ'd, who little did suspect
 That love did, in her Visage, blush effect ;
 And thought it caus'd from want of use and Meen,
 That this supposed youth was bashfull seen,
 As he to War 'mongst jolly *Hero's* came,
 And did by modest looks their Licence blame.
 Some question'd if in Beauteous Man there were
 Form that with her smooth figure might compare :
 Or singly wish'd that their chance so should light,
 As they, in Bed, might solve their doubt that night.

Supper

Supper well past, and time of rest being come,
 The better sort had Beds within that home:
 But so far straighten'd, as the most of those
 Did there with Bedfellows accept repose.
 Unto *Flavira's* lot a sole Bed fell,
 Because pretending that she was not well.
 Or was hers by the House-dam's special Grace,
 Who ready was t'oblige a Comely face.
 A transom Lattise did divide that Room,
 Where to another Bed one was to come,
 That had been to the gay House-Mistress known,
 And for her sake was not to lye alone.
 Her Husband next she carefully dispos'd
 To watch his house, lest if in bed repos'd,
 Some Camp retainers to these Persons might
 Imbezzell from the House his goods that night.
 Her Husband thus imploy'd, the Gayfull Dame
 To the appointed Bed and Lover came.
 But e're they fitted were for full Embrace:
 Her Jelous Husband, by a stealing pace,

Himself

Himself by Moon-light to the Room convey'd,
 And on *Flavira's* bed along he laid :
 Which well he knew might one Man lodging spare,
 And was convenient for his eye and ear.
 So zealous is Mans jealousy to find
 Facts that when known do most afflict the mind.
 The Virgin wak'd, and feared 'twas some Man,
 By drink made ruleless, that disturb'd her then.
 And as she was resolving soon to rise,
 His gentle whisper he to her applies,
 Desiring she'd a while her self contain
 Within her Bed, and quiet there remain :
 If she, at his request, would prove so kind
 To him that sadly grieved was in mind.
 These words she heard—
 But could not their intended sense define,
 Or what he lying by her might design :
 Till Judging that he did her Sex mistake,
 She seem'd to rest and to him nothing spake.
 Whilst ear he closely to the Lattise laid,
 And heard the Jog's within his Wifes bed made :

At which he sigh'd, but sigh'd with greater pain

As he lov's motion heard renew'd again.

Flavina wondering why the man thus griev'd,

And judging he might be by help reliev'd :

Naked, unto her smock, from bed she rose,

Intending to put on her Manly Cloaths.

When from the Amorous Wife the Gallant came,

And clasp'd her round with a surprizing flame.

The Virgin soon for her defence prepar'd,

As thus he, in his shirt, to her appear'd.

When he by earnest words did much desire

That she would now unto her bed retire ;

And not, whate're she guess'd, the fact disclose

That had that time disturb'd her soft repose.

His last request she grants, and smil'd in thought

At the adventures which that night had brought.

And next her habit for her March put on,

That she from this bad quarter might be gone.

How afterwards did Man and Wife agree,

My Muse thinks no concern to her, or me.

Tho'

Tho' she deplores the vices of that time,
 Too pronely then the Royal Parties crime.
 Strong in Recruits and Valiant force the King
 His Army did to fatal *Naseby* bring.
 Not dismaller was *Romes Theffalian* fate,
 When *Pompey* there o'rethrown and *Roman* State,
 Then the Effusion here of Loyal blood,
 By wicked Arms that King and Laws withstood.
 The Mornings * Queen soon clouded did appear,
 And seem'd her mournfull Purple Robe to wear ;
 As she did her sad Throne Ascend that day,
 And saw the hapless King his Powers array.
 When *Fairfax* 'gainst him did Embattell'd stand,
 That Fortune might be won by armed hand :
 Who with his Chiefs accustom'd to success,
 Thought Stars their Rebell Swords did therefore bless :
 When but permitted for a scourge, to Crimes,
 That were their Nations in those horrid times.
 Now Heavens Omnipotent Pencil did in Skies
 Delineate marvells to observing eyes ;

* Call'd Aurora by Poetical denomination.

By Figures, that to wonder did declare
 The just, and unjust Cause, of this vilde War :
 If, on Fames word, my Muse here aptly may
 Such Prodigies to future age convey.
 Three Mighty Shapes above did then appear,
 Vaster in Form then Constellations there :
 Whose Characters perspicuously were read,
 By large Inscriptions plac'd o're every Head :
 The First of these did Piety renown,
 Beauteous her Face, and wore a Diamond Crown :
 White was her Robe, yet brighter far then Rays
 Of *Phabus* when he finest them conveys.
 To Sov'reignty, which next to her did stand,
 She gave a Scepter from her holy hand :
 His Vesture such as on a Solemn day,
 Our Kingly Power and Majesty display.
 Tho' all the purfled Stars that it adorn'd,
 For earthly Glory, dark on sudden turn'd.
 Yet still his figure Royally look'd great,
 Like to King *Charles* when most distress'd by Fate.

To wonder next State Order was beheld,
 Or such as under Sceptred Rule excell'd:
 Where Myter'd Dignity, by Sovereign Grace,
 Before all Civill has an honour'd place.
 And where in sev'rall Magnitudes appear
 Degrees of Nobles in the Royal Sphere.
 The short Rob'd next, who from the studied Law,
 Judiciall Reverence to their Science draw ;
 On Seats of Judgments gravely seem'd to sit,
 And aid the Publick by their learned wit.
 Close unto these were seen the ruling Gown,
 And order of th' Incorporated Town ;
 Where Royal Charters, God-like do Create
 The body Politiques Eternal State.
 Nor did best Science, or Mans usefull Art,
 Want in this Vision their becoming part.
 Or how from Kingly Rule their values rise,
 By honour given to Humane Industries.
 Oppos'd to Piety fierce discord stood,
 Her Monstrous figure cloath'd in Robes of bloud :

And seem'd to feed on Serpents as they hung
 Upon her Sanguine Person all along.
 Her hands did round th' *Horizon* Libells Throw,
 Worst feeds of ill when e're in States they grow.
 Furious her Eyes, and had a Throat so wide
 As some thought Churches down it then did slide.
 To Aid her, proud Rebellion claim'd a part,
 Demure in looks and Speech, but base in heart :
 Various as Popular Sense, her Person dress'd,
 And thus she lyes to Vulgar ears Express :
 Sister to fame, Fame did her now allow,
 And gave this *Gyantes* a Trumpet too.
 A Crown she wore and on it stood upright
 A Sword, whose point seem'd to touch Skies to fight :
 Near to her side wild Anarchy did stand,
 The confus'd guide of worst disposed Man :
 Heads from her head and body seem'd to grow,
 (throw.
 Whilst her vast hands 'mongst Crouds did firebrands
 No humane measure could her compass take,
 For she was of the Devills Legion-make.

These

These Visions if to Allegory joyn'd,
 All without help of Verse their sense must find;
 Wherefore a while we'll leave 'em in the Air,
 And this fierce Battels deeds in brief declare.
 For challenge both sides fir'd their loudest Gun,
 E're here that early morning-fight begun;
 When soon their bodies fiercely did engage,
 That blood might quench their hearts inflamed rage.
 Brave *Rupert* first the Foes Right wing does meet,
 And gave their daring Troups a quick defeat:
 Pursu'd, and kill'd beyond their Armies Rear,
 Which Victor like he boldly Summons there.
 But no return from them he could receive,
 Other then what their Cannon-mouths did give.
 Fully resolv'd, in spite of this bad cast,
 That Fortune's Nick would win for them at last.
 This valiant Prince, who in Wars daring Toyls
 Had to his Perill oft led foremost Files:
 Was destin'd more by onset to attain,
 Then his succeeding Conduct could retain.

Which sad disaster had been his before
 At *Edge-Hill* Fight, but worse at *Marston-Moor*.
 And now had by attack dispers'd the Force
 Of Zealous *Ireton's* Phanatick Horse.
 And him his Captive did a while retain,
 Till from his fierce pursuit return'd again,
 He met with foes that forc'd him to resign
 The taken *Ireton*, and the field decline.
 But e're verse does such accidents display,
 That gave a period to this Fatal day:
 My Muse reserves, for *Lyles* especial Grace
 And fair *Flavira's* deeds, a signal place.
 Whilst other valours, to contract our story,
 Are left unto more large Records of Glory.
 This Gallant Virgin from Loves power had chose
 A Warlike Room where Ranks did nearest close
 To a Batallion then Brave *Lyles's* Command,
 And fought to aid him with an armed hand:
 Whilst as she saw the perills of that Field,
 His dangers there she most concern'd beheld:

And

And when in doubt lest he might want her aid,
 Her Soul, that else could not, was then afraid ;
 So bravely did her mind Loves fear Imploy,
 Till she, to assist him, did Foes destroy.
 And as she now had his distress perceiv'd,
 In Tears she fought and kill'd till him reliev'd.
 Whose valiant person having fallen to Ground,
 Enforc'd by weight of Blows and bleeding wound :
 She leaping off her Steed did him embrace,
 And being not known, perhaps then kiss'd his face ;
 Helping him soon unto his horse to rise,
 And guided next his way from Enemies.
 Heroick *Lyle* whom grief did Indispose
 Far more then toyls of War and hurts from foes :
 As then he weigh'd disasters of his King,
 And consequence which that days loss might bring.
 A Soldiers thanks to her he gave in brief,
 Conceiving her to have been some youthfull Chief
 That him reliev'd, and thus they Gallop'd on
 Till he lost her among the flying throng.

When

When furious *Cromwell* had dispers'd this Wing,
 As he with bloody Swords approach'd the King :
 And stout Commanders had and Soldiers kill'd,
 That Furrows there with Sanguine streams were fill'd.
 When the Magnanimous Sovereign this beheld,
 And saw his powers by Subjects force compell'd,
 As Irrecoverable did appear the day ;
 Yet he as Chief, and Soldier did assay
 His Men to rally, and with chearfull look
 Encourag'd them to stand the utmost shock.
 But how could Majesty or duty win
 Persons to fight when fear enforc'd their Sin.
 Who now, instead of stop, so rudely run
 As the King's forc'd to fly amongst their throng.
 So Boystrous waves an approv'd Ship convey,
 Against the Pilots will, to remote Sea.
 The Royal General thus compell'd to flight
 By those, tho' led by him, that would not fight :
 With such becoming Grandeur bore that fate,
 As suited Majesties afflicted State :

Or Prince, that of best Fortune ne're was Proud,
 And would not by adverse in Soul be bow'd.
 The wondrous figures that Spectators stood
 In Sky, (as here display'd a Scene of bloud)
 And Order shew'd and Grandeur of his state,
 Now Trembled to behold this Battels fate ;
 And after him, like Storms in Clouds, did fly,
 Untill obscur'd, to fight, below the Sky.
 But Piety, Heavens Influence on his heart,
 That in extremes was his conspicuous part ;
 Above, as here describ'd, attends his flight,
 By his Soul seen, tho' not by other sight.
 Whilst Discord, Rebellion, Anarchy, that then
 Was hov'ring o're the Houses fighting Men,
 Did with their Iron-hands such Clappings make,
 As seem'd the Fabrick of the Heavens to shake.
 The Royal Infantry of aid bereft,
 As the Kings Cavaldry the Field had left :
 (Which Fate in mighty Battels does foreshow
 The valiant Foots ensuing overthrow)

Endeavour'd

Endeavour'd now by valour to repair
 The loss, howe're of Fortune they despair :
 As boldly they their Ensigns wav'd on high,
 And closing of their Files did foes defy.
 Brave * *Lindsey, Ashly, Russell*, led their Ranks,
 And, tho' they wounded were, both Fronts and Flanks
 Had by their valiant Conduct long maintain'd,
 With other Chiefs that with them Glory gain'd.
 Stoutly they here their Enemies compell'd,
 And had, oft charg'd, their flying backs beheld.
 Till *Fairfax* led against 'em Horse and Foot,
 Whose Number more then Valour caus'd their Rout.
 Too tedious 'twere all actions here to tell,
 Or what by wounds or death the Brave befell :
 Nor shall my Muse by Catalogue convey
 The Names or Sum of Captive men that day :

* The Earl of Lindsey, Lord Ashly, Noble Collonel Russell, all then Eminent Commanders under King Charles the First,

Let volum'd stories such particulars treat,
 Whilst her * *Compendium* does enough relate ;
 That all the brave, by Heavens permissive doom,
 On the Crowns side at *Naseby* were o'recome.
 Of whom some Thousands hence were Pris'ners sent,
 And for the Houses Triumph after went
 Like Slavish Captives thorough *London's* Street,
 When foes durst there rejoyce their Kings defeat.
 Tho' this to *Fairfax* Honour may be said,
 Howe're bad Cause, for Crime, to him is laid ;
 That to the Conquer'd he was ne're unkind,
 But Gentle, as became Heroick Mind :
 If not so modest that to them his Mene
 Was liker one subdu'd, then Victor seen.
 And had not wicked Men his Soul abus'd
 By Counsells which they speciously insus'd :

* A Method in all the Martial parts of this Poem chiefly observ'd,
 to avoid a prolix mention of Proper Names, the Clogs of
 Poetry, and are more properly enumerated by Historical
 relations.

From his Compliance no such Ills had been,
 That did Inhance his Armys bloody Sin.
 Yet here, from verse, to give their valour praise,
 With the *Encomiums Naseby's*-field does raise:
 As became English blood their persons fought,
 And marks of prowess, to their fame, thence brought.
 Of whom the daring * *Skippon* did appear
 Highly renown'd for his Atchievements there:
 Who would not, tho' much wounded, leave the field,
 But fought till all, to give off fight, did yield.
 So bravely wicked were some in that time,
 Whose fortitude was deprav'd by their Crime;
 Or not so happy from their Souls to know,
 How great a Sin was to their valour due.
 This Field thus lost th' unhappy King no more
 Display'd his Standards as he'd done before:

* He was Major-General to the Parliament Army, as is mention'd before in this Poem, and he was no less a knowing Commander, then valiant in Person.

Or with joy heard Drums beat or Trumpets sound,
 As dayly he his forces weaker found :
 O'repower'd by Foes and routed every where,
 Untill to aid him longer they despair.
 When some to Forreign Countries took their flight,
 Hoping, in future time, for him to fight.
 With these *Flavira* did unknown retire,
 If truth does rightly here with Verfe conspire.
 Where we shall leave her unto after day,
 When of this *Heroine's* worth we more shall say.
 Thus swiftly had the Royall Cause declin'd,
 The Field first lost, and Garrisons next resign'd,
 As them th' Enemy pleased to Command,
 Or March'd to Force 'em by an Armed hand.
 Whilst full distress'd the best of Kings could gain,
 No loofers Peace, which Subjects now disdain :
 As they at *Westminster* did Voters sit,
 And thought all Kingly Rule below their Wit.
 Neglected thus he *Oxford* left at last,
 And unto *Scots* Besieging *Newark* past :

When

When Noble * *Bellace* bravely did oppose
 Attempts of *English* and worst *Scottish* Foes.
 Untill his Sov'reign out of Prudence thought,
 'Twas fit *Scots* there should not be longer fought,
 But have the Town surrender'd to their force,
 As for Crimes past they seem'd to own remorse :
 And promis'd to allay the Houses heat,
 That their King might with them the gentler treat.
 To which effect the *Scots* did, for a space,
 Speciously give their deeds some Loyall face.
 As they to th' Houses applications made:
 And in dispute, on both sides, sharp things said;
 That words did seeming difference promote,
 Till money came to give the casting Vote :
 For which the *Scots* soon sold their Gracious King ;
 Whom Guarded back, the Houses Power did bring :
 And him to *Holmby* Pallace next remov'd,
 And kept by *Presbyterians* they approv'd.

* A Noble accomplish'd Person, now living, who Gallantly defended that Town against all Opposers.

But this their sawcy Army did resent,
 And * *Joyce* an Independant Cornet sent
 With fifteen hundred horse to sieze from thence
 The Royal Person by high Impudence.
 Thus to this Army was the King convey'd,
 And march'd their Prisoner till a Plot they laid:
 That turn'd him over to the *Isle of Whight*,
 Where Cursed *Hammond* with a Jaylors spight
 His King Imprison'd, in the highest Sense
 Of Subject turn'd to Traytors impudence.
 And thus restrain'd he liv'd above a year
 Under vild Guard in *Carisbrook Castle* there.
 Debarr'd from all best comforts his had been,
 Since hopeles then e're more to see his Queen :
 Or Royall Children whom Heaven did Enfoul
 For highest Glory of Monarchial Rule.
 When nothing for his solace here remain'd,
 But what his Piety from above obtain'd.

* Said to have been a Taylor by Profession;

The NINTH BOOK.

The Argument.

*In England, Wales, and Scotland Subjects rise,
To free their King from wil'd Imprisonment :
The Houses force dispose these to subdue.
Till when on Loves account the Poet spares
Verse, by which Rosaline retir'd is found,
And Old Hermanders character describ'd.
Flavira's Gallantry and Fate express'd.
Fam'd Colchester surrender'd, and the deeds
Of Lyle and Lucas with their ends declar'd.*

WHEN Impious Men by Series of Bad Deeds
Do one Compleat that all the rest exceeds :
What Satyr can the horrid fact explain,
Or spread it's Mediums by their broadest stain.
Thus Gradually appear'd the wicked Course,
Both of the Houses and their armed Force :
The Last of which compell'd 'em to obey,
And vote for Militants the vildest way.

As

As Joyntly they their King a pris'ner made,
 And all possess'd of his they could Invade.
 To subdue next his Mighty Soul they strove,
 Whilst outward Comforts they from him remove;
 Not suffering Friends, or spirituall men to pray
 With him, 'gainst bloody ends, a Christian way.
 And when their Hellish spite this deed had done,
 They Fear'd his Contemplations most alone :
 Lest his Majestique Thoughts, and heavenly wit,
 Should in his words to Tax their Crimes be writ.
 On which account, they Pen and Ink deny,
 Tho' to the Sacred hand of Majesty.
 Whilst thus their Evill deeds their King afflict,
 Heaven would by outward wonders them Convict :
 As by his holy Touch the Lame and Blind,
 Their * Cures from him Miracalously finde.
 Tho', like the world's Redeemer, he was then
 Rejected by the Crowds of faithless Men.

* That the King by his touch did cure some persons that were
 brought to him, being Infirm, as above-mention'd, during his
 Imprisonment in the Isle of Wight, was credibly Reported.

Whilest some admir'd that in his Zodiacks line
 The Sun could uneclips'd at that time Shine ;
 When Royall Beams, far more divinely great,
 Obstructed were by Interposing Fate.
 Tho' virtually no Closure could withstand
 The Kingly Influence which he did expand
 Throughout his Nations, howe're Captive he
 Was made by guilt of arm'd Impiety.
 When many their Kings suff'rings did deplore ;
 And some, who'ad been his Enemies before,
 Renounc'd the Houses Cause, and next contriv'd
 That by Fresh power their Prince should be releiv'd.
 Howe're, 'gainst prevalent Foes, the Outward Face
 Of war was Intermitted then a space.
 Tho' Loyall hearts disdain'd Pacifick hours,
 As their King liv'd restrain'd by wicked powers.
 Whilest some from Noble sorrow dy'd for Greife,
 Because despair'd their Sovereigns Just releife.
 Others unto their homes, in hope retir'd,
 As with their Freinds they Loyally conspir'd

To arm again the most Heroique way,
 And by a Second war Opposers slay.
 Thus had affairs some Monthly periods stood,
 And no Campaign fresh stain'd with English blood.
 An Intervall in which verse does design
 To find out the retired *Rosaline*,
 Whom *Lucas* Love and valour Nobly free'd
 From the Intended Rape which was decree'd
 By Fierce *Kanbralder*, whom he bravely kill'd,
 And to her wish releiv'd her from that field.
 Who by her womans help found the abode,
 Of old *Hermander*, Standing far from Road :
 And to the Chase of *Whittlewood* adjoyn'd,
 Where he to quiet life himself Confin'd.
 Whose age compar'd, 'twas hard to finde a Tree,
 Within those shades, that older was than He.
 His abstinence prolong'd his wondrous years,
 Which harden'd were by his austerities.
 Oft Fasts he kept condoling wicked Life,
 And bloody deeds, that time of Impious strife :

And to Chastise his body allways Lay
 Twixt hair-cloath Sheets, yet slept enough that way.
 Gen'rous by birth, and was by Bloud ally'd,
 As from our Muse his Mentions verify'd,
 Unto th' Attendant of fair *Rosaline*,
 Whose Care her Lady thither did design :
 Comely his Face, as smooth there white and red,
 As when a youthfull Prime his visage had :
 His hair nor Beard by age chang'd as they hung
 In locks that Curl'd unto his Bosome Long.
 Clear seem'd his eyes, yet could no sight retain,
 But when by wonder he did that obtain :
 At other times no glimps he saw of Light,
 Or object usuall unto humane sight.
 Yet could in shaded paths, to him long known,
 Near to his dwelling steadfast walk alone.
 Tall and erect his figure did appear,
 As he a comely Robe of Green did wear.
 With him had long a faithfull Servant liv'd,
 Who tho' both dumb and deaf the words perceiv'd

His

His Master utter'd, by whose Lips he knew,
 If Speech-like moving, what he would bid him do.
 When first his kinswoman had with him spoke,
 And told why thither she had undertook
 To guide her Beauteous Lady, to whose fame
 Virtue and Love did Merit Joyntly claim.
 Unto fair *Rosaline* he bowed Low,
 And his full wellcome did on her bestow :
 Telling how he oblig'd was to that day,
 By womans beauty the Refinest way.
 Tho' now no Leave unto his eyes was given
 To view her Feature, till the act of Heaven
 Should from those Orbs obscurity remove,
 And manifest to her his wondrous Love.
 Which in due time he doubted not to show,
 That his esteem of her she thence might know.
 Much she admir'd at what this person said,
 And why to her he had address thus made :
 And more because by age depriv'd of sight,
 He talk'd of seeing Beauty with delight.

But Judg'd 'twas best, however pass'd in Minde,
 From Time the meaning of his speech to finde.
 Wherefore beyond thanks, an obliging way,
 For her reception, little she did say :
 And thus a while without his house they talk'd,
 Till handing of her kindly In they walk'd.
 Pleasant and Clean his dwelling tho' but small,
 And rooms enough contain'd to serve 'em all.
 Of which he One appropriated with Care,
 For pious use, and call'd his place of Prayer.
 A decent Altar on that Surface stood,
 Rais'd by his hands, and bless'd by him the wood.
 To this place first he guides his beauteous guest,
 And kneeling with her there some prayers address.
 Which done, to an apartment her he Led,
 That Neat was and contain'd a Handsome Bed.
 A Room within it where her woman might
 Lodge, and be near her Ladies call at night :
 Telling fair *Rosaline*, that he had Chose
 That Bed to give her person soft repose :

In which an admir'd beauty once did rest,
 And at that word he three times Crost his Brest ;
 Adding that he, for her sake, hop'd to find
 The Soul of *Rosaline* unto his kinde.
 These words unto the virgin seem'd yet more
 Mysterious, then some spoke by him before.
 Wherefore she blushing ask'd him to dispense
 His meaning, and unriddle so his Sense.
 To which he answer'd, that as yet no power
 He had, that could presage the hower ;
 On which account the explanation must
 Be left to time, which might the deed Adjust :
 Wherefore he then no more to her exprest,
 And after Supper, brought her to her rest.
 Fully contented *Rosaline* was here ;
 Who quiet valu'd above Costly Fare.
 Tho' sometimes to make delicate her Food
 His Servant caught choice birds in field and wood.
 Thus had this Virgin past some Months away,
 Yet still did longer here desire to stay :

A place remote, and whither none did come,
 The Master Blind and Servant deaf and dumb.
 And where unknown she might best thoughts enjoy,
 Not hearing when fierce War would more destroy.
 Betimes her Bed devoutly she forsook,
 And next of Natures Mirrour prospect took :
 More pleas'd then in her Morning glass to view
 Reflections, which could there her beauty shew.
 The early Lark she oft observ'd on high,
 As mounting he Sung Carrolls to the Sky.
 And saw how other birds did next awake,
 And their Love-Songs in Joyfull Couples make.
 Happy she thought these birds, that could appear,
 So like Immortalls, in an earthly sphere :
 Resembling as they Sing and as they Love,
 The Joys, by Blessed Souls, perceiv'd above.
 But when she saw the furious Hawk affright
 These from their us'd abode and Lovers sight;
 And that in Air, as well as earth, liv'd Foes
 That could disturb the Mated hearts repose:

She

She Judg'd It might with her distress compare,
 And what, for *Lucas* sake, oblig'd her Fear.
 Yet, this war ceas'd, she saw some birds could meet,
 And for past dangers Chaunt their Lovers Treat.
 May Heaven she wish'd such Blifs for her ordain,
 And unto him she'd sing when met again.
 Thus severall days she pass'd, till one did more
 Amuse her Soul then all spent there before.
 Which time *Hermander* met her in a Grove,
 And unto her again discours'd of Love :
 Letting her know that she had understood
 From him, in part, what now he should make good.
 If with him there a space she would remain,
 Till his Love's Secret might it self explain.
 Much did the virgin his address resent,
 Doubting if modest were the Love he meant :
 Since she had heard of men tho' old and blind,
 That had warm appetites for woman-kind :
 And as she view'd his smooth and Ruddy Look,
 Her virtue then afresh allur'd took :

And

And thus concern'd she moving was away,
 Till on his knees He begg'd her longer stay :
 Which spoken, soon by them was heard around
 A Harmony beyond Lute's choicest Sound,
 And such as heaven might give to humane ear,
 If blest with musick of the moving sphear :
 When of the finest Substance of the sky,
 An Airy form descended to their eye;
 That first, *Chimera*-Like, appear'd to fight,
 Yet did, tho' Shapeless seen, their view delight.
 It's various Beams did most refin'd convey
 The Diamond, Ruby, and the Emeralds ray :
 Till by degrees contracted was it's space,
 And chang'd to womans comely shape and Face.
 Her vest of Azure-Colour, like the morn,
 When Brightest Eastearn Streaks her sphere adorn :
 Her amber-locks, unto her Bosome long,
 In shining Curls to admiration hung ;
 And dallying with the air did seem to play,
 Like finest Gossamours in Summers day :

And

And as they mov'd was seen the Ivory white
 That in her neck's soft form display'd to sight,
 Whose presence did, by miracle, Restore
 Sight to *Hermanders* eyes, tho' blind before.
 Such wondrous Intervalls to him was given,
 On Love's account, by the sole Act of Heaven.
 Him she beheld, towards her his eyes did move
 Kind as when they, time past, assured Love.
 Tho' something more did her soft Beams imply,
 Then Languishments of Love in Beauteous eye.
 And sometimes blush'd, and sometimes smil'd a space,
 Whose Blush her smiles, whose smiles her blush did grace:
 More Gay then such on virgin Cheeks are shed
 On the first night within th'espous'd bed.
 To kiss her Rosy Lips he did assay,
 As bashfully she seem'd to yield him way:
 But when he thought t'arrive unto that bliss,
 He could not feel the Lip he thought to kiss.
 Which she excus'd, and said no sense could finde
 The Method by which she to him was kinde.

A Secret that hereafter he'd perceive,
 When Heaven his Soul Eternity should give.
 To *Rosaline*, who had devoutly kneel'd
 Since miracle, she Judg'd, this sight reveal'd,
 She kindly spoke, and bid her understand
 That she would Commune with her hand in hand :
 And thus a while this vision with her walk'd,
 And of refined Souls divinely talk'd ;
 Assuring her that Love could only be
 In Heaven possess'd by full felicity :
 Which she found there because her youth Incln'd
 T'affect *Hermander* with no earthly mind.
 And promis'd had, If she that Grace could Merit,
 To visit him, as thus beheld in Spirit :
 A Miracle he had perceiv'd before,
 When Heaven to see her did his sight restore;
 And from above had leave now to appear,
 As by *Hermander* was desir'd by prayer,
 That she might unto her Sublimly tell,
 Whose Grace and Beauties mortalls much excell,

How she hop'd soon to meet her form above,
 Where no Fate could be Enemy to Love.
 But *Rosaline*, who'ad of Prognosticks heard,
 By holy Spirits said to'ave been declar'd,
 Doubting lest words by this bright vision spoke,
 Were Ominous to her Loves mortall hope :
 Whose tender Soul, not willing to allay
 The wishes which she plac'd on future day ;
 When she might *Lucas* see from dangers free'd,
 And to her Bosom peaceably decreed ;
 Desirous was some such preface to hear :
 When soon this Beauteous form dispers'd to Air.
 And as it did now wond'rously depart,
 Voices were heard that sung by Heavenly art :
 As such Stupendious accents then did sound,
 That in no Humane Speech were ever found.
 Which done *Hermander* Leads her back again
 And, this sight past, did after Blind remain.
 When *Rosaline* had these strange deeds admir'd,
 And of his wond'rous Love enough Inquir'd :

He kindly told—

That since she Leave did to her virtue give,

In his Society and home to Live :

The entertainment that he deem'd most great,

He had Implor'd as his divinest Treat :

Which in his Loves bright vision she perceiv'd,

And Heavenly Comfort had from thence receiv'd.

An object that, till then, no other eye

But his restor'd by wonder could espy :

Which Intervall so fill'd him with delight,

As he to see her only Car'd for sight :

Thus his discourse had of this Subject end.

At other times he his converse did Blend

With pleasant stories of his younger years,

And things most facile to divert her Cares.

Relating how his youth in war had been,

Where bold he fought yet no wound receiv'd then.

And wish'd that her renouned Lover might

Be so preserv'd when next engag'd in Fight.

But

But wishly told her, that tho' humane Minde
 To wellcome best events was most Inclind:
 Yet when no adverse-fate the Soul could ply,
 God-like appear'd it's then Security;
 And next, his prudence suitably advis'd
 Her Guardianes, near unto him ally'd:
 Whom he oblig'd, should Martiall tidings Come
 To her, by means unthought of to his home:
 No sad Intelligence or actions to declare,
 That might provoke her Ladies Grief or fear.
 Since after he had Fasting Spent a day,
 That with more Zeal he for his King might pray:
 By Dream he bloody Battles saw at night,
 And persons slain in cold Bloud after fight.
 Some shot to death, some Murder'd to disport
 Of Impious Men, and their Mock-Justice Court:
 Where, to his horror, he in Vision saw
 His King Condemn'd against Imperial Law.
 After which dream he little had desir'd
 To hear of War, or how bad men conspir'd.

Wherefore he did with caution her advise,
 Left *Rosaline* were griev'd with Novelties,
 That she'd no Cruel fights to her relate,
 Or what, to him she Lov'd, might bode ill fate.
 To which his prudent Kinswoman reply'd,
 How she her Circumspection had apply'd,
 That no bad Tidings might such passage find,
 As should afflict her Ladies tender Mind.
 Tho' in due time by promise she must tell
 Great *Lucas* where his *Rosaline* did dwell;
 Howe're remote her person might reside
 From hearing Novells that might worse betide.
 Thus they express'd—
 Whilst, as by dream, *Hermander* was foretold,
 His Nation Wars Irruptions did behold.
 As * *Hambleton* had Scottish powers prepar'd,
 And 'gainst the Houses forces had declar'd

* Duke Hambleton who before had been, for some Miscarriages of his or doubted Loyalty, Imprison'd by the King at Pendennis-Castle, and being after freed, march'd into England in the year 1648 and was taken, and beheaded soon after by the Impious High-Court of Justice, which wicked Tribunal had first Sentenced to death K. Charles the First.

Hostility, that the Imprison'd King,
 He might by Arms to Royal freedom bring.
 Brave *Langdals* Levies met him in the North,
 By Rifings Seconded which first brake forth
 In powerfull *Kent*, where *Goring*, *Capell* then,
 With *Lyle*, and *Lucas*, and renowned Men
 Were Num'rous form'd the Houses to resist,
 And by bold deeds the Royal Cause assist.
 These Voluntary Files of *Kentish* force,
 Led by reputed Chiefs of Foot and Horse;
 Besides the Insurrections then begun
 In *Wales*, to aid what in the *North* was done:
 Occasion gave the Houses to provide,
 That to fight these their Army should divide;
 Who *Fairfax* to make War in *Kent* Injoyn'd,
 Whilst *Cromwell* to march Northward was design'd.
 But first to reduce *Wales* they him Imploy'd,
 E're by his Conduct Scots must be destroy'd.
 At *Maidstone* *Kentish* valour did exceed
 Wonders, which Martial Men in stories read:

When long there *Fairfax* Army did Assail,
 Before his powers by Fighting could prevail.
 And if a foot of Ground they seem'd to win,
 With greater fury 'twas forc'd back again.
 The Women here their Heroine Leader fought,
 And under her, like *Amazons*, then fought.
 Not *Penthesilia*, to assist *Troy's* King,
 So fiercely did her Warlike Females bring,
 As these at *Maidstone*, for their Sovereign's Aid,
 To repell Foes by Valour had assay'd.
 Whose dauntless seed in Girls and Striplings young,
 To second them, 'gainst daring force, did throng.
 Who with sharp Stones, instead of shot, some kill'd,
 And streets, where late they suck'd, with Foes bloud ^{fill'd.}
 What eye could not have wept to've seen this fight,
 Where Children did for bleeding Mothers Fight:
 And the fair Virgin, and young Beauteous wife,
 Dy'd, to ayd Fathers, or the Husbands Strife.
 As here from Evening unto Midnight past,
 'Gainst Enemies, did bloody Combats last:

Thus

Thus bravely they had long this Town maintain'd,
 Till from both Sexes *Fairfax* it obtain'd :
 Glad that his Trophees might that Glory share,
 Since women, brave as Men, oppos'd him there.
 Soon many Valiant did from hence Retreat,
 That they to make War might in *Essex* meet.
 Where *Goring*, *Capell*, had with *Lucas* joyn'd,
 And *Levies*, which to aid them were design'd.
 Tho' much the loss at *Maidstone* did impair
 Th' Assistance they expected in this War.
 When many, dreading of the Houses Force,
 Declin'd to bring them promis'd Foot and Horse.
 That some held fit to take into Debate,
 Whether not Wifely then to separate.
 And more recruits not Venture to obtain,
 After their first attempts in *Kent* prov'd vain.
 But Gallant *Lucas*, in whose Soul was found
 Courage, that did in Wars Extreame abound :
 With some disdain such Counsells then did hear,
 That seem'd, tho' Wife, accompany'd with fear.

And with a Steady Confidence thus said,
 Let Rebels be of their vild Cause affraid,
 And Prompt their wicked Senate to Confess,
 That Civill War was Voted wickedness :
 E're Loyall Man to oppose them should cease,
 Or, to give up his Sword, oblig'd by Peace :
 Unless he would a Tame Spectator live,
 On Slavish Terms, which such Dictators give.
 Or Pitiously his Kings restraint bewail,
 And Nation ruin'd, and yet not arm'd assail
 The Foes of Both : Let rather Stories say
 That *Lucas*, 'gainst his Life, advis'd this day :
 Who is resolv'd, if but one Valiant File
 Of Militants shall company his Toyl ;
 The Royal Cause shall not deserted be,
 What e're his Stars unhappily decree.
 When *Goring*, *Capell*, and brave *Lyle* did hear
 This Martiall Speech with all their Armed there :
 Like Men whom *Mars*, to wonder, had inflam'd,
 Their full resolve to do brave deeds proclaim'd.

And

And next their Valiant Chiefs, to quicken hearts,
 Declar'd their hope of aid from Northern parts ;
 As *Hambleton* his March did thither guide,
 And promis'd had to aid the Royal side.
 In *Essex* many discontented were,
 And 'gainst the Voting Houses welcom'd War :
 After Imprison'd by their force the King,
 To whom for Peace they'd duly nothing bring.
 Incited thus, a hasty March they made,
 And *Colchester* well Strengthen'd with their aid :
 Resolv'd their Enemies there to withstand,
 And Conquer, when besieg'd, by Armed hand.
 Whose Garrison Numbers could not soon prepare
 Materialls for their bold subsistence there :
 No Granaries they, wanting Time, could fill,
 Or Magazins of shot that Foes should kill :
 Nor leisure had they Regular line to form,
 Whilst nobler Fortify'd to repulse Storm,
 On Courage they for their defence rely,
 Howe're assaulted by the Enemy.

When *Fairfax* soon his Army thither guides;
 Contriving, their distress, all ways besides.
 And in his first Attempt perceiv'd the Town
 To bravely Man'd, by onset to be won.
 Where *Goring*, *Capell*, *Lyle*, and *Lucas* were,
 And famous Chiefs, who to increase files there,
 Like Common Militants, for Glory's sake,
 Did ranks of Foot and Horse more Gallant make.
 Which *Fairfax* finding, by Wars safer mode,
 He timely straightens them with want of food.
 That Famine might force them to yield at last,
 Since no Hearts long can fight whose Mouths do Fast.
 Thus leaving him before this Leagur'd Town,
 My Muse a prospect takes of what was done
 By *Cromwells* Conduct, as he March'd through *Wales*,
 Where 'gainst the Valiant *Welsh* he soon prevails;
 And Gallant *Owen*, *Powell*, *Laughorn*, *Poyer*,
 With others fam'd, made Captive by his Power.
 Which being done, and full subdu'd that Clime:
 His furious Soul does next delay no time,

That

That he with Scottish *Hambleton* might meet,
 And him in Field by armed force defeat.
 At *Preston* soon these opposite Armies fought,
 Where this *Scotch* Duke receiv'd a Totall rout.
 Nor could brave *Langdail* with his Loyall Powers,
 Joyn'd with this Peer's, prevail by blood those hours :
 When adverse Fortune had inclin'd to bring
 Ruine on all, that by War serv'd their King.
 And more admir'd, because this battells day
 The odds of Number on the Kings side lay.
 As hapless had some Rifings been before,
 In *Surrey* made against the Houses Power :
 Which * *Holland* did, and Loyall Nobles Head,
 And with blood lost were swiftly vanquished.
 So ominously did Stars that time conspire ;
 As best Men were deprest, and bad rais'd higher.
 Thus Fatall War had Royalists undone.
 A Second Time, and every Strong hold won

* The Earl of Holland who as the Chief Commander Rose with
 the Duke of Buckingham his Brother the *Ld. Francis*, who was
 kill'd in that Action, and other Persons of Quality.

Thus

But *Colchester*, where unto highest Glory,
 The deeds of *Heroes* fix their Fame on Story ;
 Full forty days had they been distress'd there,
 By all the Miseries of Cruell War :
 Their numbers much impair'd by bloody Fights,
 And wasted by long hardships days and Nights.
 When *Fairfax* and his Mirmidons thought fit,
 That straits should force that City to submit :
 As Monster famine, whose hungry Hectic kills,
 And seems to eat, tho' her Gorge never fills,
 When her devourings Jaws and Bowells wast,
 And them compell to Pining deaths at last :
 Did by degrees her Ghastly Visage Spread
 In *Colchester*, where scarce was Meat or Bread :
 And could not long or healthfully sustain
 Valours, that nobly did that place maintain.
 To Forrage Fields they often foes assayl'd,
 And sustain'd lives as that way they prevail'd :
 When their bold Swords did food the Aged give,
 And Mothers, on whose breasts, did Infants live.

Some

Some Virgins wept in Fear what would betide
 The Men to whom their Souls had been ally'd.
 Whilst other Females, more Heroique hold,
 To aid their Lovers durst fierce weapons hold :
 And like *Virago's* with locks loosely spread
 On Naked breasts, and tuck'd up Vests did speed
 Their ready Courage to defend the Post,
 That then requir'd such fierce assistance most.
 Thus bravely had they Loyalty endear'd,
 And neither Enemies Swords nor famine fear'd:
 Resolv'd whilst they life's sinews could sustain,
 Tho' by course food, no Force the Town should gain.
Flavira now return'd from Forreign soyls,
 Where she experienc'd more her Martiall Toyls;
 And hearing of this City's sad estate,
 With what thence might unto her *Lyle* relate :
 By quickest means had gather'd Loyall force,
 Compos'd of Reliques of brove *Langdall's* Horse,
 Which joyn'd with others that dispers'd were,
 As *Holland* rose in *Surrey* to make War,

About

About an hundred Cavaliers in Sum,
 As from Fame's Lifts they to us Number'd come;
 Who deeming that she was some youthfull Chief
 Imploy'd to give the Royal Cause relief,
 Gladly did to her sprightly Conduct yield,
 As she to lead 'em had appear'd in Field:
 Discreetly cautious, as that time requir'd,
 When for Brave Deeds men secretly Conspir'd.
 Whilst want of Circumspection oft did bring
 Ruine to such as Rose to serve their King.
 Her Trusty Black-a-Moor Page to *Lysle* she sent,
 Letting him know by Letter her intent
 Was, with that Party, t'wards the Town she led,
 To aid him there or leave her person dead.
 And where the posted Enemy she'd charge,
 And by her Prowess march to him enlarge;
 Resolv'd that she, by days next Early break,
 Would this attempt with her best Conduct make.
 Obliging him, whate're might her befall,
 That he'd her Name and Sex conceal to all.

This

This Message highly did Fam'd *Lysse* surprize,
 Her danger weigh'd, and sad extremities
 The Town endur'd, which could not many hours,
 In all respects, withstand opposing powers.
 Yet much admir'd her Loyalty and Love,
 That would thus signally their worth approve :
 Tho' with a Lovers great and tender Mind,
 He wish'd no Perills to her Glory joyn'd.
 But judging that she would not now recede
 From Acting what this juncture she decreed,
 As honour and Affections brave Effort,
 Did to her Soul with Fames best pride resort :
 Soon he determin'd, when she should Invade
 Their Common Enemies, that he'd her valour aid.
 Imploring Stars her person to defend,
 And make her Victress, tho' his Life they end.
 By help of Night his Answer to her came,
 Her Page in passing having Swam a stream ;
 And now as soon as Mornings Blushing light
 Streak'd the Horison's Cheek ; to Furious Fight

The

The dauntless Virgin led her Party on,
 And from the daring Foes had passage won :
 As *Lyle* to aid her boldly then assail'd,
 And thus both Lovers equally prevail'd.
 When to their Camp their fierce opposers fled,
 And of their Numbers left some persons dead.
 Impow'r'd by Victory these Lovers met,
 What Martial Glory e're appear'd so great ;
 Their greeting such, as in some glorious Field
 One Armed Chief would to another yield :
 When to endear their Valours prosp'rous toy
 The heart rejoyceth as the Eye doth smile.
 Tho' Love 'tis sure did in their looks convey
 Some intermixtures of his kindest Ray.
 But how to serve her who such deeds had done
 For his Affection, and her Souls renown ;
 Not less his thought Imploy'd, then caus'd his grief,
 As hopeless he judg'd *Colchesters* relief :
 Where food was wanted to support the brave,
 Whose Valours did that place to wonder save :

Doubting

Doubting lest fair *Flavira* there might find
 Distress, which above all would grieve his mind.
 Howe're his Soul did signs of Comfort place
 Upon his looks, for joy to see her Face.
 Whose kindness with such Grandeur could appear,
 As she might least his straits or perill fear.
 And now, as they retir'd towards the Town,
 Discourfing of some deeds in War were done:
 The Enemy did force in Ambush lay,
 To Cut off them as they withdrew that way:
 Furious the Conflict was, as Love did Guide,
 And Noblest Valour Engaged on their side.
 When sometimes *Lyle* did fighting interpose
 'Twixt her and peals of shot, and Swords of Foes.
 Whilst she, his wond'rous Courage to requite,
 Her Person him defends by dang'rous Fight.
 Fame tells that she, by Combat then in Field,
 Had a Fifth-Monarch brawny Champion kill'd:
 And how an *Antinomian's* Head she lopt,
 That for a space upon Earths surface hopt.

Which

Which seen the Amazed Enemy retir'd,
 And at more distance his lowd Musquets fir'd.
 These Acts she did, and doubtless more had done,
 Had not a shot, too dismally was strong,
 Her Armour pierc'd and body by its force,
 That dying she was falling from her Horse;
 Till *Lyle*, full griev'd, had staid her on her Steed,
 At which her Soul reviv'd with so much speed,
 As her Arm closely did his neck embrace,
 And seem'd to kiss him with her dying face.
 Astonishment and sorrow fill'd his breast,
 More then by words and Tears could be express:
 In which sad posture back with her he mov'd,
 Her snow-white arm yet circ'ling him she lov'd.
 But as he stood oblig'd by her request,
 Resolv'd that unto none should be Confest
 Her Name and Sex: and next as Time gave leave,
 With Decency convey'd her to her Grave;
 Whate're account the future Age may gain
 Of this fam'd *Heroine* bury'd thus or slain.

So Fatally had Love a period here :
 When soon the worst extremities of War
 The Town endur'd, as want of foods support
 Enfeebl'd Nerves of Heroes and th'Effort
 Of bravest Militants, who now Lament
 That they can't longer keep Curst Famines Lent ;
 And that the hungry Housewife Nature should
 So meanly Humane Composition Mold ;
 As unfed Bowells might the Soul distress,
 Altho' Immortal, when for food they press.
 Thus had Complain'd the Valiant late and strong,
 Impair'd by Fights and Hunger suffer'd long :
 And saw their stoutest Soldiers Famish'd dye ;
 Or kill'd, near starv'd, when fought the Enemy.
 The Steed that had courageously before
 His Gallant Rider in fierce charges bore,
 Now fall'n in Crest and shrunk in Body stood
 Imploring, of his wanting Master, food.
 Who then instead of yielding him relief,
 Whose strength by routing Foes had sav'd his Life,

Ingratefull made by Famines rigid Force,
 Murders, to feed himself, his belov'd Horfe.
 Yet even this food too soon their Persons spend,
 That suff'ring did thus *Colchester* defend :
 When Carcasses of Steeds that tainted lay
 In Fields, where shot did them and Riders slay,
 By Force they seize, their Valour to sustain,
 Till this vild Meat no longer they could gain.
 Thus Famine, still encroaching, them Compell'd
 On Warlike Terms unto their Foes to yield.
 Which *Fairfax* did Indefinite Mercy call,
 Tho' by their coment not then meant to all :
 As that false Court of War condemn'd to dye,
 Brave *Lyle*, and *Lucas*, to their Infamy.
 The wicked *Ireton* whose subtle Tongue,
 And Pen, had Mischiefs dispers'd all along ;
 Demurest seem'd, with his White-Liver'd Face,
 When his Soul Bloudy ends design'd apace.
 And 'gainst these renown'd Chiefs had Impious spite,
 Because their Conducts worsted his by Fight :

Whose

Whose wiles had now his easy Gen'ral won
 To kill these Heroes in Cold Blood with Gun.
 Thus *Cromwell* whilst he Manag'd other War
 In *Ireton* had his Cruel Deputy here,
 Who with his bold Associate Miscreants lay'd
 The Tragick Scene which *Cotchester* display'd:
 And unto *Englands* lasting shame could kill
 Their fellow Natives by their Merc'less will.
 Whilst *Goring*, *Capell*, for succeeding fate,
 Must on the Houses dismal sentence wait.
 These Noble persons, Great in Soul and Birth,
 Strove to o'recome, when Men, the shame of Earth,
 Their King Imprison'd, and by wicked Guilt
 The Blood of Subjects barbarously spilt:
 Whilst they, from perfect Magnitude of mind,
 Were more then Stars to aid their Monarch kind.
 And should disloyal Arms still prosp'rous prove,
 Resolv'd the Conquer'd Cause they'd dying Love.

Or if enforc'd at Lawless * Bars to stand,
 They'd defy Rebels without Armed Hand :
 Deeming if there vilde power their death design,
 'Twould Honour add unto their Noble Line.
 Brave *Lucas* first must by their direfull rage
 Be brought to dye on their appointed Stage :
 By Starrs design'd his Theatre of Fame,
 Where his last act most Elevates his Name.
 Serene and Resolute appear'd his Brow,
 As when in Fields he fac'd the Armed Foe ;
 Or from disastrous War endur'd distress,
 That could no Greatness of his mind suppress ;
 Who thus beholding the Commanded Files
 Ordain'd to kill him by his Enemies :
 And how amongst spectators some there were
 That for him wept, whilst he did shed no Tear.

* This refers, for want of other Room in this Poem, to the Tryalls of these two Peers before the then pretended High Court of Justice, which was Subsequent to the death of King Charles the First, when Goring Earl of Norwich was sav'd (as was thought) by the favour of Lenthall, Speaker to the Parliamentary Usurpers, but the other, the Lord Capell, Sentenc'd to death, whose Heroick Speech and End is well known to Story.

With an Erected Countenance thus said,
 Death's ghastly prospect no surprize has made
 In *Lucas*, who would not by Mercy Live,
 If Begg'd to take it, which the guilty give.
 Nor can their Guns or all their pointed Steel,
 Give me more wounds then gladly I would feel :
 If killing me they would their Crimes relent,
 And to their Injur'd King, on Knees, repent :
 Then bids 'em boldly shoot against his Breast,
 Whilst in his Looks such courage he exprest,
 As Valiant * *Scava* did for *Cesar's* sake,
 When he by Num'rous shot did Life forsake.
 Next whom, stout *Lyle* his Tragick Scene must end,
 By the same Guns that slew his Valiant Friend,
 Death he before had wish'd, as he beheld,
 In Cruel Fight, his Dear *Flavira* kill'd.
 And had from Loves Impulse then fought to dye
 By desp'rate charges of the Enemy :

* A Famous Commander under Julius Cæsar highly renown'd in
 Story for his extraordinary Atchievements and Fortitude at his
 death : to whom Heroick Lucas may be deservedly parallel'd.

Had not his Loyalty and publique Spirit,
 Been more endear'd by him then his Loves Merit.
 Not much he spoke, resolv'd that Actions more
 Should win on hearts, that would his worth explore :
 And witness how brave Subject and best friend
 In him conspicuous were to his Lifes end :
 Who as he *Lucas* body did perceive,
 Lying near the place where death he should receive,
 Often he kiss'd his friends yet dying Face,
 And whilst he kiss'd his Eyes shed Tears apace.
 Then with expanded Arms their shot receives,
 As his last word his Murtherers forgives.
 Thus dy'd these Chiefs, above what verse can blaze,
 At least such here, as would Inscribe their praise
 Longer then Sculptur'd Lines in Marble tell,
 How Gloriously at * *Colchester* they fell.

* Where King Charles the Second soon after his Restauration, in
 Honour of their Memory, erected a stately Monument.

The TENTH BOOK.

The Argument.

*Wars last great stake at Colchester thus won,
The Bloudy Armies Insolence Improves,
As on the Houses Members they Impose,
And violate the Treaty with the King.
In shape of Friend the Devill Cromwell Tempts
By wickedest Ambition to aspire.
The Trayt'rous Court and Characters describ'd
That Murder'd by their Doom K. Charles the First.*

THE Army Leaders who by Faithless guilt
Had Cruelly Heroick Bloud thus spilt :
Soon found how English hearts their deeds did hate,
And wish'd the Authors an accursed fate.
T'Imprison'd King, whose Soul had hop'd to hear
Some happy progress of that furious War,
(Which his Brave Subjects for his Scepters Aid
And pers'nal safety Loyally had made)

Too soon, alas, discern'd the sad Novell
 That told what them and *Colchester* befell,
 And how the Valiant *Lyle* and *Lucas* were,
 In Cold Bloud kill'd, by Conquering Rebels there.
 Heroick *Capell*, *Goring*, and of Fame
 A many Chiefs whom verse here needs not name,
 Forc'd to surrender and attend the will
 Of Tyrant Subjects as they'd save or kill.
 Which Tydings *Hammond* by the Juncto made
 Their Sovereigns Jaylor, boastingly convey'd :
 In hope that Grief his Kings Soul might depress,
 As his Tongue durst these Horrid facts express.
 Whilst Guns, for wicked Joy, from *Carisbrook* Towers,
 And shouts of Foes divulg'd these dreadfull Hours.
 The Royal Breast where streams of sorrow flow'd,
 Above what Parent e're for Children show'd,
 Piously did in Secret Thought complain
 That he should Live, at that Time, King in vain :

* A Castle in the Isle of Wight in which the King was then in Prison, and had been there Restrain'd by Hammond for several Months before.

Since Heaven did not his Sword and prayers allow
Mighty enough the wicked to subdue.

Whilst grievously restrain'd, he heard the Sounds
Of his best Subjects deaths, and Kingdoms wounds.

Wishing that Heaven had his Lives end decreed,
When Bravest Men for his just cause did bleed

At *Keinton-field*, or *Naseby's* Fatall Toyls,

Where as a Sovereign Chief he led bold Files.

Or if Clandestine Fate must be his doom,

Why did not * *Rolph* to kill him sooner come,

Or was discover'd e're his Piistoll shot

King *Charles* had ended by their shortest Plot;

Then to their shame let him surviving see

A longer series of their Villany.

Happier he thought was Second *Edwards* fall,

Or *Richards*, next to that, deplor'd by all :

* This Heinous Traytor had been employ'd by some of the Army to Pistoll the King in Carisbrook-Castle, where he was restrain'd; but as he endeavour'd to make two Gentlemen his Assistants, that there attended on the King, he was discover'd, and accus'd by them: but in that wicked Time found favour enough to save him from death contrary to his demerit.

Since by a quicker guilt, usurped Power
 Forc'd on their distress'd Lives their dying hour.
 So Seldom prison'd Monarchs period have
 Other, then Murder'd laid within a grave.
 Yet how'ere dreadfull unto humane sense,
 Such terrors might their dismall shapes dispense,
 He Judg'd, in Prince, 'twas next the Sin of Fear
 To apprehend Fates steps, however near ;
 If Impious Men who had no right to Live,
 Could killing power unto Deaths Scepter give.
 Resolv'd, what'ere his foes 'gainst him design'd,
 His glory to his Soul should still be Joyn'd :
 Confirm'd by patience full to undergo,
 What Royall fortitude could suffering show.
 And as these words unto himself he said,
 A Circling Flame around his head display'd ;
 If not some brightest Angells spreading wing,
 That did to him Cæstial comfort bring.
 As thus the King divinely great here spent
 Severest hour's of his Imprisonment :

His

His Loyall friends, far more concern'd then he,
 Fear'd that their Sovereign would soon Murder'd be:
 As Fame's bold Tongue dispers'dly did relate
 Deeds that Conspir'd with that sad Juncture's date.
 And as swift means such horrors did convey,
 By Fatall accident they pass'd a way
 That near was unto *Rosalin's* abode,
 Where then her Woman walking on a Rode,
 Had met a Passenger that did declare
 How *Lucas* dy'd and *Lyle* at *Colchester*.
 She having been by Wife *Hermander* taught
 That by her means no Tydings should be brought
 Unto her Lady, that her heart might grieve,
 Or worst of wounds for *Lucas* death receive.
 This prudent Female having these words weigh'd ;
 T'amuse fair *Rosaline*, on purpose made
 A story, that no other stress display'd,
 Then that great *LUCAS* was by Foes decree
 Banish'd his Country for his Loyalty.

Having

Having on purpose so contriv'd this Tale,
 As't did not only *Lucas* death conceal,
 But to her Lady apt occasion give
 To travel, where she thought he yet might Live.
 When *Rosaline* did graciously Address
 All that her thanks and wonder could express
 Unto *Hermander*, bidding him farewell ;
 And next declar'd she was resolv'd to dwell
 By choice an Exile in Outlandish Clime,
 Hoping abroad to hear in happy time
 Of her Lov'd *Lucas*: where her womans Care
 Long kept sad Truth from coming to her ear.
 But how her person she dispos'd when known
 His fatall Loss, or how she did bemoan
 Her Lov's Misfortune, verse can't fully say,
 Or in what Cloyster was her ending day.
 Thus Noblest passions deepest did deplore
 The Impious progress of Usurping power :
 Whilst in this Nation no Just state of Life,
 But did Lament that War's prodigious strife.

When

When Haughty *Cromwell* did in Embrio Lay
 Aspiring thoughts, to rise a future day.
 If he could first his Sovereigns Life destroy,
 And next by Bold degrees his Throne Injoy.
 To aid which ends he Bloudy Men Cajol'd,
 That for King-killing were alike him Soul'd.
 But these thoughts caus'd some strugling in his breast,
 As guilt of Conscience would have them suppress;
 Tho' at a time when his proud heart was Swell'd,
 By routing the Scotch *Duke, and risings quell'd
 Throughout the Nation, which the Royall side
 Did unsuccessfully that Season guide.
 One Evening as he Towards *London* went,
 Pondering past deeds and what to come he Meant :
 His Inward horror did his Soul assail,
 And 'gainst his dire ambition did prevail
 So far, that now his haughty Minde did yield
 To force of Conscience all his Bosom's field.

* At Preston in Lancashire, where Duke Hambleton was defeated by Cromwell in the year 1648.

And as he thus awhile had walk'd alone
 Near to a lofty Grove perceiv'd by None :
 Fix'd to the Ground, on sudden, his feet seem'd,
 As he upright then stood in trance, or dream'd ;
 Amaz'd his looks, erected was his hair,
 Like one that did some dismall object fear.
 When for more wonder round him figures stood,
 That from their Bosom's t'wards him spouted blood :
 Like streams that from the Marble Image flow,
 Whose Sculptur'd shape does some fam'd person show.
 Their visage resolute as he had beheld
 Them fighting, or in furious Battle kill'd.
 But as amongst these he did * *Cavendish* view,
 And saw the wounds that his brave person flew ;
 And call'd to mind the whisper that he gave
 Which caus'd the death of this Illustrious Brave ;
 As he unhors'd Surrounded was by Foes,
 And stead of quarter received killing Blows :

* Which Noble Gentleman was said to be kill'd by the Secret
 Intimation of Cromwell to his Souldiers, when he might have
 sav'd his Life.

Unto remorse his Soul did him affright,
 And seem'd to wish he never more should fight.
 Admiring that throughout his wicked part,
 No Sword or Bullet had yet Pins'd his heart.
 Thus far did strength of Conscience over-rule
 Horrid Designs of his Aspiring Soul,
 Inciting him to hate his former Cant,
 And Specious gilding of his black Intent,
 Whence he might Simulations past deplore,
 And vow by which he promis'd to restore
 His Gracious Sovereign when at * Redding he
 Weeping assur'd that act of Loyalty.
 Whilst Conscience thus her Ensigns had display'd,
 And by resistless Onsets victrix made:
 He thought he now could happily awake,
 When all these figures that before did take

* At which place Cromwell having formerly seiz'd the King by his Contrivance at Holmby, where he was kept and attended by Commissioners of the then Parliament, he solemnly engaged at Redding to restore him: Insomuch as this afflicted Prince said openly, if Cromwell had a Soul he should be restor'd to his Throne.

Their Sanguine Station to affright his eyes,
 By saddest Instance of their Tragedies,
 Appear'd no more, nor had left signe of Bloud
 Where he thought they had round him bleeding stood.
 At which rejoyc'd, on Bended knees he pray'd
 That their death's guilt might not on him be laid.
 And thus his Crazy Conscience for a while
 Past deeds repented, and the wicked Toyl
 Design'd by him in future, 'till his eye,
 As he was kneeling, did to wonder spy
 A Throne, that from Earths Bowells seem'd to rise
 Adorn'd with all Majestique Dignities.
 At which, tho' something penitent in Trance,
 He could not chuse but cast a Liqueurish Glance.
 As when a Wolf does see his belov'd prey,
 He Licks his Jaws and turns his Eyes that way ;
 Altho' his Entralls had been Clogg'd with store
 Of Carnage that he had devour'd before :
 So did this Man, as he the Throne had view'd,
 And from that Object appetite renew'd.

But

But as he saw the Bloudy streams and Rills,
 That sprung from Vales as well as highest hills,
 Till Joyn'd in Current, 'twixt him and the Throne,
 They in a Crimson River seem'd to run.
 This Vision more then t'other him affrights,
 Who thought it caus'd, to tempt him, by Hells sprights.
 When three times a strong voice bids *Cromwell* come,
 And boldly seize a Royal empty Room.
 I can't, he answer'd, and behold this Scene
 Of Horrors, to my Conscience, Intervene.
 Then Conscience, not Ambition is the Choice
 Of Haughty *Cromwell*, Laughing said this voice.
 Next personated unto him appears,
 And with a * Friends embrace this Chief endears:
 Having in Soul, a Patriot been, some say,
 That had in Body fought a certain day

* The Devill who in the shape of a dead friend, more to Insinuate his Execrable Delusion and Temptation, is thus suppos'd to have appear'd to *Cromwell*.

At *Chalgrave-field*, and there did wounds receive
 That did his Mortal life a period give :
 Bidding the Mighty *Cromwell* from him know,
 That there was no such thing as Hell below :
 Or Malefactor damn'd at *Pluto's* Court,
 Which he assur'd, and smiling made his sport
 At all such Tales ; Nay ask'd him if he thought,
 As he his figure freely to him brought,
 That Souls had ever felt Infernal pains,
 Or in Hells *Newgate* dragg'd about their Chains.
 Who without leave, if call'd by Grand Import,
 Can to aid Mortalls Night and Day resort.
 Then handing *Cromwell*, howe're yet in dream,
 Boldly Conducts him o're the bloody stream ;
 Bidding him look if Sanguine Tincture lay
 Upon his person as he pass'd that way.
 The Chief admir'd to see on him remain
 No spot, as he through Bloud of Thousands slain

Had

Had thought he mov'd ; and to the Feind declar'd
 That Fopp-like Dreaming he had Conscience fear'd ;
 Which never more enfeeble should his mind,
 Or from his Speech a Nomination find,
 Other then as he'd speciously Cajole
 Such Factions, as for ends, he meant to Fool.
 Then swell'd in heart upon the Throne he fits,
 Where being Rob'd, Hells sprights, like to some Witts
 Whose eloquence did him in future treat
 When he with Grandeur took his Princely seat :
 In Long and Short Robes did they Reverence pay ;
 As some did there both Canting speak, and pray.
 A Monstrous Register of Hells vast size,
 That was to Book and Proclaim destinies,
 Which by Fates Rigid Sisters had been spun ;
 To Crowds of Ghost, with a hoarse Gyants Tongue
 Declar'd, the English Nation to despight,
 That Mighty *Noll*, the darling Son of Night,

After his horrid deeds did height obtain,
 Should Bloudily Five years Protector Reign.
 Which words pronounc'd; Dark Vapours overspread
 The Surface, with which Mist-like vanished
 The Throne and Visions, as himself he found
 Stretch'd out, like to dead Corps, upon the ground.
 Till waken'd from his Trance, by some such Wind
 As blustering * *Eolus* did for him find,
 When on his dying day the tumbling Sky
 Did rowl his Soul to sad Eternity :
 Upright he boldly stood, and hop'd the Noise
 Did but resemble future Cannon Joys :
 Which from this Vision he judg'd should succeed,
 As he resolv'd to heighten wicked Deed ;
 And by his daring Spirit Ghosts affright,
 If they should him deterr by day or night.

* Poetically taken for the God of Winds; and by the subsequent
 Verses is here Intentionally describ'd the prodigious Tempest at
 the death of this horrible Usurper.

Like one, whose fortune and his utmost good
 Could have no other Fond then deeds of Bloud.
 To dispose persons for his purpose fit,
 He well Cajol'd the Men of Impious Wit :
 But most the Arm'd, of whom then many were
 That o're their Nation strove to domineer.
 But lest they should not to his methods Bend,
 As to aspire above them was his end,
 He covertly does that Ambition Guide,
 And seem'd but Instrumentall to their Pride :
 As their bold Power should King and Laws take down,
 And be Joynt Sharers of a Conquer'd Crown.
 Soon with him *Ireton*, *Lambert*, *Harrison* joyn'd,
 And others that as heinously combin'd :
 To whom this falsest Man, thus Glozing spake ;
 How great I would your approv'd Valours make
 Heaven is my Witness, as I zealous pray,
 And seek God with you our selected way :

If words of mine can prompt you to be wise,
 And from Inferior Orbs to higher rise,
 As you may spoils of Majesty soon seize,
 And feast at will in Royal Palaces;
 Where your brisk Wives with an exulting flame
 Shall you Embrace, and in their Queens Beds Teem.
 Church and Crown Lands we will make spoils by force,
 And Command Senats by bold Foot and Horse:
 If first the Sovereign owners bloud be spilt,
 And 'stead of us, on him laid this Wars guilt.
 From which bold deed such powerfull rule will spring,
 As shall have Rise from us without a King.
 These words when heard by men who before fought
 How vile designs might be to Issue brought,
 Like Harpies waiting for a Luscious prey,
 Agreed to fill their appetites his way.

Who

Who tho' their Masters with the King then were
 In * treaty to prevent all future War ;
 And near obtain'd such grants as without shame
 They could not Royal Condescensions name ;
 When they ask'd more then Subjects did become,
 And left for Kingly Rule a narrow room :
 As Arm'd Usurpers they all Methods break,
 And once again their King a Pris'ner make.
 Next purg'd the House of Members that did own
 Compliance by their Treaty with the Throne.
 When a Caball of Traytors left behind,
 Of their vilde Senate, horridly combin'd
 How a Prodigious Court they might devise,
 That should the Murder of their King disguise :
 By such pretexts as sub'tly they'd Infuse,
 And that way People, the deed done, Amuse.

* Which was held with the King in the Isle of Wight by Commissioners from the Houses, notwithstanding which his person was seiz'd in the time of treaty by the force of the Army.

That fam'd * Appartment where to serve the State,
 In happy times oft Lords and Commons Met,
 And to their Loyall Glory did Confer,
 On means to make Kings great in Peace and War :
 Gave now reception to a Crew of Men,
 Whose figures Liken'd Feinds in *Pluto's* den :
 When in their dismall shapes they Councells Joyn,
 And vent with Forked Tongues their black design ;
 Whilst from Earth's deepest Caverns winds arise
 That Sigh as they'd Alarum Earth and Skys,
 By telling how Hells Boldest Imps Employ
 Wit, more then usuall Wicked, to Destroy.
 The Bloody *Cromwell*, in whose Direfull Face
 His Nations Fatall Comet seem'd to Blaze,
 Had Impious Men Inroll'd that by his skill
 Were guided to advance his Monstrous will.

* The Painted Chamber in Westminster the usual place for Parliamentary Conferences.

Ireton his Gastly Son in Law Accurst,
 Prepar'd their Regicidall plotform first ;
 When *Harifon*, a Butchers Son by Birth,
 Cruell by Nature like these Sons of Earth,
 And in Cold Bloud, as fame his figure draws,
 Instead of Beasts flew men to Glut his Cause:
 Thought he possess'd deservedly a Chair
 Amongst such Regicidall Patriots there.
 With whom had close Cabail'd the Plodding *Vane*,
 Who had more Subtile Theorems in his Brain
 Then Schoolmen teach when *Ubi's* they define,
 Or Entities which no Space can Confine.
 From some such refin'd Sistems perhaps He
 Resolv'd that Rules of State Immenfe should be.
 And if the Sovereign Power were laid aside,
 Design'd no order Longer should abide
 Then the *Ideas* of his Brain should please,
 That with no Government could be at ease,

Who

Who thought the Pop'lace but his Lump of Clay,
 Which he'd, *Promethews* like, still mold his way.
 And was for Pious phrafe and Mene admir'd
 No lefs then if the Man had been inspir'd.
 Whilst *Scot* and *Martin* who did not pretend
 By Inspiration Men or State to mend,
 Did from their Vicious Taint and Lawlefs Soul,
 Avow that Change was Luxury of rule :
 And thought new Government was like fresh Choice
 Of Women they'd Lasciviously rejoyce.
 And as this Luftfull Tenent they explor'd,
 In fancy they with the Republick whor'd.
 Thus thefe debauch'dly had their Wit employ'd
 That the beft King and rule should be destroy'd,
 By fuch pernicious Maxims they'd convey,
 And *Martin* us'd at this Courts Meeting day:
 Letting 'em know that in lowd Vulgars Name
 They muft their Sovereign, e're destroy'd, defame ;

And

And if the Charge, by which King *Charles* shall dye,
 Be call'd the Peoples, who dare say we Lye.
 Well, Answer'd *Harrison*, thou hast devis'd,
 For which thou Merits to be rebaptiz'd
 Amongst the Godly unto whom I Preach,
 And to asperse the Man did such words teach.
 Nor can ought * blacken more his Rule and Fame,
 Then to fall Charg'd in the Lowd Peoples name.
 Thus they conspir'd as each here took their feat,
 Where Regicides with plaudits them did Greet :
 And fully Number'd, by their Mutual Vote
 Did *Bradshaw* their grim President promote ;
 Whose pettyfogging Genius soon embrac'd
 That wicked Grandeur howe're Law debas'd.
 Which tells that if worst Cause be gainfull found,
 'Twill want no aid from Malefactor Gown'd.

* The very wicked Expression that *Harrison* was charg'd with at his Tryal when Condemn'd for this Execrable Treason.

Hugon in Black Coat like Hells Pestor there,
 As Feinds, 'tis said, sometimes that Livery were,
 Dissembling of a Gospell Mene and face,
 Pray'd for their fakes without all sence of Grace.
 And had 'twas thought by help of Witches spell,
 Who was his Punck, tho' Succubus to Hell,
 Convey'd with Scripture such Prestigious sence,
 As more Inflam'd their bloody Impudence.
 This vast stupendious wickedness thus lay'd,
 Whose Horrors did all Loyall hearts Invade,
 And like worst prodigies that Men amuse,
 More then unusual terrors did Infuse;
 When some by grief were Metamorphis'd so,
 As they Gray-hair'd before their time did show:
 More stunn'd with sorrow then in that sad day
 When *London* in vast heaps of Cinders lay,
 And Crowds by Millions did with dread retire
 To Fields, where Bedles they deplor'd the fire;

Hopeless

Hopeless that from her ashes e're should rise
 A Fairer *Phoenix* to delight their Eyes.
 In Zeal to *Westminster* a many went,
 At Sacred Tombs of Sovereigns to Lament,
 Doubting that Foes presumptuously would be
 With Royal Reliques there at Enmity.
 Or worse then *Goths*, or *Vandalls* soon destroy
 Repose which dust of Monarchs did enjoy.
 Tho' to their wonder each Effigy'd Face
 Of Kings should weep, to pittty this King's case:
 And the Fam'd Virgin *Queen with Blushes shed
 Tears, in her figure, on her Marble Bed.
 One Man that Night who from devoutest Zeal
 Found means a while his Person to conceal.
 Address'd to Holy **Edwards* sacred Shrine
 For Saint-like aid unto the Royal Line :

* Queen Elizabeth.

* King Edward the Last of the Saxon Monarchs, and for his
 Holiness of Life surnam'd the Confessor.

When

When he conceiv'd a Voice thus to him said,
 Heavens high permissive will must be obey'd,
 Nor think Great *Charles* less Glorious shall dye
 Then Martyr'd for his steady Piety.
 Whose Faith, tho' not call'd by Catholique Name,
 Shall have a Universall Christian Fame.
 And from the Merit of his Sacrifice
 Agrandiz'd shall the English Scepter rise;
 And in a Second *Charles* and *James* dilate
 Above what e're in Brittish King was great.
 These accents utter'd, or else fancy'd so,
 As Thought sometimes may future things foreshow,
 This devout person from the shrine retir'd,
 And as Heavens words th'Imagin'd speech admir'd.
 Thus holy Men fought Comforts from above,
 Whilst Impious hearts were eager to remove
 The Life of Majesty, and next that deed
 Settle a Deform'd Rule without a head.

Cromwell,

Cromwell, whose Cous'ning face could Laugh or Cry,
 As Grave or Comick was his Villany,
 With feign'd Humility did them desire,
 Not in the least to judge he would aspire,
 But serve their Common ends, like one that fought
 To raise their State, whilst he no greatness fought ;
 Who to no Annalls did pretend or Line,
 That could him more then private Life assign :
 Wishing his Wife and Children might partake
 No Blessing, if sincere he did not speak.
 Thus he allur'd 'em, whilst his Inward Soul
 Smil'd to think how he'd their Ambition fool.
 And now their Bloudy Court presum'd to sit,
 Where *Bradshaw* Mouth'd what he and they thought fit :
 Like Judge to *Pluto* was he seated there,
 And Men, that Feind-like his Pack'd-Jury were.
 Furious his looks, his Gown high Crimson Red,
 Who fate for Bloud and suitably was clad.

If Poets past had like this heard of Court,
 Their Indignation had rais'd their transport
 Beyond what they of *Stygian* Monsters tell,
 Whose loathsome rout Tribunalls fills in Hell;
 And had, instead of those, to us describ'd
 The Representment by Imps here Contriv'd :
 Since never of Hells deeds, or Earths 'tis read,
 That Goblins there or here so Judg'd their Head.
 Yet worse then such this wicked Court durst do
 'Gainst the best Prince till then the World did know.
 Th'Excellent King being brought unto this place,
 Where none of them deserv'd to see his face,
 With reason, as Majestique as his Cause,
 Baff'd their Sense, and shew'd to them his Laws.
 But this must not confute their horrid Crime,
 However Monstrous left to future Time :

When

When soon their Haughty * *Minos* did reply
 That they could O'rule pleas of Majesty,
 By power, which they held much a finer thing
 Then yielding due submission to their King ;
 Yet could not better reason for it give,
 Then that it might with Vagabond Commons Live ;
 As these course representatives in fact allow'd,
 Who had no other title to their Crowd.
 Whilst their Sollicitor, Sputtering *Cook*, did plead,
 That Justice was by them too long delay'd :
 And of his Lordship much did it intreat,
 To make their farce-Tribunal seem more great
 As thus Currs did the Royal Lyon bait,
 And by their forked Tongues design'd his fate,
 Far more Inglorious then the pointed steel
 That *Cesar* did from *Romes* pack'd Senate feel.

* Feign'd by Poets the Judge of Hell, and may in some sort re-
 semble Bradshaw President of this wicked Court.

None there was found that durst by Loyal Speech
 This horrid Courts high wickedness Impeach :
 Untill a * Lady did with Grandeur say
 Words, that her Husband should have own'd that day,
 By which, she did, unto their guilt, imply
 Their bold Contempt of Royal Dignity.
 So far the Woman did the Man out-do,
 Whose power could not correct their fury now.
 Above Treasons height this Court soon Sentence pass'd,
 Deeming time long whilst their Kings Life did last:
 That at his end, Regalios of the Throne,
 By Sacrilege before that time unknown,
 Might with Church-Rapines to them Incom's yield,
 As if the spoils of Heaven they'd won by Field.
 The Rebell Soldier who from Thirst of Gold,
 And Lawless power, thought conscience richly sold,

* Wife to the Lord Fairfax, General of the Army.

Conducted by the Scum of Humane-kind,
 That on State Ruine had their rife design'd;
 By found of Trumpet and by beat of Drum
 Prepar'd for Triumph, when the hour should come,
 In which by a New-Modell'd Jewish way,
 The King, their Nations Saviour, they would slay :
 And like Unchristned Files when Martyrs fell,
 His Bloud by parcells for their Lucre fell.
 To fast and pray their * Leaders durst pretend,
 When to no rules of Heaven their Souls did bend :
 And could their prayers so horridly Intrigue,
 As they still more Improv'd with Hell their League.
 And since by Upstart force they much had won,
 And Men of place and dignity undone;
 They defy'd Scutch'ons because never said
 That Coats of Arms had Rebels famous made :

* Who for the most part were the meanest of their party, and of Low Extraction.

Or such, in Birth, did with Plebeians share,
 And ought, by right, to be disarm'd there.
 Yet this truth could not their course Pride abate,
 Who rais'd were, in spite of Fame, by Fate.
 Their Rampant Wives and Daughters that before
 Had never comely Tire or Garment wore,
 Now pamper'd with best Meat and pleasing Wine,
 Chose their Gallants, and, Lady-like, kiss'd fine.
 As thus deprav'd of Mankind did aspire,
 And by their Monarch's death fought to rise higher :
 The Gen'rous English, who in Field before
 Had bravely fought to aid Majestique power,
 Now being confin'd to homes and full oppress'd
 By Methods which the Juncto's Votes exprest :
 Wish'd that their sep'rate Numbers could unite,
 And tho' disarm'd with Armed Rebels fight.
 When many hearts that had before endear'd
 The Senates Cause, Abhorrrers now appear'd,

As

As of that Body was a Faction made
 Of Men that endless Scenes of Mischief laid :
 And had appointed by their heinous power,
 To the Worlds wonder, their Kings dying hour.
 One worthy person who sometime had been
 A bold Complyer with the Houses Sin,
 At Midnight time did to the place arrive,
 Where a Caball was sitting to Contrive
 The Circumstance and manner of this deed,
 That to the Nations shame was to succeed.
 Half Naked was he, upright stood his hair ;
 And like distracted Man his Eyes did stare :
 Who to them these words spake——
 Dumb for some days I've been, and at this time
 My Speech restor'd by Heaven to speak your Crime.
 Too long alas, as my wounds may declare,
 I was assistant to your Cause in War.

And now my Soul Englighten'd is to know
 What guilt was Mine, and how much worse you do.
 As you to Supreme wickedness Ascend,
 And guide the blow meant for your Sovereigns end :
 In hope to plume your Juncos Callow State,
 Which before fledg'd shall with you dissipate ;
 As your own Arm'd will sleight your sway and birth,
 And move you from your Seats with scornfull Mirth.
 Does *Cromwell*, your *Ulysses*, want deceit,
 Or Soul that swells with hope of being great ;
 Tho' low your heads presumptuously he lays,
 And for his Brow Usurp Imperial Bays.
 But when his Bloudy Rule shall have an end,
 You shall with one another next Contend :
 Till Anarchy, the Leveller of State,
 Does give your confus'd force a finall date,
 As unto Royal Power without won field,
 Your Armed Bands and Nations hearts shall yield ;
Destin'd

Destin'd by Heaven, as its restoring day
 The Throne shall have an Admir'd splendid way :
 When Regicidall Patriots soon shall find
 That 'gainst their hearts an Arm of Steel's design'd.
 This and much more to me by Vision's shown,
 Which I this dreadfull Night to you must own.
 And if Fates terrors may your hearts unfear,
 Or slack the Iron Crimes yet harden'd there,
 Know with affright and sorrow I beheld
 Your quarter'd Limbs on Towers and Steeples pil'd.
 And like your Treasons height erected high,
 Heads that on Bodies here I now espy.
 And *Cromwell* think, tho' Death-bed end you'l have,
 And with vast pomp born to an Usurp'd grave,
 Where for base Glory, amongst Royal dust,
 Your Carcasse shall be impudently thrust :
 That Sacred Vault it shall not defile long,
 Before thy Bones with *Tyburn*-Rebells throng.

And as thy head did Monstrously aspire,
 Its Skeleton shall be advanced higher
 Then any loathed Skull whose brain with you
 Plotted both King and Nation to undo:
 Till yours and their vil'd reliques to dust fall,
 As the Suns angry Eye will burn 'em all.
 Enough I've said, and if by heavens decree
 I'm Dumb again, and still so doom'd to be;
 The Sacred Power that prompted this address,
 If penitence it does on you impress,
 Will grant, for your sakes, whenfoe're I'm dead,
 That on my Grave that Epitaph be read.
 The Cruel Grandees when they heard this speech,
 That did their King-killing design Impeach,
 On which they plac'd their Avaricious aim,
 And thirst of Rule which did their hearts inflame:
 They bit their Lips, and with a haughty frown
 Denounc'd that he his Life should soon lay down ;

Till when to their Loath'd Prison him they send,
 And hasten with more rage their Monarchs end.
 Soon to the World did Fames loud Tongue relate
 The Kings distress and his sad Nations fate:
 When Forreign hearts no less then English strove,
 For this Great Prince, to blaze their grief and Love.
 As passionately their Souls did apprehend
 That just dominion every where would end:
 Since *Englands* rule in him, on Earth the best,
 Could not upon its Royal Fabrick rest.
 Thus as the World had one great Mourner been,
 And fear'd the dire effects of *Englands* Sin,
 As Kings and Subjects did at once lament
 The Horrid Nature of that President;
 Like which none burden'd e're the Tongue of Fame,
 Or for Mans Overt-act had Treasons name;
 That 'gainst all Crowned Heads durst vent despight,
 And vulgars give, to rule at will, bold right.

Allarum'd

Allarum'd thus, Scepters and Mighty States
 Soon own'd themselves this Junctos opposites.
 Yet did to serve King *Charles* so condescend,
 As, by their leave, their Envoys low might bend
 To such who had no Right to seats they claim'd,
 And for their Actings worser far defam'd.
 But when the August Deputies appear'd,
 And Sov'raign Rule before vile Grandees clear'd,
 Letting 'em know th'Injustice of their cause,
 With its offence to Majesty and Laws :
 By Natures Scepter to Mankind convey'd,
 When the World her prime Monarchy obey'd.
 Nor could they sever Ligaments of State
 Which Heaven did in the Souls of Men create.
 Tho' Fortunes slur has on your Nation past,
 When for your side Wars winning Dye was cast,
 Expect that she will soon her mean cheat scorn,
 Since you it rais'd, who to obey were born.

And

And if with due submission you'll rely
 On duty, and your Princes Clemency :
 Like Envoys from great States we'l Intercede,
 And beg his Pardon for your boldest deed.
 The Grandees stung to hear these words address,
 Which in the Worlds large sense their guilt express,
 Bearing their Noses high presum'd to say,
 That of their power and right they'd judge their way :
 What e're the dictates were that Foreign Prince
 Or testy States by Narratives dispense ;
 Whose wav'ring Politicks, like Winds that blow
 O're Seas their Envoys, back and forward go :
 Whilst by a trifling Grandeur they afford
 Threats by Legations when fast sheath'd their Sword.
 Nor did we judge when our Votes did decree
 The Ruine of the English Monarchy,
 That Princes Souls, where State Intrigues reside,
 Could be to Kings Misfortune firm ally'd.

Since

Since by their practis'd Maxims more they fear
 A Monarchs Grandeur then employ their care
 To support Prince, whose power successless falls,
 Or rounded by Wars straits for their aid calls.
 This our assurance was when first we arm'd,
 And next by bolder deeds the world allar'm'd ;
 When your great States were calmly lookers on,
 Till our force had in field King *Charles* undone.
 Nor fear we, as prov'd Legions us surround,
 If denounc'd War on Sea and Land does sound.
 Which told your Masters, Menacings they'l cease,
 And Court us next to be ally'd by Peace.
 Thus spoke this daring Juncto, swell'd with Pride,
 As Crowns and States with scorn they vilify'd :
 Of which some where, as verse must needs confess,
 Who to their disrepute did soon address,
 Below their greatness, such barefac'd Intrigues,
 As did with these vild Regicides make Leagues.

And

And shews that Kings distres'd like other Mortalls find
 The Courtly World in words, then deeds, more kind.
Great Britains Queen who left no means untry'd,
 That on this high concern, could be apply'd ;
 Which she from Mighty Potentates obtain'd,
 O're whom she judg'd her Royal Husband Reign'd
 A King of Hearts : And hop'd that she might hear
 (Since for his Life Crowns Intercessors were)
 Such comfort as would in her Soul allay
 The dismall thought of his Lifes ending day.
 But finding that unhappy rumours flew
 With sad Novells, unto her grief found true ;
 Her Soul, Heroick highly prov'd before,
 Had chose that juncture to avow it more,
 By all expressions that a Royal Wife
 Could make to save her King, or with him end her Life.
 Who thought it was too Womanly to own
 That death should her destroy by grief alone ;

Or

Or not salute his Lip his dying day,
 And next his fall ask death the self same way :
 Of her Kings vile Condemners did desire
 * Pass-port to him, and with him to expire.
 This offer, (tho' the Queen had been decreed
 By them to dye, as they durst vote the deed)
 Was held too great for their Sense to allow,
 Who wish'd her dead but fear'd to kill her so.
 Thus was the Period of this mighty King,
 Whose end Three Kingdoms did to ruine bring,
 Presented by all such unhumane spight
 As could display Men Monsters unto fight.
 When on a Scaffold rais'd by Crimson guilt,
 The Sacred Royal blood was to be spilt ;
 As in disguises, worse then Hangings bear
 When Russian Murderers are figur'd there,

* To which purpose the Queen sent a Letter to Lenthall, the then
 Speaker of the pretended House of Commons.

Two Persons were in Beards and Vizards found,
 More dreadfull look'd then *Bradshaw* had sat gown'd:
 Design'd by wicked Execution to compleat
 What he pronounc'd on his false Judgment Seat.
 By armed files that were to see him dead,
 The Holy King to this dire Stage was led.
 Who but a Bishop, whom his Soul had chose
 For his Attendant, then desir'd to use;
 When standing on this Peerless Tray'trous floor,
 His Royal Speech corrects their guilty power:
 Whilst gloriously, exceeding humane Race,
 Appear'd his words, his gesture, and his face.
 The Antick Villain, who the Axe must hand,
 Embolden'd was to strike by his Command.
 So highly great does his End raise his story
 Above what could have been his Earthly Glory:
 That even the Tragick Theatre of his fall,
 Adds reverence, by his death, unto *Whitehall*.

F I N I S.

*So the dull El moves nimbler in y^e Mudd
 Than all y^e swift: Find Racers of y^e Blood.*

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